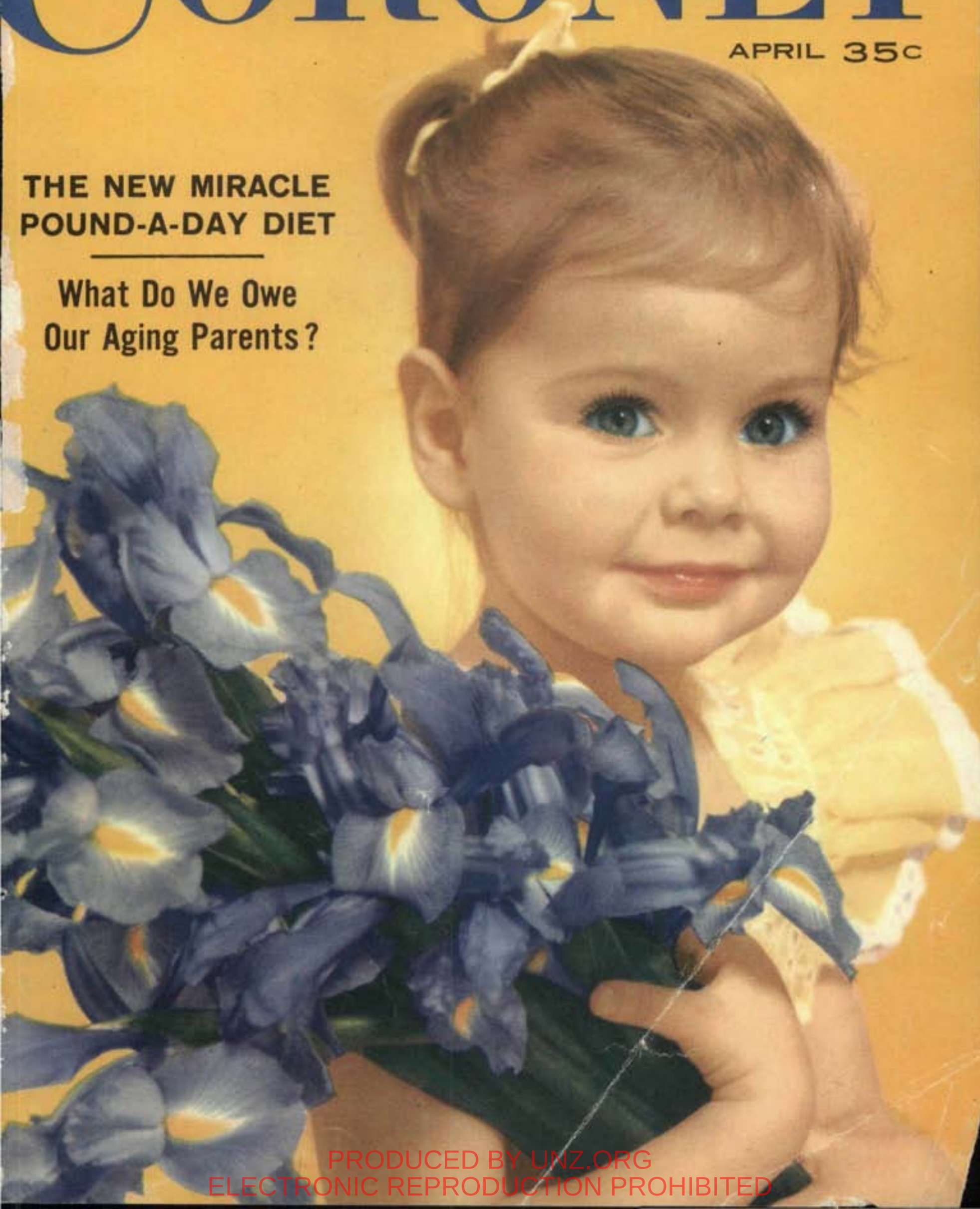
CORONET

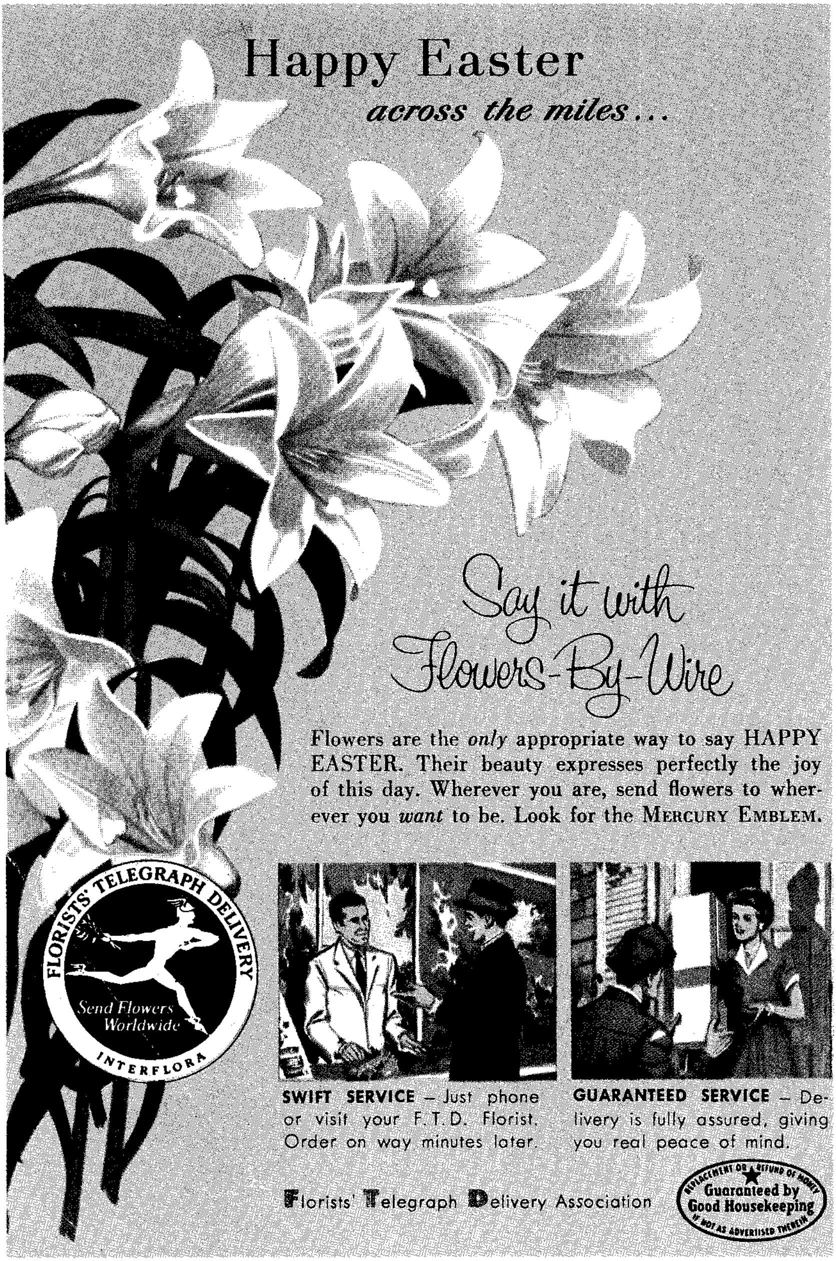
[redacted]

APRIL 35c

THE NEW MIRACLE POUND-A-DAY DIET

What Do We Owe Our Aging Parents?





Happy Easter

across the miles . . .

Say it with Flowers-By-Wire

Flowers are the *only* appropriate way to say HAPPY EASTER. Their beauty expresses perfectly the joy of this day. Wherever you are, send flowers to wherever you *want* to be. Look for the MERCURY EMBLEM.

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"But if it *weren't* for that $300, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, by chance, in 1941. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

"To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she dressed, I was leafing through a magazine. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, 'You don't have to be rich to retire.'

"Well, we'd certainly never been rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

"This ad told of a way that a man of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of $300 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. No harm in looking into it, I thought. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I had ever clipped. I mailed it that night.

"Fifteen years slide by mighty fast. Times changed a lot when the war came. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about! 1956 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired!* We sold the house and drove west. It's a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our $300 a month will keep coming as long as we live!"

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This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 a month to $3,600 a year or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

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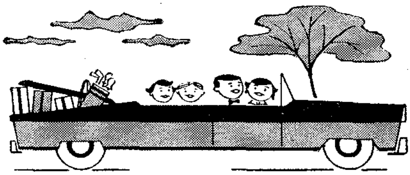
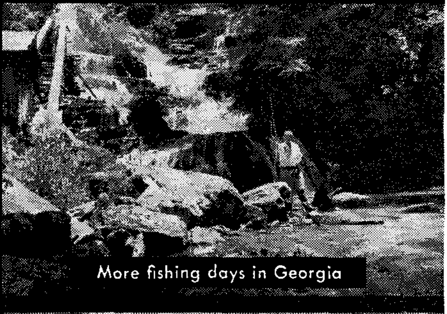
GEORGIA



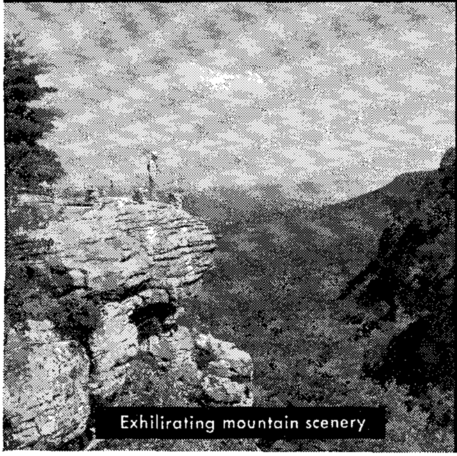
When Junior wants to go mountain camping—and Sis votes for the seashore . . . When Mom wants to see historic sites from the South's romantic past . . . and all *you* want to do is fish!

"Little White House" Warm Springs

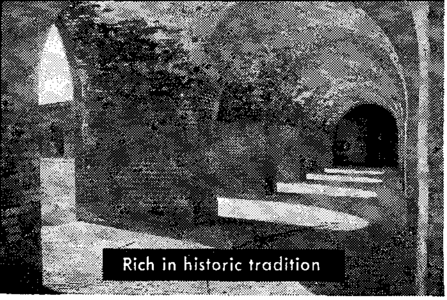
Play golf the year 'round



More fishing days in Georgia



Exhilirating mountain scenery



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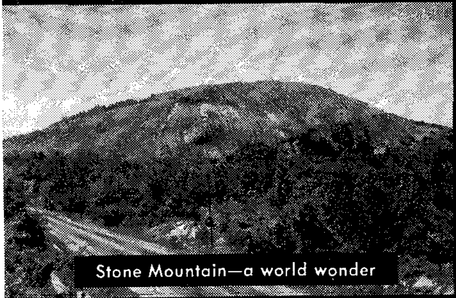
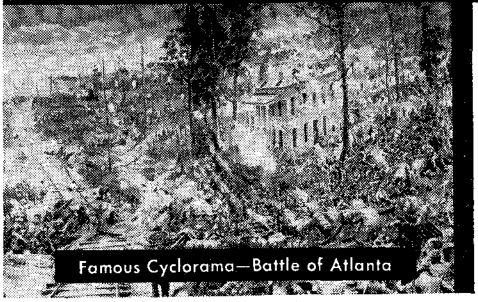
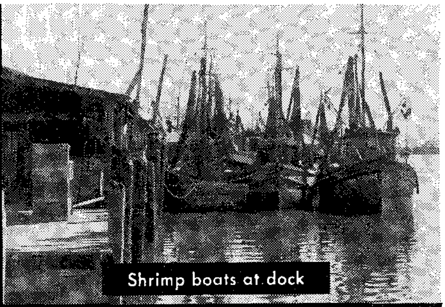
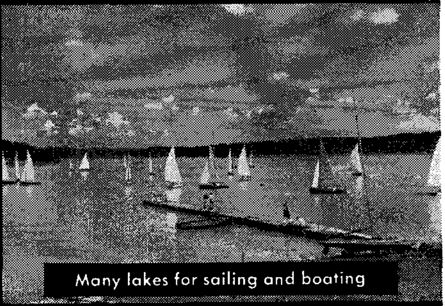
Go Georgia—the state that's got everything! From movie-land mountains to a naturally mild climate that makes it the year-around vacation home of Presidents . . . and people!

Past Century Waterwheel


Stone Mountain—a world wonder


Famous Cyclorama—Battle of Atlanta


Shrimp boats at dock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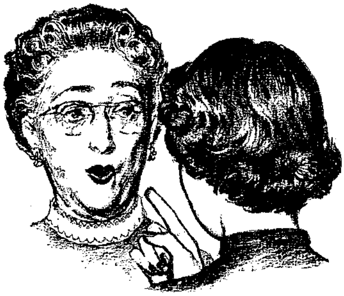
"I told my mother-in-law a thing or two



...and you should have seen her face!"

YOU see, we were visiting...now you know, you hate to say anything! But when I walked into her kitchen and saw her squeezing all those lemons! Well, what would you do? I tried to be subtle about it...said something about what a lot of work she was going to...and asked why she didn't try the easy way. Of course, the answer was, "Now my dear, I know the younger generation likes things the easy way, but I've learned thru the years...if you do it yourself, then you know it'll be good."

That was enough. I started telling her about ReaLemon Brand Lemon Juice. Younger generation, huh! First I told her about ReaLemon's convenience...no squeezing, no fuss...you know how you just open the bottle and pour ...all the lemon juice you need! Then I told her about ReaLemon's economy. Why . . . a pint bottle gives you the juice of about *16 lemons* at such a low, low price . . . and no waste of half used, dried up lemons either! But when I told her that ReaLemon is *reconstituted* . . . that reconstituting insures the same strength, same flavor, drop after drop, bottle after bottle . . . *well* that's when I could tell I'd made my point! I'm not sure, but I think she *actually* blushed! She did say, "Well, I guess you're never too old to learn! ReaLemon you say? I'm going to get a bottle tomorrow . . . think of all the time and money I've wasted . . . now why didn't someone tell me about this before?"

So now both of us use ReaLemon ...we'll never go back to squeezing lemons...but how about you? Tried ReaLemon yet? Don't say I haven't told you!

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Dear Reader:

Gracing the front cover of this issue of CORONET is little Janet (*right*). Obviously she's our favorite cover girl. For this marks the fourth time she's walked off with that honor, her picture having appeared previously under CORONET's logotype last April, September and December. So, wondering how life is with a young lady who's built herself a career at the ripe age of five, we dropped in at the studio to watch her work with her discoverer, photographer Leo Aarons.

"Smile," Aarons said, "just a shade." And Janet did—just a shade. "Tilt your head," Aarons said. And Janet tilted her head, at exactly the right angle.

"That's the wonderful thing about her," Aarons told us. "She knows just what you want her to do."

Aarons, whom Janet calls Uncle Leo, discovered his diminutive star when she was six months old, viewing the Central Park Zoo from a baby carriage. Entranced by the magnificent texture of her skin and her starry, long-lashed blue eyes, he asked her mother to bring her around for test shots. The tests were spectacularly successful. Janet's parents insisted, however, that her full name never be revealed, feeling the publicity might be harmful in her formative years.

When on-camera, Janet is completely poised. But at home, her mother reports, she is a bit of a tomboy. As a matter of fact, one CORONET cover had to be delayed because she showed up sporting a black eye—the result of a tiff with a neighbor—a boy, of course.

As far as being career-conscious, Janet showed no signs of it until just recently, when she borrowed her mother's best high heels, and posed holding her hair in an upsweep. "Why don't you fix my hair like this?" she demanded. "Now I *really* look like a model!"

The Editors

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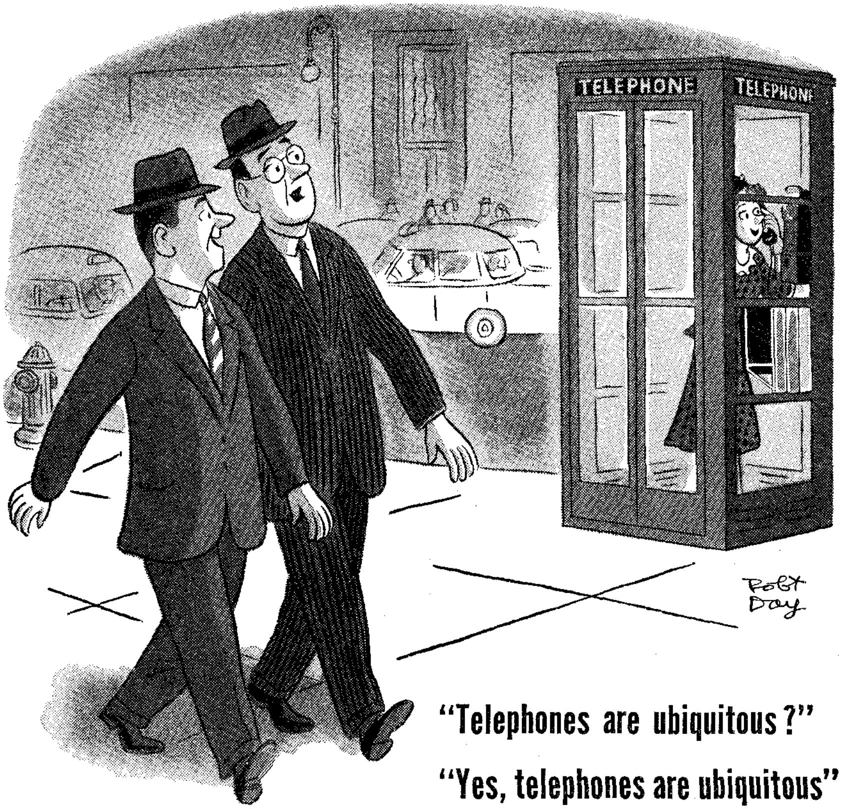

"Telephones are ubiquitous?"

"Yes, telephones are ubiquitous"

Robert Day, the well-known cartoonist who drew this picture, was a little afraid that there might be some people who wouldn't know what we meant by ubiquitous. "It's a pretty big word," he said.

"Don't worry," we told him. "We'll put in a little reminder that the dictionary says ubiquitous means 'existing or being everywhere at the same time.'"

There's surely no better way to describe telephones! They're not only in millions of homes and offices but just about everywhere you go. In stores. At gas stations! At airports, bus depots, railroad stations! Out-of-doors!

Throughout the country, there are hundreds of thousands of these public telephones for your convenience.

So the next time something comes up when you're away from home or the office, or there's news you'd like to share with someone, step up to one of those nearby telephones and call.

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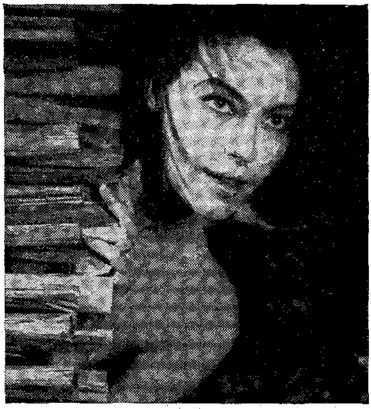

Barefoot Girl with Dressing

FOUR YEARS and five pictures ago, Ava Gardner left Hollywood for Madrid, vowing never to return. But her expatriate life seems only to have enhanced her reputation as a glamorous, sexy movie star. Newspaper reporters avidly chronicle her restless movements through European capitals and keep score on the allegedly heartbroken bullfighters, dancers and actors she leaves behind.

That's fast stepping for a sharecropper's daughter from the tobacco country of Smithfield, North Carolina. Regional gossip describes Ava as a barefoot girl until she was 14, and shoelessness has become almost a trademark (*The Barefoot Contessa*) for her. In *The Little Hut*, her latest movie, she romps barefoot again, this time on a desert isle with Stewart Granger, David Niven and Walter Chiari, a handsome Italian who is reputedly her latest "fiance."

Ava's career has more inherent drama than her movie roles, which rarely reflect her true personality. One of six children, she was born on Christmas Eve, 1922. Her mother loved movies and took Ava often. "She died before seeing me in a picture," Ava recalls. At 19, the blossoming brunette went to New York to visit a married sister and hunt secretarial work. Her photographer brother-in-law sent pictures of Ava to MGM. Signed as a starlet (at $50 weekly), she married Mickey Rooney within a year.

Ava's sense of humor, which often makes her snicker at her acting ability, is actually a cover for an inferiority complex—the result of a too rapid transition from Southern hillbilly to movie queen. She says lightly, "I'm a better friend to my husbands than a wife." But her sadness at the breakup of three marriages (to Rooney, Artie Shaw, Frank Sinatra) is unmistakable. Her fervent desire for children and a happy home was frustrated by Ava's admitted possessiveness—to the point of suffocation—towards her husbands, which psychoanalysis didn't exorcise.

Living with her sister Beatrice and two Welsh Corgis in a modest three-bedroom house outside Madrid, Ava fears being alone. To combat this, she moves in a world of exaggerated merriment. For entertainment she turns to flamenco dancing, bullfights and her extensive record collection.

"I'm amazed at the way I live now," she laughs. "In Hollywood, actors fight for the biggest dressing room and insist on a new paint job every picture. Here I'm happy to get window curtains."

(Continued on page 10)

GUARDIAN of your family's future

Junior's first haircut, Jane's debut as the bright star in her kindergarten play . . . who but a young father knows the joy of such great events. When someone asks, *"How's the family?"*—a smile lights up your face as you reply, "I just happen *to have in my pocket—"and out come* the snapshots.

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FEAR STRIKES OUT. This is only the third movie for lanky, 24-year-old Anthony Perkins. But his thoughtful, many-faceted performance marks him as one of the best young actors to come along since the late James Dean.

Perkins has the tough chore of portraying a tormented baseball player, Jim Piersall, who cracks under the strain of his personal problems. Saddled with domestic responsibilities, he is also relentlessly pressured by his father—a man who wants his son to make good in the big leagues to gratify his own frustrations.

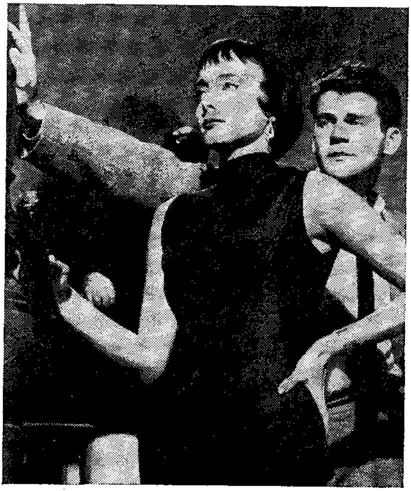
As Piersall Senior, Academy Award winner Karl Malden again demonstrates his sensitive acting skill.

THE BACHELOR PARTY. Playwright Paddy Chayefsky and director Delbert Mann, of *Marty* fame, team again to examine a slice of everyday life.

Here the focus is on the blessings of married life versus the joys of bachelorhood, as observed by a young, married bookkeeper (Don Murray, *right*, with Carolyn Jones).

Seeking excitement, five office workers explore New York City's night life. But the "celebration" only seems to point up each man's problems.

Murray and his co-workers (E. G. Marshall, Jack Warden, Larry Blyden and Philip Abbott) bring insight to a familiar situation. —MARK NICHOLS.



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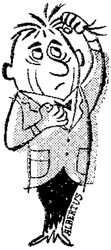

WOE IS ME! Next time a friend belittles himself with the lament that he's an impossible person, take it with a polite shrug. He may not really feel that way at all, suggests Dr. Melitta Schmidebert of New York. When some persons blame themselves, they're actually blaming someone they're afraid to name. In other instances, their intense feelings of guilt are used as a defense against taking responsibility for a wrongdoing. When such a person berates himself, people stop reproaching him, and sympathize instead. That's what he really wants—though he won't admit it, even to himself, claims Dr. Schmidebert.

POLITICS & HUMAN NATURE: Your faith in humanity has much to do with your political thinking, says Cornell University sociologist Morris Rosenberg. He points out that if you don't trust people you're not likely to trust the wisdom of the public; you're more ready to believe that candidates are controlled by political machines, that freedom of speech is fiction. You may even favor suppressing certain political and religious liberties. All this has nothing to do with being a Democrat or Republican, of course.

REASSURANCE FOR PARENTS: With all the warnings you hear about the lasting damage you may cause your youngster's psyche by wrongly feeding, training or disciplining him, it's reassuring to listen to Dr. Ian Stevenson of Louisiana State University's School of Medicine. He insists there's no proof that personality is more plastic in infancy and childhood; that there's no evidence of a "predictable relationship" between child-training practices and the child's adult personality; and, finally, that though children may show symptoms of severe emotional disturbances, they can lose these later without having formal therapy.

(Continued on page 14)

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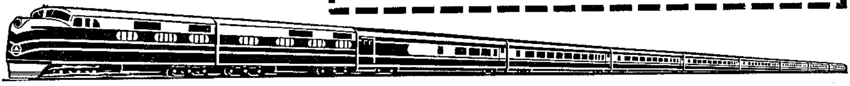

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

YOU

Big families; teens' dilemma; Fountain of Youth

(Continued from page 12)

WANT A LARGE FAMILY? If so, you may have to sacrifice certain qualities you love in your spouse. For example, men with strong drives toward independence and adventure (which many women admire) don't particularly like the patter of little feet—at least, not too many of them. Similarly, women with strong drives toward power and success (which some men find attractive) are not particularly enamored of having little hands plucking at them, or little noses waiting to be wiped. The mate who is most likely to provide you with many children, according to a 20-year study, must be stable, energetic and emotionally a paragon. Otherwise—watch out for trouble.

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE! Girls like being teen-agers better than boys. The reason, according to Dr. Frances M. Wilson of New York: teen-age boys are afraid of "being trapped by a dame," while teen-age girls find capturing the male an exciting experience. Consequently, the boys look forward to their 20s, when they feel the chase by girls will be over, and they'll have the upper hand. But the picture is not altogether rosy for the girls; while they want to be young wives, most of them are troubled over demands of homemaking, motherhood, and working. For them, it seems, the teen-age years are the rewarding ones.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED: Success may be in sight at last in man's ancient quest for the Fountain of Youth. Trouble is, it's no fountain at all, but rather that frightening Einsteinian world far on the other side of the Milky Way. Dr. Nello Pace, University of California physiologist, says that man flashing through space at fantastic speeds may age more slowly than earthbound people. According to the theory of relativity, time slows down for any object traveling at velocities approaching the speed of light—186,000 miles a second. The idea's yet to be proved, of course—but it's a pleasant thought that you might be able to shed ten years or so by a round trip to the moon.

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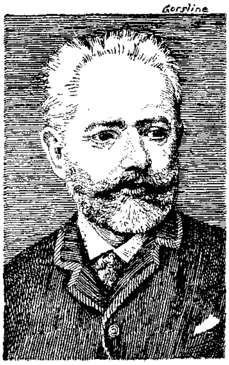

TCHAIKOVSKY

Music's Great Sensualist

Of all the classical composers, none is more popular in America today than Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky. The magnificence of his melodies, and the depth of his sentiment, have endeared him to millions. These include not only those who instantly recognize the magic of the man who has been called "music's greatest sensualist," but those who sing and hum his tunes in the guise of popular music—unaware that they have been "borrowed" by Tin Pan Alley. "Borrowing" from Tchaikovsky has become an almost foolproof success formula.

Yet this musical genius was no infant prodigy. He was 25, had studied law and been in Russian government service when he decided to make music his career. Even then he went through painful periods of soul-searching. He had been a nervous child, often inexplicably ill, and supersensitive. Locking himself in the narrow confines of childhood experience, he had been constantly shocked back into a strange dream world whenever he had tried to cope with the realities of growing up.

When he was 29 and musical success beckoned, Tchaikovsky fell in love with Désirée Artôt, a celebrated French singer. But his neurotic indecision caused him to lose her to another man. To his sister he poured out his longing for family life. To one of his brothers he wrote, at 32, that he felt old, living more on memories than hopes. But throughout this torment—made more acute by his penury—Tchaikovsky was writing music full of harmony and rich melody, *Romeo and Juliet*, his first symphonies and his first quartets.

He was 36 when Nadezda von Meck entered his life. She was 45, the richest woman in Moscow and the recent widow of a railroad builder; a strong-willed personality who had dutifully borne 12 children in a marriage she detested. A musician on her staff told her of Tchaikovsky, whose music she admired, and his need for money. Whereupon she commissioned the composer, whom she did not know, to do arrangements for her. Later she loaned him large sums and eventually gave him a regular allowance. But, she stipulated that they must never meet.

Nevertheless they wrote each other, at first formally, then letters in which they confided their everyday doings, plans, emotions, enthusiasms and hatreds with the exactness of a diary. Thousands of such notes were exchanged—while they lived in the same city, attended the same concert, or even stayed at the same resort—never acknowledging each other's presence with so much as a nod.

During this strange friendship, Tchaikovsky impulsively married a

(*Continued on page 18*)

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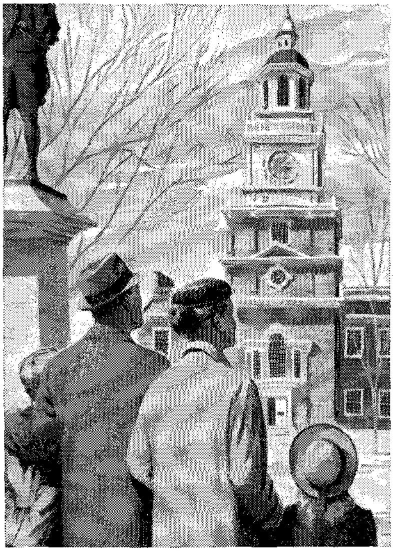

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conservatory student after she offered him her love in a letter. Even before they departed on their honeymoon, he was longing with all the violence of his strong emotions to be alone. When the ill-fated marriage broke up, Tchaikovsky tried to commit suicide. All this, and of his subsequent despair, frustration and shattered hopes, Tchaikovsky wrote to Nadezda. The correspondence continued for 14 years. Then suddenly Nadezda withdrew her stipend and her friendship, leaving the bewildered composer in a state of bottomless shock.

Tchaikovsky was then 50. The year before he had completed *The Sleeping Beauty*, a fairyland tale of poetic beauty and purity. Only three more years were left to him. On November 6, 1893, he died, a victim of cholera. He had just finished his sixth symphony, *Pathétique*, shedding bitter tears while he composed it.

After his death a note was found, sketching out the motifs of the symphony: "Life—all impetus, confidence, thirst for action. Love. Disillusionment. Finale: Death—the result of destruction."

Coronet's Choice From Recent Tchaikovsky Recordings

Piano Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor: Gilels, Reiner, Chicago Symphony; RCA Victor LM-1969
Piano Concerto No. 2 in G Major (with Concerto No. 1): Farnadi, Scherchen, Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster XWN-18289
Violin Concerto in D Major: Rabin, Galliera, Philharmonic; Angel 35388
Symphony No. 4 in F Minor: Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML 5074
Symphony No. 5 in E Minor: Mitropoulos, New York Philharmonic; Columbia ML 5075
Symphony No. 6 in B Minor ("Pathétique"); Markevitch, Berlin Philharmonic; Decca 9811
The Last Three Symphonies, Nos. 4, 5, and 6: Sanderling, Mravinsky; Decca DXE 142
Serenade in C Major for String Orchestra, Mozartiana (Suite No. 4 in G Major): Van Kempen, Concerts Lamoureux; Epic LC 3213
Sérénade Mélancholique: Heifetz, Wallenstein, Los Angeles Philharmonic; RCA Victor LM-2027
Andante Cantabile (From Quartet in D Major); Waltz, Elegie, Finale (from Serenade in C Major) (Serenades for Strings): Dumont, Boyd Neel Orchestra; Epic LC 3228
Nutcracker Suite: Toscanini, NBC Symphony; RCA Victor LM-1986
Variations on a Rococo Theme for Cello and Orchestra: Navarra, Austin, London Symphony; Capitol P-18012
1812. Overture Solennelle; Capriccio Italien: Rossi, Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard 484
Romeo and Juliet; Francesca Da Rimini (The Tone Poem): Munch, Boston Symphony; RCA Victor LM-6129
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—Fred Berger

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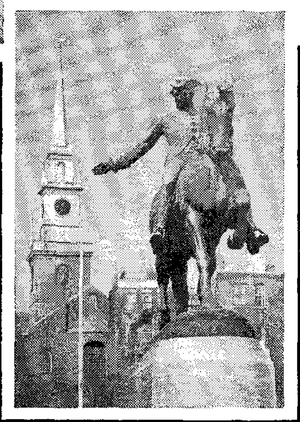

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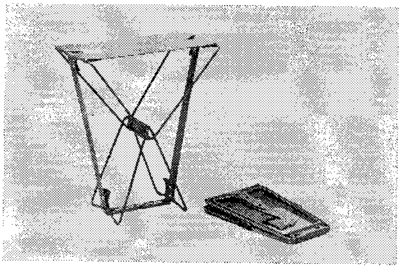
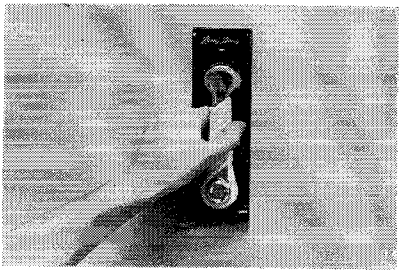


CARRY this folding seat on picnics, camping trips, etc. Steel frame construction with sturdy canvas seat. 14″ x 10″ x 5¾″. Weighs 1½ lbs. Sent direct from England. Only one addressed to a person. $2.95. Pay postman 15¢ delivery fee. Renlim Co., Dept. Cor-1, R. R. 5, Van Wert, Ohio.



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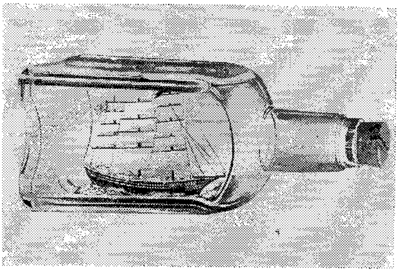

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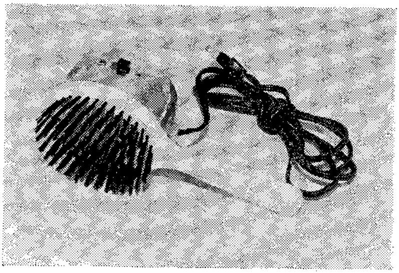

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(Continued on page 22)

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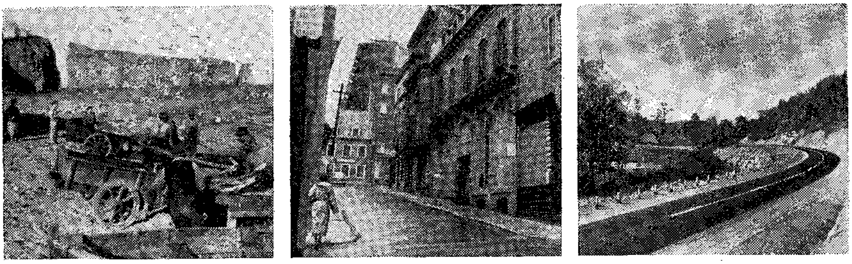
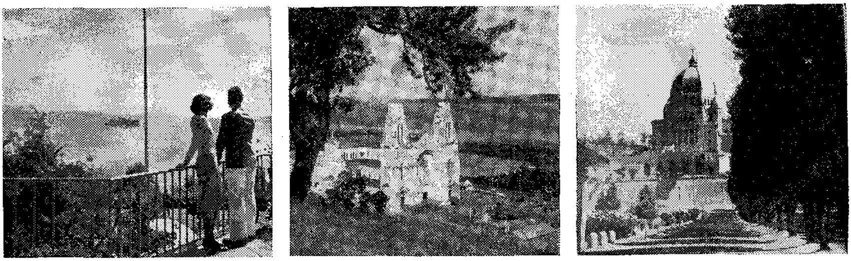


PICTURESQUE Visit the picturesque towns and villages along the rivers and in the mountain districts of Québec.



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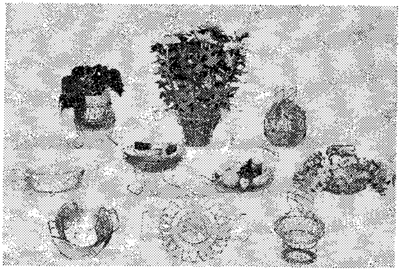

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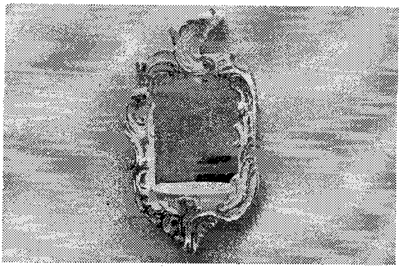

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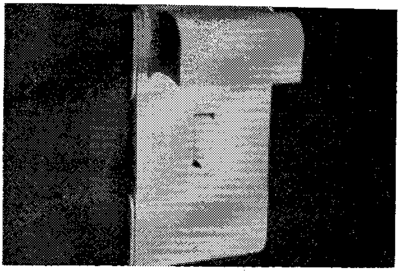

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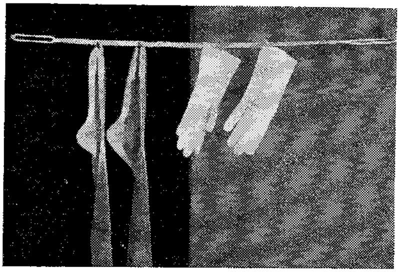

JIFFY CLOTHESLINE for indoor laundry drying doesn't require clothespins. Elastic braided latex rubber line separates and holds items firmly. Stretches taut up to 9′. Wonderful aid to travelers and very convenient at home. $1.00 pp. Edith Chapman, Dept. C, 260 Main Street, Nyack, New York.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 172.

GABRIEL HEATTER reports on dramatic new invention that triumphs over hearing loss and hides deafness as never before

New Way for Deaf to Hear with Both Ears

...EYE-GLASS HEARING

Gabriel Heatter, famous commentator, hails a history-making Beltone invention which enables the deaf to hear clearly again with *both* ears—as nature intended. This advance, that revolutionizes correction of hearing loss, now adds a dual dimension to hearing. Clinical tests by leading audiologists prove the deaf *understand up to 40% better* than with corrected hearing in only one ear.

Beltone scientists have completely hidden a hearing aid and receiver inside streamlined glasses, Heatter revealed. No button in the ear. No cord. A tiny, colorless tube carries sound from glasses to the ear. Beltone Hearing Glasses may answer your prayers if you hesitate to wear a hearing aid for fear of being stared at... of advertising hearing loss.

Now, nothing to conceal in hair or clothes. Hides deafness, corrects hearing loss beyond anything available before.

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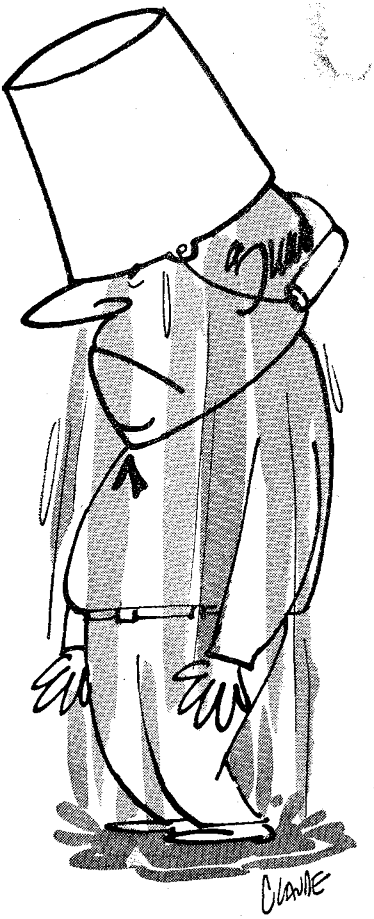

A bucket of water over the door is one of the risks of April Fool's Day. But being tricked on *other* days is something else again.

Yet that's what happens as far as your taxes are concerned. Part of your taxes are used to help pay the cost of electric service for customers of federal government power systems.

First, your taxes help build the federal power plants that produce electricity for these people. Then, you have to be taxed *more* because they don't pay all the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours*. People who get electricity from the TVA, for example, pay less than *one-fifth* of the taxes on electric service that you pay.

Next time you hear someone talk in favor of federal government electricity, ask him about the trick it plays with your taxes (and his). Chances are, he'll stop talking and start thinking. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

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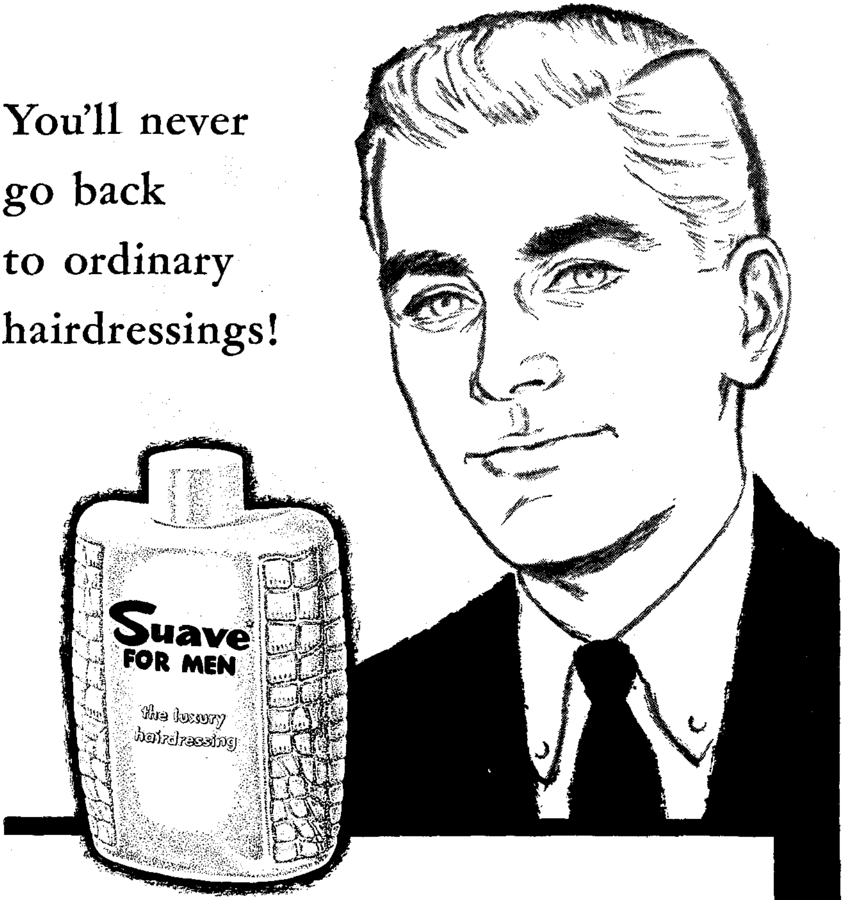
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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR CORONET APRIL 1957

How Much Do We Owe Our Aging Parents?

by WILMA COX

Giving them refuge in an Old Folks' Home is only a partial answer. To be happy they must continue to share the lives of their children

WHEN I brought my parents to the Old Folks' Home, I was sick with the sense of failure. I didn't want them to go there. They didn't want to go. My brother and I had hoped to do better by them. But when the time came, there was no alternative.

The day of decision arrived suddenly. Mother and Dad had jogged along on a well-trodden path to their 80th birthdays. Dad had retired from his small business about six years ago and his modest savings provided nearly enough for Mother and himself. My brother and I supplemented this with clothing, household comforts, table luxuries. Mother puttered at keeping house and fixing simple meals. They were reasonably healthy and self-sufficient. They wore their independence like a shining badge.

Then Dad got pneumonia, had to use up almost all of his dwindling money and Mother panicked. All at once, they were helpless, frightened old people. Mother's sight and hearing were bad. Her energy petered out. She hadn't the strength to cook, and old folks need better nourishment than Cornflakes and milk.

The doctor spoke of hardening arteries, of the possibility of senile aberrations which result from arterial changes, creating danger to themselves and to others. I guessed what he meant. Mother, alert as she seemed, now and then absent-mindedly turned on the stove's gas cocks and forgot to strike a match. They couldn't remain alone any longer. We'd have to do something.

Inevitably, that day of decision arrives for all middle-aged children. It is the hardest day of their lives, for it brings the testing of loyalty, love, and capacity for sacrifice. And it is the climax of the unacknowledged guilts so many have toward their parents, for the absorption in personal problems and needs which has made them alien to their closest kin.

We talked it over, my brother and I. Could they, I wondered aloud, remain in their house with a hired housekeeper and a practical or registered nurse summoned for serious illnesses?

My brother gave me a queer look. "Assuming you can find the housekeeper and assuming Mother and Dad, used to their own ways, will put up with her and she put up with them," he said, "and assuming you can find nurses whenever you need them, who's going to pay all the bills?"

I didn't know who'd pay the bills. I couldn't. Nor he. My brother is close to 60 and hanging precariously on to his job. My financial position was even worse, earning my living in a competitive, difficult field, without outside resources. We were typical middle-aged middle-class people.

Dad, having been out of business for several years, could claim no pension or Social Security benefits. And, even though Mother and Dad were eligible for help from their Government under another program, Old Age Assistance, it was still not enough for their needs.

"Could our parents live with one of us?" I asked. My brother didn't need to spell out the answer. My home is one room and a kitchenette. My brother does have a house, but his wife has long been a semi-invalid. She can barely look after her household.

My brother gritted his teeth. "We'll have to find an Old Folks' Home for them," he said. He didn't dare look at me or I at him. Old Folks' Home has many connotations—not merely loss of privacy, status, independence, but also rejection by next of kin. For my brother and me, it was failure. We both loved our parents.

I TALKED the problem over with my friends. It was everyone's problem, I found. Everyone had had to find a solution. Nobody liked the solution he'd found.

"Strange," my friend Joanna mused. "One father can take care of a dozen children but a dozen children can't take care of one father."

Joanna's old father has to shuttle among his children, a pathetic transient.

"My mother lives with us," my friend Nina said, more in sorrow than pride. "She's miserable and I'm miserable. Whenever we have company, she crawls off to her room, though I beg her to stay in the living room. Next day she's full of resentments about being pushed off in a corner. I know she's lonely and so I hesitate to go out in the evenings to as much as a movie. My husband goes alone. We get so full of resentments, we blow our tops."

My friend Harry, who is rich and can afford the best, hadn't solved the problem, either. "I've set my parents up in a lovely apartment, with a housekeeper, in the building where I live," he said. "But Mother's always firing the housekeeper and Father paces the apartment like a caged lion. No matter how much I do for him, he's not satisfied. He has nothing to do. Naturally he misses his work, his old neighbors, his friends . . ."

Paul, whom I've always found wise and kind, settled the matter. "I can say from personal experience and that of others I know, that a good Old Folks' Home is the answer. Not only will they have reliable, constant care but they'll have companionship. Old people are happiest with other old people. Even if you could afford to maintain them in a good apartment, even if you wanted to sacrifice yourself for their sakes, for their best interest find them a Home."

When we came out to talk it over with Mother and Dad, they sat like pathetic white lambs in the living room, heads bowed, hands clasped in their laps, quietly listening while my brother and I hemmed and hawed, explaining why their growing infirmities made it impossible for them to remain where they were and why neither of us could take them in.

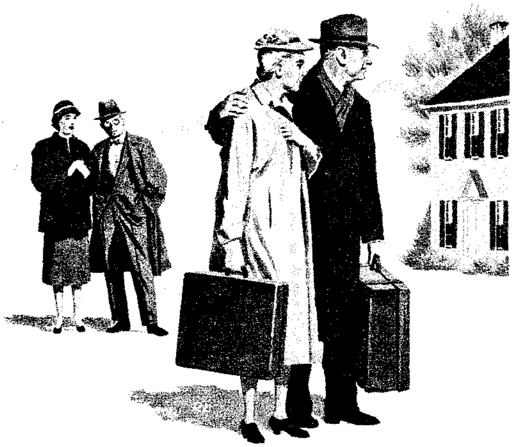
My brother faltered, explaining the practical aspects, the stark fact that we lacked the money to provide whatever help they'd now need to remain where they were. That last is especially hard to admit to your parents. They're always sure their children will win the financial success they couldn't achieve.

There was a long embarrassed silence before Dad finally lifted his head. "We never intended to be a burden to our children," he said, with dignity. "We had always planned, when the time came, to go into a Home."

I do not know which of his phrases struck me the hardest—the "burden to children" or the "when the time came." Perhaps the latter, because a large part of the agony of the children who make these decisions is knowing the time is not too far off when similar decisions will have to be made for them.

"Yes," Mother echoed, "we'll go to a Home." She said it thin-lipped, with defiance, punishing us, challenging us to say "No."

"I'm glad you're so sensible," my brother said gently. "That will be best. You'll have excellent care and



companionship. You'll see, you'll like it very much."

I said nothing, being sick with shame and defeat.

Mother got up, turned away from us, went out and began to rattle pots and pans, getting supper. I went to the kitchen to help her.

"This is such a beautiful home, how can I leave it?" she said through her tears.

"They took it very well," my brother said afterwards. "I expected hysterics."

The hysterics came. Dad phoned almost daily in the next fortnight, saying Mother had changed her mind, was refusing to go to a Home.

"Wait," I urged, "till she sees the place. She'll be pleased."

We had been lucky. Not far from the town where they lived was what, by all modern standards, was the ideal Home. It resembled a small hotel, with private and semi-private rooms for its "guests." Mother and Dad could bring their favorite personal possessions for their room. The cheerful dining room had tables for four, the grounds were covered with shade trees and flowers and intimate groupings of chairs, not rockers in a bleak row. There was around-the-clock nursing, a dietitian, and movies, a television set, dominoes, cards, other games.

WE DROVE THEM over to the Home on a June afternoon. The garden and lawns were at their best, the rooms spotless and sunswept.

"It looks like home, doesn't it?" I asked anxiously.

"It will do," Dad said. "We're old folks. What more do we need?" And we went down for their first meal at the Home.

Mother glanced around the dining room. Her lip curled. "Why they're old and foolish," she said loudly, too loudly. "What will your father do here, among these foolish old people?"

"Pretend this is a new city to which you've moved," I ventured. "Wherever you've lived you've made yourselves useful. Here you can, too. . . . Look, Dad, you're handy with tools. After you get acquainted, why don't you start making toys for poor children? Some of the others might like to help."

Dad said he'd think about it.

A sweet-faced woman, walking painfully with a cane, came up to me as we were leaving the dining room. "Tell them," she whispered, "each one of us had to break up a home. We know what they're going through. Tell them they'll find sympathy here, understanding." I believed her.

When I came several weeks later to visit, Mother was seething with bitterness but Dad was silent, looking hurt.

"You take your baths when they tell you to," Mother said. "A nurse stands in the room all the while. Dad's a man, not a baby. It hurts his pride."

I explained this was wise precaution, concern for their welfare; old people catch colds or slip in the tub.

"We're not old," Mother said. "We don't belong here."

I asked whether Dad had started the toy-making project. Coldly, he said he had not. I brought out a large batch of foreign stamps, suggested he sort them and start a collection. He said he might try.

We sat in the pleasant yard. I mentioned the garden. Mother's eyes brightened. "The roses were beautiful. They're gone. The glads are coming out." She walked with me to the flower beds. Here's a beginning of interest, I thought, perhaps the garden will bring them contentment. "Yes, the garden's nice. It's all very nice." Mother turned away. "When are you taking us out of here?"

When I came next, they looked better than they had in years. The balanced diet, the good physical care was evident. Mother's white hair was beautifully waved, her nails manicured, something she'd never bothered to do for herself. "The nurse did it for me," she said. I caught the rebuke in her tone—this strange nurse is doing more for me than my own daughter would. She added bitterly, "*They* do so much for you here."

They was a word Mother and Dad came to use often. Sometimes *they* meant the government, sometimes the staff of the Home, sometimes their children. *They,* I came to understand, meant a vague over-all authority which controlled their destinies, boxed them into a room, measured food, medicine, recreation. *They* bestowed whatever boons old people enjoyed. *They* loomed more important as my parents' months of discontent in the Home stretched into unforgiving years.

Mother and Dad lived in a world of boredom, loneliness, restlessness, and hate and jealousy. Each time I came to visit, they loaded me down with the failings, the miseries of every person under that roof. Companionship they had, but companionship in wretchedness. There was no serenity in the sunset, no satisfaction in life's work well done, no "let's relax and take it easy at last," only anger, resentment, bitterness. They had security, good food, comfort, care, sunshine and flowers. It should have been good. It was not. What was lacking? What more could we do?

I learned what was lacking a few weeks ago. It was a vital ingredient. It was life, or the sense of life, which amounts to the same. This is how I found out:

Mother had always been an avid newspaper reader, interested in current events. Here her newspapers lay stacked, unread, on Dad's desk. Most times, when I came, she was dozing, and woke to launch a monologue of complaints. I had listened to three hours of it, when all at once Mother seemed bored by her own tirade. Suddenly she asked, "Are we going to have another war?"

"I hope not," I answered and began to tell her what I had culled from the papers and the radio.

"Wait," she interrupted. "Let me get my hearing aid." Before this, I thought wryly, she hadn't wanted to hear any answers I gave.

Dad adjusted the batteries for her. Both of them leaned forward, listening, their eyes beginning to sparkle, their faces to glow.

The nurse came in, bringing the take-before-dinner pills. "It's too bad you didn't come sooner," Mother told her. "We've been hearing such interesting things."

"No more than they could have

read in the papers or heard on the radio," I said.

"Reading the papers," the nurse said, "doesn't mean much when you're cut off from the world."

Cut off from the world. That was the crux of the thing and the cutting off was the same whether the aged lived in the house of a child, or under the chaperonage of a housekeeper and nurse, or in a fine residential hotel, or in an Old Folks' Home. We had in one way or another cut them off from life and living.

The life Mother and Dad had lived had been ordinary, yet in its way full and exciting. There were strolls down the block, passing the time of day with neighbors and friends, exchanging question and comment about what had happened in the wide world and how it might affect matters here. The fire engine, the ambulance, careened down the road. Whose building was burning? Was anyone hurt? And how could we help?

The neighbor's grandchild came dashing in for a cookie or peppermint. The milkman, the newsboy, the Fuller Brush man, came to the door. Life passed by the window. Life entered, surrounded, stimulated.

Now all of this had been cut off, and because they were old we had foolishly thought they could be contented in emptiness. Yet, whatever they had been before, they still were.

"Next time you come, bring your friends," Mother said. "I'd like to hear what they have to say about things. Besides, it brightens these old people here to see a new face. Reminds them they're still in this world."

They are still in this world. However aged or feeble, in all of them remains the will to be part of the world and its life. We owe them that contact, for it is this they miss most, more vital, more meaningful than an antiseptic room, balanced meals and vitamin pills. And if we do not serve them in this, we doom them to death in life.

What the "techniques" may be to keep the contact between our old folks and the living world, I am not yet sure. But I do know that the first step toward meeting a need is recognition that the need exists. Perhaps the answer may lie, someday, not in *segregation* of our aged but in *integration,* in wise social planning and community assistance which will keep them—even if they must live in a Home—within the community, close to neighbors and friends, with familiar vistas, familiar contacts. In this way, they will remain a part of the world they want and need.

To their children, surely, belongs the largest responsibility, to continue to share their own interests, their own participation in life, with their aging parents. There is no son or daughter so poor he cannot bring them this matchless gift.

◆

ONE GOOD THING about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said. —ELMER LETERMAN

THE MIRACLE OF SPRING

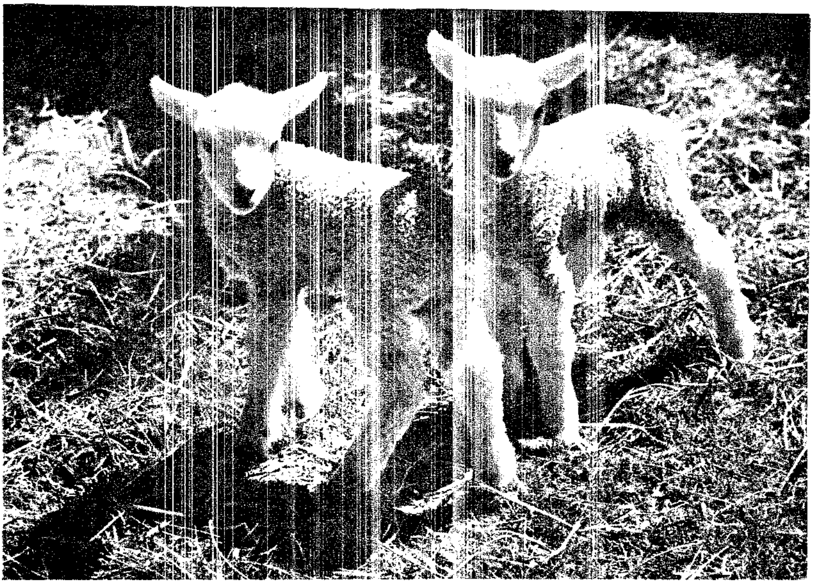
by J. P. Folinsbee

This is the story of a miracle. For many people, it has its long-awaited harbingers—the first snowdrops, a robin's song, the misty green of a willow tree. Others feel it as a sudden burst of gladness in their hearts. For all, it means a world made fresh and young and new again. This is the miracle called spring.

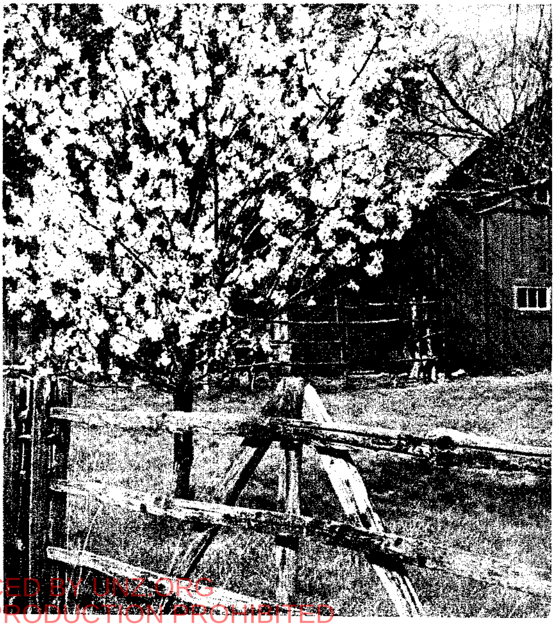
Wind-whispers slip from branch to bough,
'Til the forest knows
The shy, new laughter of the spring, as sleepy trees
Awake to see remnants of their winter dreams
In the melting mirror of the snows.

Where meadows walk beside the woods,
Cloud shadows race and pass,
And in a union old as earth and sky, fields weave
The sun and rain into a miracle of flowers
Spread like fallen stars upon the grass.

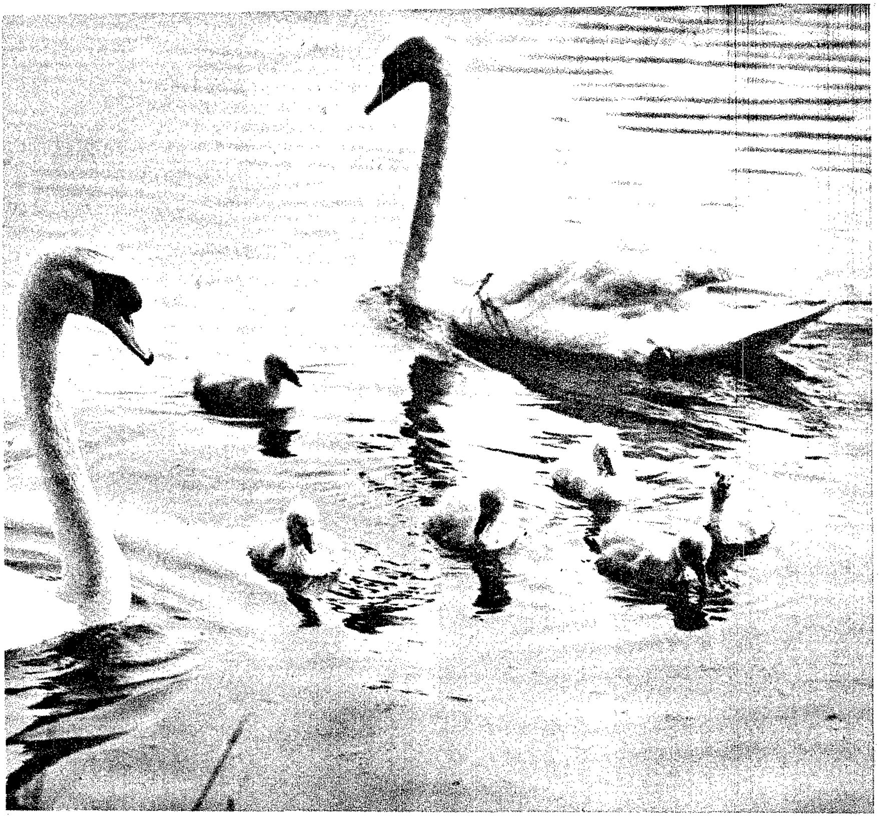
Warmed by the promise of the sun, deep forces quicken in the land,
And as each newborn furrow yields and falls and finds its place,
The Prologue to the harvest is written by the plowman's steady hand.



Bewildered children of the spring,
Small creatures pause at play
And try, with solemn wonder echoed in their eyes,
To understand the strange and fascinating world
God gave them only yesterday.



Spring, since time began,
Has known the ageless secrets
Of the fair,
And with one gentle breath
Erases all the worn
And weathered look of winter
From the world's face,
And tucks a blossom in her hair.

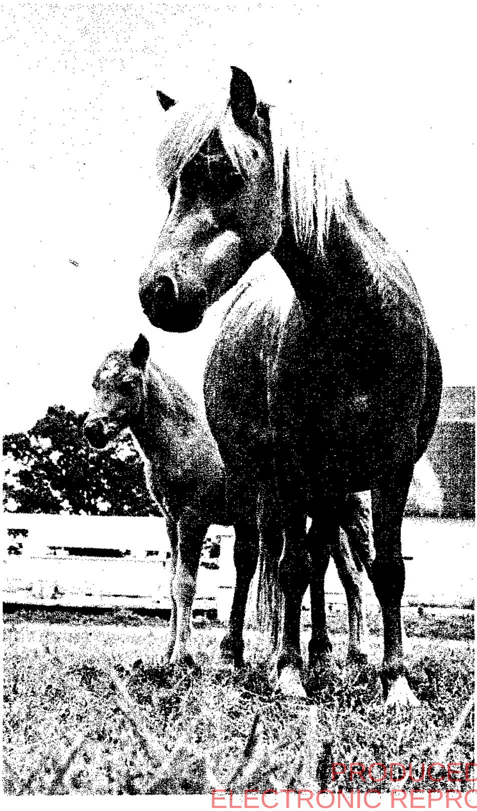


As surely as the morning comes, enchantment touches everything,
And spellbound hours flower into perfect, golden days, when youth
And age walk hand in hand through the eternal miracle of spring.

Adrift in beauty and delight, the days of spring flow swiftly by,
Until, at last, the valleys and the hills are crowned with green,
In dedication to the clouds of summer gathered in the distant sky.

Big Money in Small Ponies

by Jean R. Komaiko



If you're looking for a "sure thing,"

A MIDWEST HOUSEWIFE has four purebred Shetland ponies gamboling about in her back yard. With the profits she should get from them in the next few years, she expects to send her three children through college, and perhaps even take the family on a trip to Europe.

The woman has been offered $1,500 each for her four mares. But since they can be bred for 20 years and each colt is worth a minimum of $400, why should she sell them?

Hers is not a unique story, for throughout America today all kinds of amateur, as well as professional, breeders are cashing in on the pony boom in a large way. Last year the breeding, raising and selling of Shetland ponies was well over a $31,000,000 industry; this year the prospects look even better; and experts predict that the bonanza will continue far into the future.

The great pony boom began when Americans headed for the suburbs and the country in large numbers. Gene Harris, often called America's "Pony King," puts it this way:

"These days, immediately a man gets a little land, he yearns to raise something. Cows? Chickens? They're work and they're not romantic! So Papa scouts around a bit, and next thing you know he's bought a "grade" or "kid" pony. He claims he's done it for the children, of course.

"But before long, the whole family

back-yard breeding of Shetlands may be it. Thousands have cashed in.

is in the act, visiting pony shows and auctions. Eventually they trade in their pony for a better one, and that keeps up until they have a purebred registered Shetland. It's like trading in a model T automobile and working up to a Cadillac, except that the best ponies are worth far more than the fanciest cars. So what started as child's play ends up as a very adult investment."

All told, there are under 225,000 Shetlands in the country today, and even with the countless new breeders, the supply can't keep pace with the demand for these little horses. Why? Part of the answer probably lies in the nature of the Shetland pony himself, and in his rugged ancestry.

These tiny animals are believed once to have been sleek, full-sized horses, the prized possession of an admiral in the Spanish Armada in the 16th century. The ship on which they were being carried grounded on the Shetland Islands off the Scottish coast, and the sailors aboard had no choice but to turn them loose on the wild and desolate islands. There, a breed of ponies already existed. Only the sturdiest of the horses survived, foraging for food in rocky crevices. The result was that each succeeding generation grew smaller and tougher, partly by cross-breeding and partly to adapt to this rugged environment.

Today, four centuries later, this horse-grown-small is as sturdy as a goat, as bright as a beagle and, thanks to careful breeding, often as handsome as a race horse.

Moreover, the Shetland is a joy to raise. He requires only one-half acre of land, costs less to feed than a dog. He's gentle, simple to train, thrives in all weather and all climates, and is a natural lawn-mower. Children love this little 44-inch-high horse and his versatility, for they can ride him bareback or with a saddle, or harness him to a cart.

Gene Harris' Fashion Club Pony Sales Company, with offices on Rush Street in Chicago, is the world's largest distributor of "grade" ponies. "Grade" or "kid" ponies, unlike their purebred cousins, are seldom used for breed or show purposes, but are, as the name implies, primarily children's pets. These are the pert, sturdy little animals Grandpa remembers as a boy. They can be purchased relatively cheaply either from a local farmer or at a pony auction.

Harris raises purebred ponies which he sells to breeders by the carload. He also buys "grade" or "kid" ponies from breeders and sells them to the public. To do this, he relies on pony buyers (men who know what he wants in pony specifications) to comb the country, bid and buy for him. These men purchase an animal and then truck him to one of several distribution centers where eventually he will be crated and shipped to a customer.

Fashion Club customers are many and varied: eager boys and girls, zoo and circus concessionaires, kiddylands and carnivals. Society matrons come to Harris for ponies to raffle off at charity benefits. Pillsbury Mills, Swift and dozens of other concerns are steady purchasers, having learned that "pony giveaways" and "pony contests" help stimulate the sale of any product from pickles to real estate.

NEWEST and biggest of Harris' "grade" customers are mail order houses like Spiegel, Inc., Sears, Roebuck & Co. and Montgomery Ward & Co. By filling out an order blank attached to their catalogs or by writing to them, and sending a check for $299.95, you will receive a pony guaranteed gentle, gelded and free of disease. You can choose from any of five listed colors and, if you like, you can buy on credit.

Harris' other business, breeding purebred Shetlands, is, incidentally, where the fancy pony money is being made today.

The purebred registered Shetland is the sophisticated member of the clan and his family tree must be recorded back four generations in the Stud Book of the American Shetland Club. These exquisite ponies come in every color and the finest are descended from the Orloff and Larigo strains, honored names in pony history.

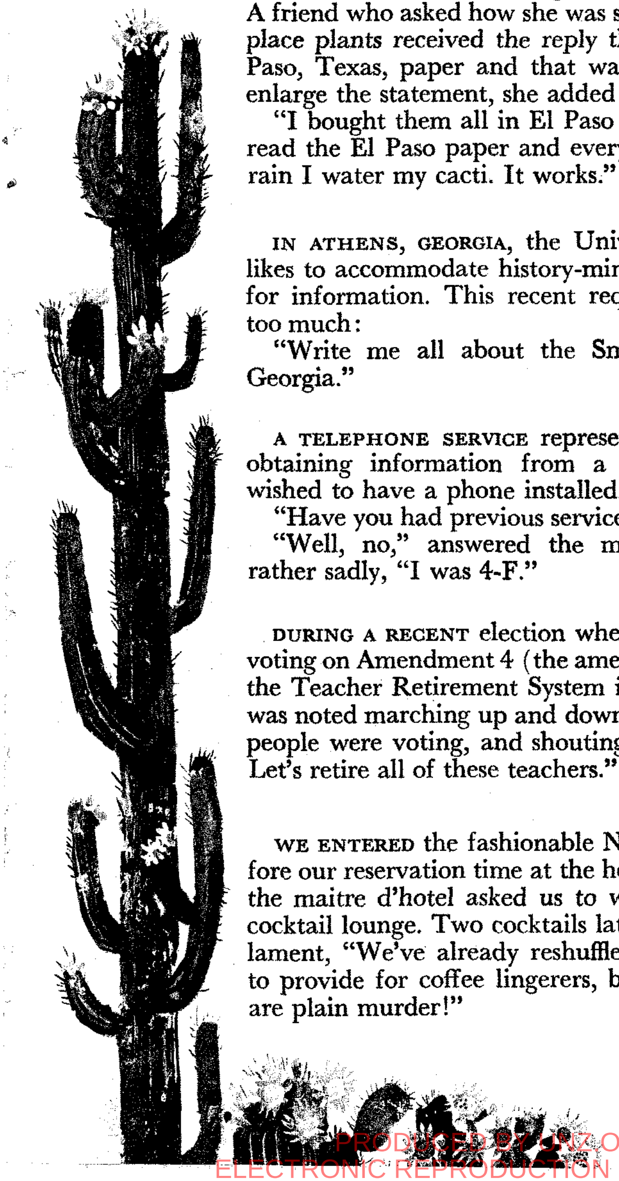
A top purebred once brought as much as $25,000, and though there are only about 22,000 of these aristocrats in the nation, in the Midwest alone there are hundreds of shows yearly where an owner may win a prize, swap his stock or sell for profit. As a result, small breeding farms are springing up all over the country, with 500 new enthusiasts going into the business each year. These are often the people who daydreamed of sometime owning a piece of Nashua or a portion of Swaps, and who settled instead for a whole pony.

A purebred Shetland breeding farm, small or large, is a comparatively simple and inexpensive operation. On the larger ones, a single employee cares for 100 mares (females), their foals (colts) and several stallions (males). Each pony requires only water, salt, grass and $30 worth of feed a year.

The mares can be bred in their second year and foal during their 3rd year (all purebred ponies celebrate the same birthday, January 1), nearly 100 per cent of them will bear young (gestation period 11 months), and nine days later they can be rebred. This profitable birthing process can continue for over 20 years (many ponies living until their mid-30s).

In dollars and cents this pony assembly line looks even better. A good purebred foal commands $400 and up, a bred mare is worth $1,500 minimum, and papa pony can earn as high as $250 for each stud fee. One prize stallion earned his owner $7,500 for last season's breeding.

So next time you go for a drive and see a boy with a pony, don't just figure it's a pet. More than likely, it's Junior's scholarship to college or Pop's extra bonus on his pension.



A WOMAN living in northern Wisconsin has an amazing collection of cacti, each one a gem of horticultural development. A friend who asked how she was so successful with the out-of-place plants received the reply that she subscribed to an El Paso, Texas, paper and that was how she did it. Asked to enlarge the statement, she added:

"I bought them all in El Paso where they grow well. So I read the El Paso paper and every time I read that they had rain I water my cacti. It works." —*Woolery Digest*

IN ATHENS, GEORGIA, the University of Georgia librarian likes to accommodate history-minded citizens who write him for information. This recent request, however, was a little too much:

"Write me all about the Smith and Jones families in Georgia." —EDITH ROBERTSON

A TELEPHONE SERVICE representative in Los Angeles was obtaining information from a prospective customer who wished to have a phone installed.

"Have you had previous service?" the representative asked.

"Well, no," answered the man. "You see," he added rather sadly, "I was 4-F." —*Long Lines*

DURING A RECENT election when the people of Texas were voting on Amendment 4 (the amendment designed to improve the Teacher Retirement System in Texas), a fifth-grade boy was noted marching up and down in a schoolhouse where the people were voting, and shouting, "Vote for Amendment 4. Let's retire all of these teachers." —*Waco News Tribune*

WE ENTERED the fashionable New York restaurant just before our reservation time at the height of the dinner hour and the maitre d'hotel asked us to wait a moment or so in the cocktail lounge. Two cocktails later he returned with the sad lament, "We've already reshuffled our reservation schedules to provide for coffee lingerers, but these king-size cigarettes are plain murder!" —JOSEPH ARKIN

Glamor Queen in a Quandary

Her own contradictions elate and deflate, taunt and inspire Kim Novak in her dream of becoming Empress of Filmdom

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

KIM NOVAK is the young green-eyed actress with aluminum-colored hair who did not get what she considered her fair quota of lines on a nationwide television show. She walked stonily off stage past a waiting photographer and into her dressing room.

There she examined her face carefully in a mirror. Satisfied, she seized a huge vase of roses and flung it against the wall.

As the crash died away, she called calmly to the photographer: "You can come in now. I'm going to cry!"

She is the girl in rumpled black slacks who, as a kid on Chicago's North Side, was never liked very much by the others. She had to play dolls by herself, and was still giving tea parties to her 18 sawdust friends in her late teens. Her mother scolded: "It embarrasses me to have to buy you a new doll every birthday."

She is the ambitious youngster under the hair dryer at the Columbia Studios make-up department, glaring at a publicity man trying to explain to her that the front office had refused to buy her a huge white fox stole. She wanted it to go with the dozen evening gowns—worth $15,000—that the studio had specially designed and given to her. She wept and shrieked—carefully keeping her hair in place. As the publicity man shrugged and left, she said with concentrated venom: "I hate his guts!"

She is the dreamy-eyed child who likes to sit on the floor, biting bits off a piece of stale toast and talking of Hollywood as: "A dark forest I have to feel my way through, like a blind person. I can't think ahead, I can't remember anything. I just go by instinct. Maybe I'll get lost. I hope not."

She is the demure young woman who looks up shyly and says: "I think my eyes are my best feature—they turn yellow when I'm angry and turquoise when I'm happy," while she plucks absent-mindedly at the plunging neckline on her 37-inch bust.

She is the naïvely delighted miss who says of her two months in Europe last year: "The reporters were there when I got up in the morning and when I went to bed. When I went shopping, the stores had to lock their doors and the police held the crowds back."

She is the lonesome girl who hates to dress up and go to parties—"You get all fixed up, stand around and drink and gossip, then you have to come home and unfix yourself." She claims she has no real interest in dates and likes to stay home and read—preferably the vast prose of Thomas Wolfe—without make-up or hairdo.

"When I feel like this," she says, "if anyone asks me to do anything, I do just the opposite."

She is the happy youngster who wept and clapped her hands the first time she saw her name on a theater marquee, and who is willing, despite her occasional vehement denials, to devote her whole energy to becoming a symbol of glamor and sex in motion pictures.

The appeal of Miss Novak—which shot her to the top of the ten box-office movie stars in 1956—is hard to define. "I don't know what it is but I'm glad of it," she herself says demurely. Co-workers think it is because she is like a sexy panda bear—cuddly, sometimes affectionate, yet always aloof. "Sweet sexiness," one calls it.

She has appeared in half a dozen pictures—the best being *Picnic* and *The Eddy Duchin Story*—and will be seen in a major biographical picture about the tempestuous stage star, Jeanne Eagels, as well as the film version of the Broadway stage hit, *Pal Joey*—sharply rewritten to enhance her talents.

IN THE three and a half years it has taken her to achieve all this, Miss Novak has had to toss sacrifices on the altar of her career. One was a beau, Count Mario Bandini, an earnest, 31-year-old Italian heir to a European cannery fortune. "I'm afraid I shall have to give Mario back to the old country," says Miss Novak airily. "He's terribly nice and kiss-the-handish but my work is so important."

Her steady American date for the past few years has been a taciturn, 35-year-old Hollywood man-about-town named Mac Krim. Krim's methods of courtship have consisted largely of being Miss Novak's background at premieres and autograph sessions.

Once he posted on the marquee of a small theater he owned in Detroit:

WELCOME KIM—MISS YOU—MAC. Miss Novak saw it and thought that the gesture was very nice.

"He's sweet," she says, "but he knows he'll have to wait. I often feel as if I want to get married but I just relax and the feeling goes away." She adds hastily that there are a "couple of others in the offing. You have to have romance in order to develop as an actress."

Many of Miss Novak's offhand statements about her past and future must be accepted with caution. For she enjoys acting out any role that comes into her head—usually some version of the Poor Little Matchgirl—so alone that she has to talk to herself on street corners. At 24, the statuesque blonde with the 23-inch waist and the bass chuckle is engrossed in her present, which she is as determined to make go as she was set on being the champion fence-walker of her neighborhood when she was ten.

In Europe, Miss Novak did what she wanted to do—for the first time in her life. She felt at home in the gay, romantic atmosphere of Italy. She grimaced over champagne (she drinks nothing else now) and fell into the Grand Canal in Venice up to her knees in sticky black mud—roaring with laughter as her anxious companion tried to get her out.

It was during this glorious escapade that she met Bandini and enchanted him. Bandini's latest mark of love—"we shout at each other over the transatlantic phone almost every night," she says—was to send her the horns of an ibex he had shot. (Miss Novak hates killing anything.)

Her ego is likely to be deflated on

Though vain about her body, Kim once modestly refused to model a formal.

every side. Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Studios, which has her under contract for the next five years, got tired of her frequent, teary expeditions to his office to wheedle a whim and dubbed her "The Cryer." Her father, when Miss Novak demanded an opinion about her growing fame, said crisply: "It's all right, I guess, but it takes a lifetime to make a great actress."

A possible key to such a complex character as Miss Novak is the fact that she was born to be a movie star. Many actresses choose to regard Hollywood as a spot to earn cake-and-champagne money while they practice their "art" elsewhere. But Miss Novak has no sympathy for this nonsense. Even if she could handle it, she has little desire for a career on the stage or as a TV fixture. Her heart has been set for years on being a movie star in the grandest tradition; and she is willing to sacrifice her personal life and loves to that end.

But she is not sure of success, though she is undeniably beautiful. She possesses a complex which might be described as "mirrophilia" and is rarely seen without a shiny object in her hand in which to view her reflection. By her own confession she examines her features "nearly every ten minutes" to reassure herself that she still has the regulation number. "I know I'm there," she says, "but I want to make sure the Kim of Hollywood is still in existence."

Her directors have learned that the first takes of Miss Novak are the best—before she begins to fear that her looks are disappearing. As the hero's doomed wife in *The Duchin Story,* Miss Novak carried a mirror with her so constantly that Tyrone Power, her "husband," threatened to quit the set if she didn't stop staring at herself.

Calling them "the windows of my soul," Miss Novak revels in her eyes—full and heavily made-up. Her trade-marked hair is carefully tinted weekly with a lavender rinse. She says she devised her own hairdo—a fragile dandelion-gone-to-seed effect—by hacking at it with nail scissors. She outraged Parisian hairdressers by telling them how to do their job—and walking out on them.

She has a passion for purple, being fond of every shade, from violets to lavender tulle. Her feeling for this particular hue was described by a studio psychiatrist as "a longing to be royal."

NONE of her major portrayals so far—those of a frustrated country girl, a frustrated society girl, and a dissatisfied dance-hall cashier—have been standouts. Miss Novak herself, seeing her pictures, goes white, writhes in her seat and mutters about her inadequacy. But each role has had impact enough to make producers pay a reputed $135,000 to secure her for a single picture (her current loan-out price is said to be $200,000). "You have to admit," says one director, "that Kim smolders inside and is a comely heap of ashes."

In 12 months Miss Novak had the exhausting—though exhilarating—experience of starring in three pictures: *Pushover, Phffft!* and *Five Against the House.* Her leading men

At the Cannes Film Festival last year, she attracted large throngs —much to her delight—and often had to be protected by the police.

were Fred MacMurray, Jack Lemmon and Guy Madison—all of whom came away panting. Her director in the first presented her with a miniature Oscar charm when shooting ended, but she confided to her roommate in her $19.50-a-week room at the Studio Club: "When they show the picture, I'll have to leave town."

Since then she has gained outward confidence with three other movies. She has had a good deal of almost hysterical fun as the "festival bomb" at Cannes, France, the demure person in a "Person to Person" airing—and been upset by publicity in fan and scandal magazines and gratuitous lectures from Hollywood columnists. All these are unmistakable signals of fame—but she is still groping to "find myself in all this confusion."

Friends describe Miss Novak as "very possessive of human beings." When her dancing coach was hired to teach another star, she cried furiously: "You can't leave me! You're mine! Why do you do this to me?" This tendency to devour people is a natural reaction of a youngster who for years could claim no real friends —and is still lonely.

Her loneliness is increased by her wariness, for Miss Novak is genuinely shy of people she feels are superior. As far as the others are concerned, she gives herself totally.

Among her efforts at self-discovery is the creation of a fictitious

She calls her eyes ("yellow when angry, turquoise when happy") her best feature.

background. She likes to pretend that her father was "a history teacher somewhere in Oregon" before he became a freight clerk for the Milwaukee Railroad in Chicago.

Actually, Miss Novak's Czechoslovakian-American background is more interesting than her imagination can cope with. Her mother, a big hearty woman named Blanche Marie Kral, married small, intense Joseph Albert Novak—both second-generation Slavs from Prague.

What dolls were to her, Miss Novak was to her mother for years. She kept her daughter's clothes clean and pressed, made her come out of her shell to meet the proper people, reviewed her faults at night.

Miss Novak is fond of her mother but has a respect for her that borders on fear. "I think she is the only person—and probably will be the last one—who can tell Kim what to do," says an acquaintance. At least once a year Mrs. Novak visits her daughter in Hollywood and temporarily rearranges her life. During these times the pale-haired star is tense and withdrawn.

"My mother is a complete extrovert," says Miss Novak, using the Freudian vocabulary which is her favorite at the moment. "She's outgoing. She likes parties, people, a good time, talk, good food. But I'm my father's child."

A self-taught man, Mr. Novak is capable of total absorption in hobbies such as writing, collecting, foreign affairs, and poetry. For years he worried about his daughter's writing with her left hand. He tried—and failed—to get her to shift to the right. Miss Novak traces her passion for writing bad free verse to his tutoring.

Nor did her own life as a child—she was born Marilyn Pauline Novak on February 13, 1933, on Chicago's North Side—make her suspicions of the world any less. As a "dishwater blonde" where brunettes were the rule, she was jeered, slapped and persecuted enough to make her play by herself. She told her troubles to puppets, gave names to rocks, refused to step on fallen leaves. She picked up stray dogs and cats and put a sign in the Novak parlor window: BRING SICK PETS HERE.

But even as a child she had a passionate faith in herself. To others, she maintained she was ugly and gawky; in her heart, however, she vowed she would one day be as glamorous and popular as her schoolmates.

Her childhood pictures show a revealing metamorphosis. As a plump towhead of three, she had an assurance which she has never since recaptured. At her confirmation she has a defiant, embarrassed look under the veil.

Later, she is gangling and shy, suspicious, though she is turning beautiful. At 14, she is charming and, a year later, she has learned to pose for pin-up pictures.

In all these snapshots, there is an alert defiance—as if Miss Novak did not trust the camera which was to make her famous. Even in high school, she evidences a barrier of blondeness which both invites and discourages. She grew up long and graceful, with remarkably lovely eyes; graduated from Farragut High School and entered Wright Junior College.

Her mother, worrying about her shyness with boys—"Mom has always been in favor of my getting married quick and having a big family"—consulted a doctor. He advised that the child should get out to *sokols,* the traditional Czech outings, and visit more friends. Her family sent her on railroad passes to relatives in Oregon and Florida, to Michigan summer camps—anywhere to get her away from her back-yard wishing trees and pixies.

Nothing much worked. "What I needed was somebody outside the family to fall in love with me," says Miss Novak. "I fell in love twice but once he moved away and the other time he went to a different school."

Her older sister, Arlene, and she both won art scholarships to the Chicago Art Institute. The former went on to sculpture and marriage and left Miss Novak moodily fooling around with charcoal and tempera, visiting the zoo to paint the animals. She secretly rode horses as hard and as often as she could—and was thrown five times. The last time, she was so badly bruised she had to stay in bed two weeks.

The one event that ultimately had the greatest influence on her future came with the establishment of a department store meeting place for teen-agers called the "Fair Teens," which became a war-years mecca for young people. Miss Novak's mother heard of it. She got her 12-year-old daughter—who looked 16—prettied up in a pink dress and sent her off. Miss Novak was delighted—on her first visit a boy asked her to dance. For the next four years she haunted the place.

The head of the club—consisting of jukeboxes, dance bands, modeling shows, radio (and later TV) shows, and cooking schools—was a young fashion director named Norma Kasell. Miss Novak became her assistant and worked assiduously helping plan the details of the fashion displays. Mrs. Kasell's husband noticed the blonde girl dashing about in jeans and complained to his wife: "That kid is more sexy in jeans than the others in evening gowns. Why don't you use her?" Mrs. Kasell tried, but her protégée refused vehemently.

Miss Novak's horror of exhibiting herself gradually became modified in response to her ambitions. She eventually agreed to enter a modeling contest for a $400 scholarship prize. She won and followed this up with a summer job showing sport dresses at $10 an hour in another department store.

After this, she was kept hopping between modeling dates by the Pat Stevens Agency and the Chicago Models Bureau; during the summer she clerked in stores, was a dentist's assistant (until his wife fired her), and a dress-store saleslady.

She majored in drama but never did graduate from Wright Junior College where she had gone "because you could meet more boys there." She claims she was proposed to by a German baron, but this may be laid to a romantic illusion. She appeared with a Siamese cat as a calendar cutie and finally got out of Chicago in 1953 and headed west, the way she wanted to go.

Her passport was a five-week trip—at $125 a week—acting in a refrigerator and washing-machine display tour across the country. She wore shorts, shirtwaist and smile, opening the top of the machine and the door of the refrigerator rhythmically with the selling spiel.

When the tour was over, the troupe was stranded in San Francisco. Miss Novak swears it was her roommate who suggested going home to Chicago via Hollywood. They tried all the Hollywood studios, without much result. Her roommate left town but Miss Novak, who had $500 squirreled away, decided to stick it out.

She managed to get some modeling jobs that kept her in cash—and a movie part in *The French Line* that showed her coming regally down a staircase. This was seen by a friend, Billy Daniel, a dance director. "How long have you been around?" was his greeting. "I think you have something." He turned her over to a gnome-sized agent named Louis Shurr.

"You know, you might have something," said Shurr, a connoisseur. "Meet Max Arnow."

Arnow, head of the Columbia Studios talent division, surveyed her critically. "You *have* something," he said. She took a couple of screen-tests—one of them in a tight black silk gown with an amazing drop in the bosom-line—and she was signed.

Her first salary was $75 a week. Out of her present $1,000 a week—counting what she sends home, pays in taxes, agents' and managers' fees—she nets about $300.

Her name proved a problem. She demanded that the studio keep her last one, but Pauline was nixed and another Marilyn was already prominent on the screen. They decided on Kit because she was fond of kittens; she wept her way into Cohn's office and asked for Kim as "more dignified" and won her point—possibly the last one she ever won with the head man. Recently she emerged proudly from a conference and confided: "I didn't cry at all, I was very dignified and, you know, it was the best talk Mr. Cohn and I ever had."

Her best friends, as she enumerates them, are all people who work with her—such as Jean Louis, the dress designer, and the Schneiders, the professional dramatic coaches who teach her acting.

At the moment, Miss Novak is confident and has a right to be; but, if at any time she feels that the future no longer deserves her, she is willing to draw back behind her well-furnished exterior and become once more the lonely little girl.

"As the sexiest-looking woman in films today, I really don't think she gives a damn about sex," one of her friends remarks thoughtfully.

Another says: "Kim found out she was beautiful in Chicago and came to Hollywood to prove it to the world—but she still hasn't sold herself on herself."

"The best part of me is all of me," Miss Novak says in one of her rare exuberant moods. "But I can't think I'm beautiful. If the sun thought he was beautiful, he might stop shining. I must always think: what can I do to give? Maybe someday I won't act at all, I'll write a best-seller. I don't know where to stop—I only hope that I have something to give to man." ♛ ♛ ♛

Constantly in demand by the press (here, being interviewed in Paris), she admits she is still groping to "find myself in all this confusion."

The Charred Memory of Texas City

by WILBUR CROSS

Ordinary men emerged as extraordinary heroes on that terrible day when a chain reaction of fiery explosions reduced a community to rubble

LONGSHOREMAN L. D. BOSWELL stood beside the open hatch of hold No. 4 on the 7,176-ton French Line freighter *Grandcamp*, ready to begin work. It was 8:00 A.M. on April 16, 1947, and about him the harbor of Texas City, Texas, stretched, peaceful in the morning sunlight. Along Pier "O" of the Terminal Railway Company, where the *Grandcamp* lay, Boswell could see increasing activity near the 100-pound paper bags of ammonium nitrate fertilizer his gang would load.

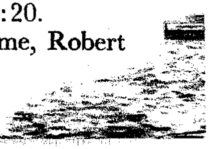
Suddenly, from the depths of lower No. 4, he heard a sharp voice shout something that sounded like "smoke."

"Damn fools!" muttered Boswell as he leaned over the hatch coaming to peer into the dim cavity. If one of the four longshoremen he had sent down there was sneaking a cigarette he would be docked a week's salary. The *Grandcamp* already had 1,400 tons of fertilizer in No. 2 hold and 880 tons in No. 4, and it was all inflammable stuff.

Boswell had cause for alarm. One of the longshoremen below had noticed wisps of smoke rising lazily from the space between the metal hull and the wooden battens that protected the bags of fertilizer from rubbing against damp steel. He grabbed a bucket of water and poured it between the battens, but the wisps continued to swirl upward. Another longshoreman located two more buckets and poured them down the same place. In a few minutes a crew member, hearing the cries of "smoke," arrived with a soda-acid extinguisher and emptied the contents in the direction of the smoke, now rising in clouds.

Boswell was ordered to get his men out of the hold quickly and close the hatch cover. The fire would be brought under control by smothering it with live steam rather than inundating the valuable cargo with sea water. It was 8:20.

At about the same time, Robert



Morris, assistant plant manager of the huge Monsanto plant on the other side of the slip from Pier "O," noticed the commotion on board the *Grandcamp*. He walked out onto the Monsanto pier and was told there was some kind of small fire being put out. Morris alerted the company fire-fighting crews to stand by in case of need.

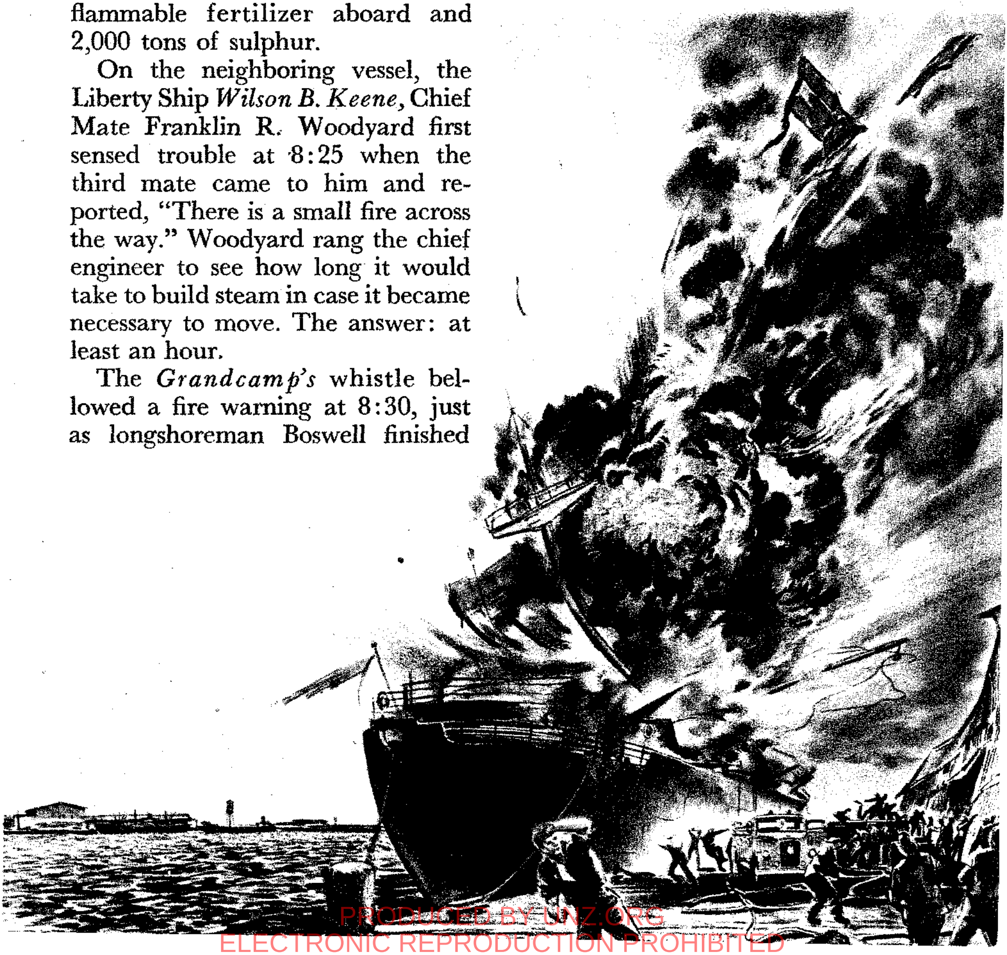
On the other side of the *Grandcamp,* and about 600 feet away, two freighters lay at adjoining piers "A" and "B." The nearest, the *High Flyer,* had 961 tons of the same inflammable fertilizer aboard and 2,000 tons of sulphur.

On the neighboring vessel, the Liberty Ship *Wilson B. Keene,* Chief Mate Franklin R. Woodyard first sensed trouble at 8:25 when the third mate came to him and reported, "There is a small fire across the way." Woodyard rang the chief engineer to see how long it would take to build steam in case it became necessary to move. The answer: at least an hour.

The *Grandcamp's* whistle bellowed a fire warning at 8:30, just as longshoreman Boswell finished securing No. 4 hatch. He was ordered to take his gang ashore.

By 8:40, a crowd of about 100 spectators had assembled on Pier "O" and the Texas City Fire Department had sent four pieces of apparatus and 27 men. They had one hose already in use.

Inside the *Grandcamp's* hold, live steam from the boilers was being introduced in an attempt to smother the fire. The pressure of steam and smoke made the hatch covers strain upwards against their metal dogs,



and it was evident the blaze was getting out of control. Officers ordered all crew members ashore.

About this time, Robert Morris, the Monsanto official, commandeered a jeep and set out along the smoky waterfront to try to locate a tug to tow the ship into the bay, if it became necessary.

By 9:00, Fire Chief H. J. Baumgartner was thoroughly alarmed. He knew the nature of ammonium nitrate and its history of serious fires, often accompanied by explosions. But neither firemen nor police could force more than a few of the growing crowd of spectators to leave the docks.

At 9:12, the hatch covers of the *Grandcamp* blew skyward atop a billowing cloud of orange-brown smoke.

In a matter of seconds the ship disintegrated. Whole sections of superstructure and ship's plate, some weighing many tons, arched upward. Shrapnel-like fragments whistled through the air for thousands of feet. Red-hot metal streaked across the sky like flaming meteors toward the oil tank farms that dotted two square miles of waterfront. The entire pier disappeared under a wave of water and burning oil. Two light planes flying overhead were struck, as if by artillery fire, and plunged into the bay.

A wave of water and steel thundered over the 600 cars in the Monsanto parking lot across from the slip. A 150-foot steel barge named the *Longhorn II* was blasted clear out of the water and hurled 200 feet from its slip into the middle of the lot, where it crunched down on parked cars like an elephant sitting on egg shells.

Robert Morris and his jeep were hurled high in the air. He survived because the wave of water cushioned his fall and washed over him to protect him from searing gases that whooshed out like the flame from a blowtorch. With eardrums punctured, he limped back towards the wreckage of a nearby warehouse to try to help screaming workers trapped inside.

The entire Monsanto plant buckled and collapsed from the impact of the exploding vessel—later described as being roughly equivalent to 250 five-ton blockbusters bursting simultaneously. Fires broke out, quickly fed from ruptured benzol, propane and ethyl benzene pipes. Employees were scalded as they fled, or cremated where they had fallen. Of 17 production chemists in the plant, 16 perished almost instantly.

ON BOARD the *High Flyer*, 600 feet away from the *Grandcamp* and shielded from it by a huge warehouse, Second Mate Lapham hardly knew what happened. Suddenly he found himself flat on the deck. He did not seem to be unconscious but everything was "as black as night for several minutes." Steel fragments rained down on the deck and he heard the cries of injured crewmen. Lapham escaped with only a few scratches.

In a nearby warehouse, Frank Taylor was standing by a wall when the entire building disintegrated around him. He crawled out of the cave of wreckage through a hole and fell, dazed and bleeding, into

Galveston Bay. In a state of shock he swam more than half a mile up the bay to his home. When he got there he found it in ruins, his family vanished.

State highway patrolman Crouch was in the City Hall building in the center of town when he heard what he thought were falling bombs. He looked out the window and saw "birds dropping out of the air—killed by concussion." He raced outside into streets littered with debris and gravelled with broken glass.

At first no one in the dazed city knew what had really happened. Most of the 200 spectators at the fire had been killed, along with the 27 members of the fire department. One of the four engines was blasted high in the air to land as a blob of twisted metal atop the molten ruins of the *Grandcamp*. Of 451 Monsanto employees on duty at the time, 145 were killed outright and more than 200 seriously injured.

And this was only the start. The chunks of flaming steel that lanced through the air had punctured fuel tanks in the large farms of six major oil companies and touched them off like firecrackers, eventually spreading out in a chain reaction to set two miles of waterfront ablaze.

The *Grandcamp* had carried in her hold large balls of sisal twine and these, turned into fiery torches, had been catapulted over the entire city, setting fires wherever they landed. As soon as volunteers checked one blaze, a dozen others flared up elsewhere. The force of the blast was such that 30-foot oil-drilling stems, also part of the cargo and weighing 2,700 pounds each, were hurled like javelins distances up to 13,000 feet. Two miles from Pier "O," a flying razor of steel plate slashed through a coupe and decapitated the couple in it.

Hour after hour, small explosions shook the city as police cars picked their way through the debris with loudspeakers warning people to evacuate the city. More fuel tanks were certain to explode and poisonous nitrogen dioxide fumes had already asphyxiated many victims. Bodies by the dozen were being carried into a temporary morgue in a school gymnasium where the only tags anyone could find for them were yellow parking tickets with the imprint: "You Have Violated a Traffic Law."

And the worst danger of all still loomed—the sulphur-laden *High Flyer*. The blast had slammed it across the slip and up against the *Wilson B. Keene*. The *Keene* could not work up steam fast enough to escape and the *High Flyer* had her engine turbine torn down for repairs.

Through the poisonous fumes billowing across the bay, two tugs from nearby Galveston finally arrived. They picked up survivors in the water, but were unable to get close enough to the docks to tow either freighter out of danger.

At 10:30, with a 20-mile-per-hour wind blowing fumes directly across piers "A" and "B," all crews were ordered ashore.

Throughout the afternoon, rescue work went on as relief arrived from all over the country. The relief workers were often in serious danger as death and destruction continued in many parts of the city.

For three hours a tug captain heroically tried to edge his vessel close enough to the *High Flyer* to make a desperate tow attempt. Each time he was driven off, his crew overcome by smoke and fumes. At 6:00 P.M., a fire was reported in the freighter's hold, where showering debris had at last found a target. Finally, at 11:00 that night, the tug captain managed to swing close enough to sever the anchor chain and snag a small line on the burning ship. It snapped immediately.

Meanwhile, along the charred and blasted piers, Father William Roach, 38, of nearby St. Mary's Church, organized a rescue squad to bring the injured out of the ruins and administer last rites to the dying. At midnight, officials warned him that the *High Flyer* would blow up any minute. The tug had given up its futile efforts.

Police began herding rescue workers away from the danger area, but Father Roach and most of his squad refused to go as long as a victim remained alive. They saved more lives during the first asphyxiating hour of Thursday, April 17.

At 1:11 A.M., the *High Flyer* blew up, and with it died Father Roach and his heroic assistants.

This second great blast touched off a panic among those who had been unwilling to flee the city. Now they began streaming along the highways, many in half-wrecked cars or on foot, in a mass evacuation.

Yet along the dock front, heroic rescuers continued their work. W. H. Boucher, a volunteer, was only slightly injured by the second blast, though it "blew the buttons right off" his jacket and a piece of shrapnel sliced the right leg completely off a man standing next to him. Mrs. Clay Martin, a 38-year-old nurse, her face cut and with eight ribs broken by the impact of falling debris, continued to aid the injured. Telephone and utilities men worked two days and nights without food, many of them too sickened to eat.

Not until three days later did the dangers of fire and explosion subside. Of the town's 17,500 population, 570 had been killed and 3,500 seriously injured; and of the waterfront area's $125,000,000 worth of refineries, warehouses, freight yards, smelters and chemical plants, over 75 per cent had been wiped out.

Yet despite all this, rehabilitation and aid plans went into operation even while flames seared the ruins and sirens wailed through the streets. Every major disaster organization in the country swung into action.

On April 18, the "Eternal Light" atop the monument honoring World War II dead was relighted, and for the weary survivors in Texas City the message on the bronze plaque beneath it held a new significance: "By their valor we on earth have been lifted above the smoke of conflict into light, peace and liberty."

SUCCESS is the ability to make more money to meet obligations you wouldn't have if you didn't have so much money. —*Bruce Magazine*

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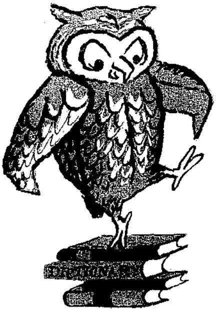


Word Wise

Words are tricky, aren't they? Cloaked in familiarity, they suddenly become elusive when someone—like Quizmaster Gordon MacRae—asks us to define them. The host and singing star of "Lux Video Theatre" (NBC-TV, Thursdays, 10 P.M., EST) doubts that many of these words will crop up in lyrics, but they add versatility to anyone's vocabulary. Pick the right meaning for each word from the four choices below. Check your answers on page 140, Gordon says, to discover if you're a wise owl.

1. *GARGANTUAN:*
   a) grotesque; b) growing thickly; c) enormous; d) snake-like.
2. *ENNUI:*
   a) forgetfulness; b) self-sufficiency; c) slyness; d) boredom.
3. *LATENT:*
   a) secretion; b) resembling rubber; c) talented; d) hidden.
4. *MENDICANT:*
   a) untruthful; b) pharmaceutical; c) begging; d) gauze bandage.
5. *OSCULATION:*
   a) vibration; b) a kiss; c) a swinging movement; d) a chemical change.
6. *HYPOTHESIS:*
   a) statement of fact; b) theory; c) philosophical discourse; d) meaning.
7. *INNOCUOUS:*
   a) harmless; b) vague; c) unintelligent; d) vaccinated.
8. *GARRULOUS:*
   a) talkative; b) gluttonous; c) quick-tempered; d) easily convinced.
9. *PANEGYRIC:*
   a) a word puzzle; b) high praise; c) a rotator; d) a type of helicopter.
10. *MOLLIFY:*
    a) to cuddle; b) to confuse; c) to appease; d) to repay.
11. *VIRAGO:*
    a) Peruvian coin; b) an outcast; c) shrewish woman; d) Spanish dance.
12. *OBSEQUIOUS:*
    a) cringing; b) funereal; c) lacking confidence; d) omnipresent.
13. *PUNCTILIOUS:*
    a) scrupulously exact; b) officious; c) sharply pointed; d) too early.
14. *SAGACIOUS:*
    a) sly; b) competent; c) judicial; d) wise.
15. *QUIDNUNC:*
    a) stalemate; b) a gossiping busybody; c) a legal clause; d) a quibble.
16. *PARADOX:*
    a) self-contradictory statement; b) model plan; c) virtue; d) perfection.
17. *QUERULOUS:*
    a) inquiring; b) peevish; c) informative; d) evasive, secretive.

This "Sherlock of the Shirts" fits criminals to crimes by sizing up their guilt with . . .

The Telltale Laundry Mark

by THEODORE IRWIN

CAST UP on a lonely beach on the north shore of Long Island, the decomposed body of an elderly man presented Nassau County, New York, police with a macabre mystery. For the features were wholly unrecognizable and identification seemed impossible.

The only clues were a pair of tan socks, brown shoes, the upper part of faded gray trousers and a tattered shirt-collarband still held in place by part of a maroon necktie. A broadcast describing the body and listing these items went out to missing persons bureaus in 13 states. But none responded.

From the morgue, the collarband, trousers, socks and shoes were rushed to Nassau County police headquarters in Mineola and deposited on the desk occupied by Detective William Maitland in the Technical Research Bureau. The canny 51-year-old detective's blue eyes gleamed as he slipped on his glasses and looked the articles over.

If anyone could solve this riddle, it would be Bill Maitland who, until his retirement last year, was known in law-enforcement circles as the nation's dean of laundry-mark criminologists. For Nassau County was the first to establish, 21 years ago, a comprehensive file of an amazing assortment of symbols used by cleaners, laundries and tailors; and police departments in the United States, Canada, England and elsewhere have patterned similar bureaus after it.

In Maitland's steel files were more than 400,000 cards bearing these telltale hieroglyphics, still the largest collection in the country. With them, plus painstaking legwork, he had solved some 350 cases involving everything from homicide to thievery, usually within 24 hours.

In this case, Maitland's first move was to wash the collarband and right hip pocket of the trousers in warm water. That brought out on the collar a faint "1591." The pocket revealed ten different groups of letters and numerals—nine crossed out. The other, which he assumed to be the latest, was a clearly visible "T8 3441-2."

To the symbol sleuth, the "T" signified the wholesale or chain dry-cleaning plant; the "8" the retail cleaner or tailor; the "3441" the customer and the "-2" the number of pieces of clothing left for cleaning.

Maitland's fabulous files showed that seven wholesalers used the "T" sign—one each in Mount Vernon, White Plains, Brooklyn, the Bronx, Manhattan, Queens and New Jersey. Armed with the hip-pocket clue, he plodded around to each. At the first six, employees scrutinized the mark and shook their heads: "Not our handwriting." The seventh, in New Jersey, recognized the "T8." Their records showed their "8" to be the Tiffany Tailors on First Avenue in Manhattan. The proprietor there recognized the "3441-2."

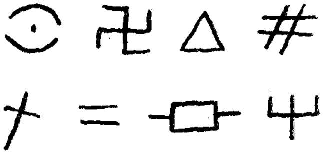
"That's Adolf Klein," he told Maitland. "Haven't seen him in months. He lives at 198 Orchard. Mr. Klein lost his wife over a year ago."

In a dresser drawer at Mr. Klein's three-room flat the detective found a dry-cleaning receipt numbered "T8 3441-2" and the card of a dentist, Dr. J. S. Weiner. From the building superintendent, he learned the name and address of Klein's daughter. Four months before, she had received a letter from her father saying he "couldn't go on living." After leaving a suicide note on a bridge, he had jumped into the East River.

Always meticulously thorough in establishing positive identifications, the detective traced the corpse's brown shoes to a local shoe store and the collarband to a Chinese laundry. Finally, Dr. Weiner's dental chart of his patient was checked with the "bridge of five teeth connected with gold clips to front teeth" found on the body. Adolf Klein, listed by New York police as Missing Persons #827, was saved from a potter's field burial. It had taken Bill Maitland and his handy hieroglyphics file five days to close out the case.

When he wasn't busy on a specific case, Maitland was out roving the metropolitan area, updating his files, hunting for the characteristic marks of new laundries and cleaners, and checking changes in old ones. An average large chain of cleaners may have 500 retail outlets and he had to have the marks of each shop as well as the chain.

His remarkable files included a complicated variety of numerals, letters and symbols that are printed, handwritten or stamped, often on colored or striped tags. He had special categories for glove, hat and necktie marks, overalls, rugs, institutions (hospitals, jails, nursing homes) and firms that rent clothing and linens. Many of their symbols are whimsical or weird, such as these:



Usually they appear on the tail or collar of a shirt, a coat-sleeve lining, the breast pocket of a jacket, the right pocket or watch pocket of trousers.

Many of the better laundries and cleaners use "invisible" characters stamped with special ink and marking machines. These show up only under an ultra-violet light, and Maitland often carried a portable ultra-violet machine on an investigation.

Since we all have our clothes laundered or cleaned at some time or another, virtually every citizen can be identified through the Maitland system. Last year, after a $45,000 bank stick-up at Bethpage, the robber made a clean getaway. Ten minutes later, he changed clothes in his car, discarding the pea jacket he wore. When police found the jacket beside a highway, they took it to Maitland.

Through a cleaner's mark, he traced it to a garage 20 miles away. But there he found that the jacket, which belonged to a mechanic, had been stolen while it was hanging on the wall. Yet even this meager information proved invaluable. It pinpointed the area where the bank-robber lived and thus helped the FBI to identify him.

Coincidence stepped in to assist Maitland in solving a series of assault cases where the man used a handkerchief to cover his face. One evening he dropped the handkerchief near the scene of the crime.

The detective traced it to a laundryman who recognized his mark on the handkerchief but did not know the name of the customer nor where he lived. He described the man, however, as tall, skinny and pimply faced, with a crooked nose and a nervous twitch of the mouth.

The picture seemed somehow familiar, and Maitland went over his mental gallery of characters encountered during 28 years on the police force. Seven years before, he recalled, he had arrested a man for petty larceny who fitted that description.

Next day, the detective entered a haberdashery store, walked up to a tall, skinny clerk and said, "You know what I'm here for." The clerk nodded, and came along without a struggle.

Behind Bill Maitland's deceptively simple system of identification were countless hours of plodding, dogged footwork. "That's the way real detectives operate," he maintains.

As far back as he remembers, Bill wanted to be a cop. Born in Mamaroneck, New York, his family tree extends back to pre-Revolutionary days. His father was a constable, and as a boy Bill liked to ride the traffic cop's horse at his school crossing.

Maitland started in Nassau County and served 11 years as a patrolman until he became a detective in 1939. When Captain Adam Yulch, who originated the laundry mark files in 1936, died six years ago, Maitland seemed the logical choice to step into Yulch's shoes, having worked on a number of cases involving laundry marks and shown considerable interest in the system.

One incident in particular had demonstrated to Maitland its tremendous value. A soldier was shot and seriously wounded in a Hempstead bar. When bystanders tried to seize the gunman, he wriggled out of his coat and fled.

Maitland, assigned to the case, brought the coat to the Laundry Mark office but Captain Yulch was out ill. Bill explored the files himself, traced the coat to a cleaner who enabled him to capture the culprit. Previously convicted of armed robbery, the gunman had escaped from Maryland Penitentiary.

When Maitland took it over, he reorganized, modernized and revitalized the Yulch system, added many new classifications and aided other communities in setting up similar systems. Today a nationwide network exists through which Nassau County and other police departments cooperate in collecting and exchanging the markings.

A conscientious cop who never saw enough of his wife and four children, Maitland frequently worked around the clock.

On the subject of laundry and cleaning marks, Maitland is still a fanatic. "Everybody," he contends, "should have a means of identification somewhere on his clothes. Even those stapled one-day-cleaning tags should not be removed. If you don't have any, you ought to print your name and address in your clothes. Why? Suppose you are assaulted by a hold-up man who takes your wallet and papers, then knocks you unconscious. The police find you lying there in the gutter. How are they going to tell who you are and notify your family?"

Maitland practices what he preaches. On the inside of his trouser watch pocket he had his name boldly scrawled in indelible ink.

He thinks people should extend the identification system to all their possessions, himself included. For, shamefacedly, he confesses that his power lawnmower was stolen recently, "and I never took down the serial number. If I had, I could check it at repair shops when the thief asks for parts. Now it's too late. See what I mean about identification?"

Summing It Up

WHEN THOREAU, the naturalist, was close to death, he was visited by a very pious aunt who asked, "Henry, have you made your peace with God?"

"I didn't know," was Thoreau's answer, "that we had ever quarreled."
—MRS. R. WOOLF

WHEN he was at the very height of his fame, Montana's great artist Charles M. Russell was asked by a reporter just what he considered to be his greatest picture.

Russell thoughtfully considered the lengthy gallery of his magnificent scenes of the early West, then with characteristic humbleness, slowly answered, "I have not painted it yet."
—BILL ARNOLD

The Whole Story About Those Peace-of-Mind Pills

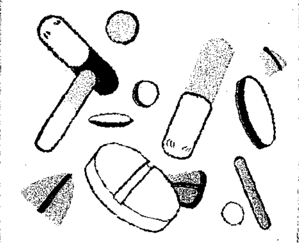
"TRANQUILIZERS"—the new drugs widely successful in treating severe mental illness—are now being dispensed by family doctors at the rate of one prescription every second. Under a dozen different trade names, these remarkable new medicines for the mind are being given not only to those who suffer acute mental illness, but also to men and women whose irritability, moodiness and depression, needless worries, unaccountable feelings of fear, hopelessness or guilt hamper normal living.

Tranquilizers are having the same revolutionary—and controversial—impact on the practice of medicine as the hormones and antibiotic drugs did years ago. For general practitioners, as well as psychotherapists, are using them on private patients suffering from the less severe emotional disturbances with a 60 to 75 per cent rate of success. Last year, more than 35,000,000 prescriptions were written by physicians throughout the country.

Not even their most ardent medical boosters will say that the tranquilizing drugs have won the battle against mental disease. Indeed, several authorities recently have warned against the too casual use of the drugs by doctors and patients alike. The U.S. Food & Drug Administration advised pharmaceutical manufacturers to reduce the recommended dosage. Calling tranquilizers "very valuable when used conservatively," the government agency stressed the adverse side effects some of them produce when used to excess. A stronger note of warning was issued by the American Psychiatric Association and the National Institute of Mental Health, both of which assert that more research is needed before the true value of the drugs can be assessed.

Nevertheless, many doctors, both specialists and general practitioners, now firmly believe that the drugs are a revolution in the treatment of persons predisposed toward mental illness, and can keep the mental asylums from being flooded with new patients.

Dr. Anthony Sainz of the State University of Iowa's Psychopathic Hospital says, "If the drugs are properly employed, their most definitive use is as *preventives*. Severe mental disturbance usually begins *by* **Selwyn James**



when a behavior problem develops into a neurosis. If people would seek medical help early, one of the tranquilizers could do away with the symptoms, relieving the anxiety and irritability, *and keeping the neurosis from developing.*"

In other words, the tranquilizers enable a person to live with emotional problems which might otherwise cause serious dislocations in his life; and in cases where dangerous neurotic patterns have become firmly established, the relaxation the new drugs provide permits psychotherapy to treat the cause and prevent a full-scale breakdown, or worse.

Take the case of a student nurse, an office patient of Dr. Nathan Kline, whose pioneer work with tranquilizers at the Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, New York, has been widely acclaimed. The girl, despite a high IQ and a genuine desire to graduate, was on the verge of being dropped from nursing school because of her inability to complete an examination. Faced with a test, her mind would become a blank and she would be reduced to a state of virtual panic.

Dr. Kline prescribed a tranquilizer. Miraculously, the girl's confidence and self-assurance returned and she successfully passed her exams without apprehension.

In another case, a psychosis was checked with the aid of a tranquilizer administered by Dr. James M. Fries, well-known New York psychiatrist. His patient was an unhappy, brooding and withdrawn young woman who had lived in a fantasy world since puberty, when she had fallen in love with her art teacher and he had married another girl.

After morosely nursing her secret for months, she at last confided in her mother; but later, resenting the mother's knowledge of her secret, she had entertained notions of killing her. "I've lost my soul!" she finally blurted to her startled parents.

Years of on-and-off psychotherapy had been unrewarding but, under the relaxing effect of the tranquilizing drug, psychotherapy wrought an astonishing transformation. Within weeks the girl grew cheerful and began to make friends with other young people. Eventually she found herself a job and today is engaged to be married.

In each of these cases, the doctors were confident that the tranquilizer had prevented the further development of their mental illnesses.

Back in 1952, initial psychiatric interest in these remarkable peace-of-mind drugs was focused on their use on severely disturbed mental patients whose chances were slim of ever emerging from the confines of an asylum. At that time, the tranquilizers were not thought of as a treatment for mild anxieties; and no experiments were conducted on the non-hospitalized whose neurotic behavior patterns might ultimately lead to emotional collapse.

The first drugs to be tested were reserpine, derived from the snake-like roots of a small shrub found in India; and chlorpromazine, a synthetic product developed by French chemists. Their effect was to calm violent patients, reduce irrational behavior, put a merciful end to hallucinations and other classic symptoms of insanity. Many hospital inmates, able to discuss their problems with doctors for the first time, were graduated from the "hopeless" back wards after years of failure with other therapies. Many others were discharged and allowed to go home.

Until fairly recently, doctors outside of mental institutions had little more than a nodding acquaintance with the drugs, since they seemed to have no application to a family physician's practice. But by 1954, pharmaceutical manufacturers were making the two drugs available to the profession at large under such brand names as Serpasil and Thorazine. Soon other new tranquilizers appeared, most of them different in their chemical ingredients from reserpine and chlorpromazine, but having the same effective results as the two original drugs.

Extensive clinical tests were run at such medical research centers as Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Harvard, Illinois and others. And in 1955, at a composium of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, Drs. Nathan Kline and Henry Brill wholeheartedly approved of the tranquilizers as a tool in the hand of the general practitioner.

As a result, such brand-named products as Miltown, Equanil, Frenquel, Reserpoid, Tricoloid, Doriden, Raudixin, Serpasil, Rautensin, Thorazine and others are today almost as familiar in the doctor's drug cabinet as the little pink pills of yesteryear.

"Symptomatic improvement has been so marked in some patients as to be almost embarrassing to the physician," reports Dr. Robert Wilkins of Boston.

EXACTLY HOW does a tranquilizer do its job? Briefly, it forms a kind of roadblock along the nerve pathways which connect the hypothalamus with the rest of the brain.

Tension-producing feelings like worry, anger, fear and grief are all mobilized in the hypothalamus, which may be called "the seat of emotion" or "the factory of feeling." This sensitive part of the brain is made up of minute cells which emit tiny electrical impulses. Normally, these impulses are in fairly well-ordered unison. But when the hypothalamus is overstimulated by anxious thoughts, it reacts like an electronic device gone crazy. In some neurotic individuals, this is happening more or less constantly.

Tranquilizers act selectively on this critical area, restoring the steady unified rhythm of nerve impulses and preventing disturbing thoughts from reaching the hypothalamus.

Discussing chlorpromazine and reserpine, Dr. Frank Berger, developer of Miltown, explains: "The drugs insulate the patient from his own anxieties and fears, and help maintain what we call mental equilibrium."

Tranquilizers range far and wide in helping to ward off emotional instability. Recently, for example, family doctors were urged to use a combination of the drugs in treating aged men and women on the brink of senility. At the other end of the age scale, they have worked wonders in the treatment of disturbed children for whom doctors had predicted a stormy emotional adulthood.

Too, the tranquilizers have been prescribed to help hypersensitive patients over such temporary emotional crises as the shock of a divorce, the death of a loved one, the birth of a child, the loss of a job; and in relieving various psychosomatic ills.

Many practitioners report that tranquilizers are taking the place of barbiturates for treating insomnia. Unlike the usual sleeping potions, tranquilizers don't actually put you to sleep; better, they banish your tensions and worries—your fear of *not* sleeping—sufficiently to permit you to drift off naturally.

They are being used also to help women through the depressions and hopeless feelings often brought on by the change of life, as well as to keep women who experience upsetting pre-menstrual tensions on an even keel. Some hospitals report that they have greatly lessened the horrors of withdrawal among alcoholics and drug addicts.

Do the tranquilizers help solve the million and one problems of daily life in a high-pressure civilization? Of course they don't. But they can remove overpowering anxieties and tensions so that real problems can be coped with in a calm, rational frame of mind, and exaggerated or imaginary worries recognized for what they are. The drugs do not by themselves cure sick minds; they benefit the patient by allowing him the peace of mind—*the tranquillity*—in which to establish a more realistic outlook. They can be withdrawn when this has been accomplished.

Unlike sedative mixtures, tranquilizers appear not to be habit-forming. There is no evidence yet that the body builds up a tolerance for them so that dosages have to be increased.

Since tranquilizers, medically speaking, are new drugs, some doctors feel that adequate proof of their effectiveness still remains to be demonstrated. Many psychiatrists are worried about the indiscriminate use of the drugs by some family physicians as a sort of universal remedy for a host of ailments. Medical reports show that in some instances reserpine has produced a variety of side effects, such as symptoms of Parkinsonism—or tremors—depressive reactions, confusion, loss of appetite, a dulling of the senses, chilliness, nasal congestion and diarrhea. Chlorpromazine produces a variety of toxic effects including hypertension, dermatitis, tremors and jaundice. But many of these side effects are only temporary.

It also seems apparent that some physicians, hounded by neurotic patients who might better be undergoing regular psychotherapy, are renewing tranquilizer prescriptions without keeping tabs on their patients' week-to-week reactions.

Echoing the warning against overdosages by the U.S. Food & Drug Administration, Dr. James Fries declares, "Whenever a new drug appears, doctors must learn to prescribe it in correct dosages—which means different dosages for different patients. Only as each physician gains experience with the drug can we expect any uniformity of results." Some patients have apparently been treated with tranquilizers to the point where not only nervousness has receded, but ambition and energy as well.

Still unanswered are questions such as these: What effect do the drugs have on reaction time and learning ability? Is it safe to permit persons to drive automobiles while taking these drugs? If tranquilizers are given to children, what effect will they have on psychological and emotional development? Do the drugs damage or change the nervous system or other parts of the body in any way?

Much study is needed before we know all we need to know about tranquilizers. But there is general agreement that these drugs have brought about a revolution in the treatment of mental illness.

Will a tranquilizer benefit you? Only your physician can decide. In any event, the new drugs have no effect on basically well-adjusted people. True, you may sometimes feel like taking a poke at the boss, or hurling dishes at your husband. But whether these impulses are perfectly natural in the circumstances, or are signs of emotional instability, can be decided only after consultation with your doctor.

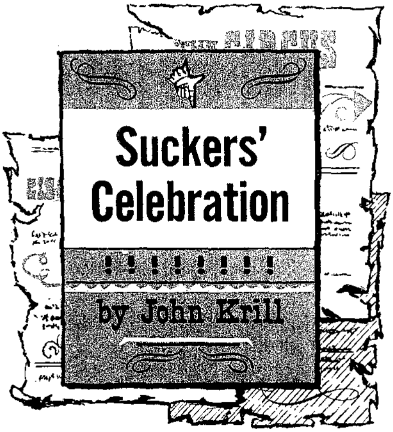
Spring Fever

IN LOVE, nothing is as eloquent as mutual silence.
—MICHELE MORGAN (*Quote*)

IN THE LANGUAGE of flowers, the yellow rose means friendship, the red rose means love—and the orchid usually means business.
—DAVID O. FLYNN (*Quote*)

THE TROUBLE with those "all-expense" tours is they usually are.
—FRANK J. GOLDBERG

THERE'S nothing can make a fisherman squirm
Like the first Spring Robin pulling a worm.
—A. DEMMER LESH



Suckers' Celebration

by John Krill

One day in July, 1950, a flamboyant stranger appeared in Wetumka, Oklahoma, and introduced himself to the merchants of this easygoing community of 2,500 as F. Bam Morrison, advance agent for Bohn's United Circus. The circus, he announced, was coming to town July 24th, and in the colorful lingo of the "big top" proceeded to sell them advertising space on the grounds. In return, he promised the local businessmen exclusive rights to supply the circus with merchandise at a fat profit.

As he pocketed their money, Morrison urged them to lay in heavy stocks of wieners, hot-dog buns, soft drinks, and lots of hay to feed the elephants. "It'll be the biggest thing that ever hit Wetumka!" he cried.

The town buzzed with foresighted activity as great loads of supplies rolled in. And on the big day crowds came from surrounding farms and villages to see the circus.

The hours passed. No circus. At last the ugly truth dawned: the stranger had taken them for "suckers," and they were stuck with their mountains of supplies.

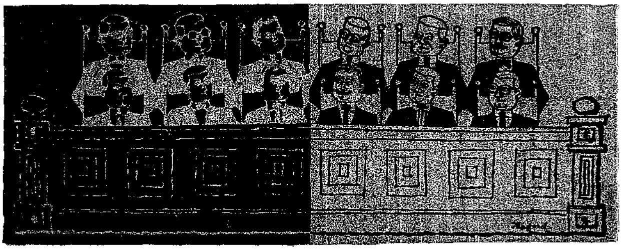
Then the humor of the bizarre situation struck them. A few days later, the merchants organized themselves into a "sucker club" and voted to give free hot dogs and sodas to the disappointed circus patrons. Merrymaking soon dispelled all gloom.

Chief of Police J. T. McGibboney tried to locate the vanished F. Bam Morrison to no avail; but "Sucker Day" continued to be celebrated annually, with thousands coming from everywhere to enjoy entertainment galore. The good people of Wetumka felt they had learned a prime lesson from the golden-tongued rascal who called himself F. Bam Morrison, and they published assurances that no hard feelings toward him existed. But all efforts to locate him failed.

Then, in 1954, came a call from the police in Warrensburg, Missouri. They had F. Bam Morrison. He had tried the same stunt there. Did the police of Wetumka still want him? The answer was no.

One of the merchants whom he'd swindled talked to him over the phone and in the name of the town invited him to come as a guest to the next celebration of "Sucker Day." Finally released from jail, Morrison called the merchant back collect and, thinking him still an easy mark, asked for a $25 "loan." This was firmly refused.

F. Bam Morrison has never shown up on "Sucker Day," though the offer to be a guest of Wetumka during the celebration still stands.



Let's Reform Our Jury System ... or Abolish It

by Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes

A noted criminologist and penologist, Dr. Barnes has made a lifetime study of the problem of jury trials and is an international authority on the subject.

The bailiff slumped wearily outside the closed jury-room door. Inside, 12 bored jurors stared at the wall or at each other.

Juror number two slumped lower in his chair. "I still say the defendant has a shifty look. I think he's guilty."

"Defendant? Who's that?" inquired juror four.

"Who's that!" exploded number two. "The defendant is the man on trial!"

"Well, why didn't you say so? I'm no lawyer."

The foreman rolled a cigar in his lips. "We're getting nowhere," he announced. "How about settling this quick?"

"Got any ideas?" asked juror six. "If this keeps up, I'll miss my lodge meeting tonight."

"How about me flipping a coin? Heads he's guilty. Tails he ain't." The foreman laughed. "If the coin lands on edge, we got a hung jury."

"That's not very fair, is it?" juror nine asked cautiously. "We're supposed to weigh the evidence and then vote."

"Evidence! Evidence!" said the foreman. "Who knows the right or wrong of this case? Might as well let Lady Luck decide." He fished a coin from his pocket. "How about it?"

"I don't know . . ." said juror nine. "I. . ."

"Why not?" demanded juror ten. "Two years ago I was on a jury and we had a tough case. We settled it by drawing straws. Did all right, too. The newspapers said so."

"All right, how about it?" demanded the foreman. "Let's get out of here. It's getting hot and I want a beer. If there are no more objections, I'll flip the coin." He paused, then flipped the coin. "Heads," he said. "He's guilty."

Unfortunately, the foregoing is no parody on what sometimes happens behind closed jury-room doors. It is based on actual incidents uncovered by the Ruth Commission of Pennsylvania when it investigated the jury system in that state. The Commission found juries that had reached verdicts by pulling straws or flipping coins; others that had rushed through their deliberations to get to a dance or lodge meeting on time. One foreman even admitted that since he was a friend of the defendant, he had used a fake, two-headed coin and called the toss himself.

Only last year, a Midwest woman juror who wanted to get home to her children—and did not know a jury could be discharged if it disagreed—voted to send a man to prison for life. She later admitted she believed him not guilty for lack of evidence, but had more pressing business at home "than I did up there listening to some court trial."

Evidence of the countless miscarriages of justice perpetrated by juries leads to the obvious conclusion that, so far as accuracy of verdict is concerned, the modern jury trial is little better than ordeal or trial by battle.

These crude methods, as well as compurgation, were used during the Middle Ages. In ordeal, the accused might be required to thrust his arm into boiling water, seize a hot coal or iron. It was believed that if the man were innocent, a divine being that watched over him would protect him from injury. Trial by battle is self-explanatory.

In compurgation, or trial by oath, the accused repeated under oath a set formula proclaiming his innocence. Then this oath was supported by 12 oath-helpers, or compurgators, who swore to their belief in the statement of the accused. The custom of having a jury made up of "12 good men and true" derived from the precedent of 12 oath-helpers.

By 1500, trial by jury had become well-established in English law; and for a century the jury made a reasonably good showing, mainly because most jurors represented the intelligent upper and middle classes. Such is not the case today. The modern jury is generally made up of the least intelligent talesmen and the whole system of jury selection seems aimed to keep it that way.

Today's jury trial boils down to a battle of wits between counsel, in which the prosecutor uses every trick he knows to induce the jurors to identify themselves with the injured party and hate the defendant and his relatives. In turn, defense counsel seeks to make the jurors identify themselves with the defendant or his relatives. This trick of psychological identification—"There but for the grace of God, go I"—was the device which Clarence Darrow used most effectively in his notable career as a defense lawyer.

Seldom is counsel for the defense,

or the prosecutor, interested in the cold facts. In moments of candor, many trial lawyers will admit that they would rather have some trick with which to play on the emotions of a jury than the best fact in the world. Defense counsel wants an acquittal whether his client is innocent or not; and the prosecutor wants a conviction, period.

Trial by jury thus invites the lavish use of money in hiring counsel nimble enough to obscure facts and build up a soap-opera tale to befuddle the jurors or reduce them to tears.

"THE AVERAGE JUROR," writes Professor Charles Newman of Florida State University, "is swayed by the emotion and prejudice of his heredity, background and training (and, how often, his breakfast!)." The professor goes on to point out, in the "Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science," that the jury's attitude toward the accused varies with the type of charge. If the "indictment is for violation of one of the multitude of regulatory statutes, it is not impossible that the jurors can see themselves in the dock and sympathize with the defendant. Where the defendant has pulled off a fraud on big business, the jurors may regard him as a hero.

"But woe to the defendant who is accused of the crime of robbery, rape or something in that category! Whatever the law says, it may well be that the jury puts on the defendant the burden of proving his innocence. (Gone with the winds of prejudice is the basic principle of our law that a man is innocent until proved guilty.) After all, is not the sanctity of the home and chastity of womanhood at stake?"

And will not the prosecutor pull out all oratorical stops to get this point over to the collection of dullards in the jury box?

Dullards? A harsh word to use when referring to "12 good men and true?" Not so harsh, however, when you consider the methods used to select a jury and the product usually obtained.

Teachers, doctors, lawyers and other professional men are usually automatically excused from service. Furthermore, many high-class and intelligent citizens will move heaven and earth just to avoid serving on a jury.

Commenting on jury selection, the Ruth Commission noted that "by the time the higher type of citizen gets excused, only three or four capable jurors remain."

And they are not likely to be around for long, because the quality of jurors is further debased when defense counsel and prosecutor begin their examination of prospective jurors. At this time, any person who admits he has read and formed an opinion on the case is automatically excluded from service. How many intelligent men or women in a county have not read of or formed an opinion on an important criminal case? Are only liars or illiterates wanted on juries?

Also, if a juror reveals any specialized knowledge about the case which might help him in weighing the facts and reaching a just verdict, he, too, is excluded. Counsel contends that this specialized knowledge might prejudice the juror.

Once selected, the jury is hampered in its fumbling search for the truth by the technical rules of evidence which often prevent a witness from telling the most pertinent things he knows. At the same time, counsel may hoodwink him into making all sorts of half-baked but emotion-provoking observations about things of which he knows practically nothing. All too often, a trial becomes a "liars' club" contest between the liars coached by defense counsel and those instructed by the district attorney. The jurors then are left the choice of believing the best-coached liars. Facts don't seem very important.

New medical evidence may lead to a revolution in our eating habits. Read how high-fat diets (so prevalent among Americans) are related to coronary heart disease
IN MAY CORONET

Befuddled by the mental gymnastics of opposing counsel, led far afield by well-coached witnesses, and striving desperately to keep a few facts in their minds, the jurors then are faced with the technical rulings of law as expounded by the judge. The average juror knows nothing of the law—and usually misses the significance of the judge's interpretation of it. Even in cases where the judge's rulings are clear and direct, the jury may flatly ignore them. One jury in a criminal case admitted that it ignored all the evidence and the judge's rulings. Instead, its members knelt in prayer, and came up with a verdict.

In the face of all evidence to the contrary, defenders of the jury system take refuge in G. K. Chesterton's comment: "I would trust 12 ordinary men, but I cannot trust one ordinary man." There is, however, plenty of evidence that one "ordinary" man, operating in the secrecy of the jury room, often cajoles or bullies 11 other "ordinary" men into a verdict having no relation to justice or common sense.

Still, people will say, "I'd rather trust a jury than a judge. The judge may be prejudiced, or pig-headed, or just against the ordinary man in the street." What magic is there in the number 12 which assures that a jury will be less likely to err than a judge trained in the law and wise to the tricks of lawyers? Furthermore, the judge's conduct on the bench can be called to account much more quickly and surely than that of jurors who act lawlessly or stupidly behind closed jury-room doors.

Defenders of the jury argue, too, that most verdicts are sound and that 12 good men and true are the best and fairest safeguard we have to insure justice for all concerned. Those who are convinced of the relatively high accuracy of jury verdicts should study Professor Edwin M. Borchard's startling book, "Convicting the Innocent," which deals with supposedly foolproof jury verdicts of guilty which were completely upset by the facts as later brought out. Among them are several where persons were convicted of murder, only to have their alleged victims turn up alive.

Defenders of the jury have been

forced to retreat to the extent of curbing the use of juries in some lower courts and setting up workmen's compensation boards to handle claims involving on-the-job accidents. But they insist that the higher courts, including the criminal courts, should retain juries. They argue that it is the restricted quantity of justice obtainable by jury trials—with the resulting delay and cost—that is the big problem, not the quality of justice. That statement, as Borchard shows, is suspect.

A good many trained criminologists long have maintained that jury trial should be abolished in *all* criminal cases as cumbersome, dangerous and debasing. They believe the evils of the jury trial can be avoided only by setting up permanent commissions of experts trained in psychology, criminology, criminal law and sociology, which would examine the evidence—minus courtroom oratory and "liars' club" contests—and then rationally decide on the guilt or innocence of a defendant.

Even if there were an overwhelming demand throughout the nation to abolish the jury trial in criminal cases, this could not be accomplished quickly. A Constitutional amendment would be required because of Article III, Section 2, Clause 3 of the Constitution, which provides for trial of all crimes by a jury, and also by the Sixth Amendment as well as by state constitutions. These hurdles cannot be cleared easily. But there are definite steps that can be taken immediately to make the jury trial less a travesty of justice.

1. Trim the list of those exempt from jury service to the bone.

2. Cut down the number of peremptory challenges allowed counsel, which at present can be used to remove practically all persons of education and intelligence from a jury.

3. Permit the jurors to take notes for the purpose of refreshing their memories on the facts which they have heard in evidence. Jurors should not be forced, as now, to perform unreasonable feats of memory.

4. Place greater emphasis on education in the selection of a jury panel. The Ruth Commission suggested that a better choice of jurors could be obtained by examining them before they are called for duty.

Let those who cling grimly to the jury trial as our best means of insuring justice for all do something constructive to make it actually deliver the goods. If they can't do this, and much evidence indicates that they can't—or won't—they should stop babbling about trial by jury and take steps to put something better in its place.

THE SCHOOL & COLLEGE DIRECTORY of Coronet Family Shopper is a source of much valuable information for people interested in the best in education for themselves and for their children. Be sure to check the Family Shopper before enrollment time comes around.

Laughs Among the Literati

by **Bennett Cerf**

This wry historian of humor presents the funniest tidbits—about authors and books—from his latest collection

"BE BRIEF," was George Bernard Shaw's unfailing advice to aspiring writers. I was walking down the Embankment in London with him one day when a young writer held out his hand and announced, "My name is Rothschild, Mr. Shaw." Shaw, without so much as breaking his stride, answered, "Good-by, Mr. Rothschild.

"That," he told me with some satisfaction when we were out of earshot of poor Mr. Rothschild, "is brevity."

Brevity is not always so simple to attain. The French author, Pascal, P. S.'d to a friend, "I have made this letter rather long because I have not had time to make it shorter." Woodrow Wilson once remarked that it would take him two weeks to prepare a ten-minute speech, one week for a speech of an hour. Asked

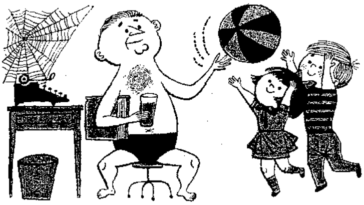
From *The Life of the Party*, by Bennett Cerf. Copyright 1956 by Bennett Cerf. Published by Hanover House-Doubleday.

how long he would need to prepare a two-hour speech, he replied, "That I can do—right now."

GABRIEL PASCAL, the late motion-picture magnate, recalled one of his early dealings with Mr. Shaw. Shaw, it appeared, wanted $8,000 for the screen rights to one of his lesser plays. "I'll give you $4,000," was Pascal's cabled reply. "You must have misunderstood my original demand," protested Shaw (collect). "What I asked was $80,000, not $8,000." Pascal answered promptly, "Excuse error. I'll give you $40,000!"

ERICH REMARQUE, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Arch of Triumph,* tells about a cousin of the same name who paced a hospital corridor awaiting the arrival of his first-born. A nurse finally ended his anxiety by informing him he was the father of an eight-pound boy. A few moments later she was back to say, "You now have another son." The father had not been expecting twins. He stammered, "That last Remarque is uncalled for!"

A WELL-KNOWN literary figure on the West Coast recently made headlines with a spectacular suicide gesture. The fact that it obviously was designed to be unsuccessful brought to mind a famous lady friend of the late Robert Benchley. She made so many abortive attempts to do away with herself that Benchley finally told her, "You'll have to cut this sort of thing out, my dear. It's ruining your health!"



BUDD SCHULBERG, who writes wonderful books, but drives his publisher crazy by never delivering them on time (I know, because I'm the publisher!), explained his technique to reporter Ed Wallace. "First," said Budd, "I clean the typewriter. Then I go through my shelves and return all borrowed books. Then I play with my three children. Then, if it's warm, I go for a swim. Then I find some friends to have a drink with. By then, it's time to clean the typewriter again."

And that's why Schulberg's books are so few and far between. But they're worth waiting for!

WALL STREET was buzzing the other day with the story of a slap-happy hostess at a cocktail party who collared a bewildered author to tell him, "I read your book as a magazine serial, in book form, and as a condensation, and now I've seen it in the movies and on television. Frankly, Mr. Ingold, just what the hell are you trying to say?"

At the same party, an authoress

whose tongue is feared on three continents was heard assuring an old, old friend, "Enjoy yourself while you can, my dear. After all, you only live nine times."

There is a man in New England, supposedly sound of mind and body, who has devoted virtually his entire life and fortune to a collection of recognized classics in unrecognized languages. His treasures include *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in Ukrainian, *Ben Hur* in Hebrew, and *Hamlet* in Hindustani.

Another collector seeks only first editions of books Abraham Lincoln was known to have read in his leisure hours.

A third buys volumes printed on black paper. No other color interests him.

A fourth seeks odd-shaped volumes: round, heart-shaped, fashioned after fruits and animals.

A fifth's sole craving is for books left unfinished because of their authors' untimely deaths—titles like Dickens' *Mystery of Edwin Drood,* Stevenson's *Weir of Hemiston,* and Hawthorne's *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret.*

These and other odd fish from the sea of literature are catalogued and dissected in bibliophile Walter Blumenthal's sprightly *Bookmen's Bedlam,* a Rutgers University Press publication. In its pages you will learn about the smallest, the largest, and the darndest books in all the world.

Smallest book: An edition of Omar Khayyam published in 1933 in Worcester, Massachusetts. Each copy, bound in full crimson morocco, weighs only a third of a carat. The whole edition of 150 would fit in an old-fashioned watchcase.

Largest book: Up the River Nile at Thebes, in the Temple of Rameses II. Its "pages" are walls 138 feet wide—"an ancient chronicle of triumph that has defied obliteration for more than 3,000 years."

Most secure book: Bishop Lyndwood's *The Provinciale,* which, according to his will, was chained "for all time" to St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, to serve as the standard text of his work and discourage effectively both borrowers and abridgers.

Mr. Blumenthal also claims to have unearthed the longest and shortest plays ever published. The longest, he says, is called *The Spanish Bawd* and runs a mere 21 acts. The shortest is Tristan Bernard's *The Exile,* and concerns a mountaineer and an exile. Here is the complete text:

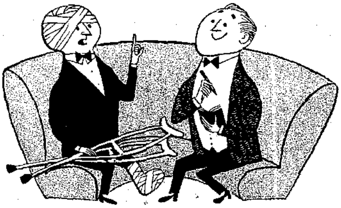
Exile: Whoever you are, have pity on a hunted man. There is a price on my head.

Mountaineer: How much?

There was a time when John Gunther and his beautiful wife, Jane, in their interminable search for the "inside" of some place or other, arrived in Tokyo, Japan. They had been in primitive villages for a month and were therefore especially delighted to find a bath attached to their new hotel room. It was a highly polished wooden tub already filled to the brim with boiling hot water. "They must roast elephants in here," commented Jane, and sought a "cold" faucet to bring down the water's temperature.

There was none to be found, so she finally gritted her teeth and inched her way tortuously into the tub, where she enjoyed a veritable picnic. When she climbed out (red as a lobster), she summoned an attendant to mop up. It was then that the Gunthers discovered that Jane had used the week's bath water for the entire hotel. Each guest, explained the indignant manager, was supposed to take only a pitcher full of the steaming hot water for sponging off purposes.

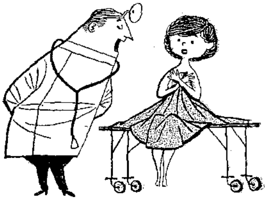
It cost Mr. Gunther $25 to pay for the emptying and refilling of the tub. I presume he charged it off to research.



AT THE LAST booksellers' convention in Atlantic City, a disconsolate purveyor of priceless literature sat in a hotel lobby, his head heavily bandaged and a pair of crutches across his knee. To a solicitous confrere he explained, "I fell out of a window."

"Obviously," commiserated the confrere, "you will be out of commission for the balance of the convention—so how's for slipping me the phone number of the little blond authoress you had draped over your arm the first evening we were in session?"

"With pleasure," agreed the bookseller, "but if a man answers the phone, I suggest that you hang up. It's probably the scoundrel who threw me out of the window."



THERE'S a bookseller up near White Plains who, convinced he never could support a wife and a Jaguar on the wages of a purveyor of the immortals, studied medicine in his spare time. He finally won his doctor's degree, and hung out his shingle next door to the bookshop. His first patient was a beautiful, beautiful girl (Westchester County is full of them). She complained of a stomach-ache. Our brand-new doctor examined the troubled area with a keen appreciation, then asked innocently, "Now do you mind if I browse around a little?"

AN AUTHOR in Kankakee, Illinois, found himself in something of a predicament recently. A magazine accepted a short poem and sent him a check for $35. The only man who could identify him at the bank, however, was his liquor dealer—whom he owed a hundred!

A WELL-KNOWN but improvident author was toiling over a new novel when there came a ring on his doorbell. His caller proved to be a comely young woman who announced, "I represent the Federated Community Charity Fund." "You've arrived in the nick of time," enthused the author. "I'm starving."

A LADY IN CHICAGO sued for divorce recently. "I love detective stories," she told the judge, "and Field's automatically sends me every new one published. My husband gets hold of them first and writes the name of the murderer on top of page one!"

It appears the judge also liked whodunits. "Your husband obviously is a fiend," he ordained. "Divorce granted."

IN LONDON, Peter Windsor encountered a man who had read a Charlotte Brontë novel eight times—obviously the perfect octo-Jane-Eyrian.

A REPRINT PUBLISHER received this fan letter from a satisfied customer: "Your book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* ought to be read by every private in the Army. A week after I finished it, I got promoted to corporal. P. S. Have you got any books on sex technique?"

COMMENTATOR SAM HIMMELL, in *Printing News,* indicated that a lot of the tears shed over vanishing village smithies might have been saved for more deserving unfortunates. There are still 18,215 blacksmith shops in the U.S., but only 7,368 bookstores!

AN ENGLISHMAN, Augustine Birrell, ordered a 19-volume set of the works of Hannah More buried deep in his garden. "The books take up too much room on my shelves," he explained, "and they are just as likely to be dug up from the garden as to be picked out for reading up here."

His countrywoman, Lady Gough, insured immortality among the literati by forbidding in her library the placing of books by male authors alongside those by female authors—unless, of course, they were married.

EARLY in his journalistic career, columnist Bob Considine toiled for "Cissy" Patterson on the Washington *Times-Herald.* Shortly after he left to seek greater fame in Manhattan, she phoned him to report that she had just had a whopper of a fight with her brother, Captain Joe Patterson, over a piece he had authored, and wanted Considine to ghostwrite a full-page answer she proposed to run over her signature in the *Times-Herald.* Bob banged out a honey and air-mailed it to her. She phoned the next day and enthused, "It's exactly what I wanted, Bob, and I insist on paying you for it. How much do you want?"

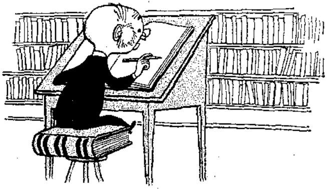
"Shucks," deprecated Bob, "I

don't want anything at all. I did it for an old friend."

"No, no," said Cissy. "Let's settle it this way. What did you get for your last article in *Cosmopolitan?*"

"Seven hundred and fifty bucks," answered Considine, "but that hasn't anything to do with this. I beg you to forget all about it."

Two days later he got a check from Mrs. Patterson for $500 with a note in longhand attached that read, "Dear Bob: I called *Cosmopolitan.*"



UNHAPPIEST LIBRARIAN on record was the little man who set out to catalogue every volume in a famous English library. Because of his build, he had to raise the height of his chair by sitting on one fat volume.

When he completed his magnum opus, the index had only one glaring error—he forgot to include the single volume he had been sitting on for 30 years!

A STUDENT who bought a desk dictionary from Bob Campbell's U.C.L.A. shop reported later, "It's interesting—but I wish it didn't change the subject so often."

OH-SO-TRUE WORDS from Bill Vaughan, of the Kansas City *Star*:

"A favorite refuge of politicians, when caught in a crack, is to claim that they were misquoted in the press, and the chances are ten to one that they were. That is, they were misquoted in that the reporter cleaned up their rhetoric, supplied the missing verbs, and made sure that their predicates agreed in some gen'l way with their subjects.

"The nastiest thing a reporter could do to a politician would be to quote him absolutely accurately down to every uh, or, well, you see, that is, and so on."

A SAN ANTONIO NEWSPAPER featured this ad in its classified columns recently: "Wanted, big executive, from 22 to 80. To sit with feet on desk from 10 to 4:30 and watch other people work. Must be willing to play golf every other afternoon. Salary to start: $500 a week. We don't have this job open, you understand. We just thought we'd like to see in print what everybody is applying for."

PIERRE LAZAREFF, editor of the Paris newspaper, *Ce Soir*, summed up the life of a journalist in one sentence for a college class recently: "A journalist spends the first half of his career writing about things he doesn't understand, and the second half concealing the fact that he understands them only too well!"

IN HOLLYWOOD, William P. Dudley bought a limited edition of the works of Shakespeare from a temporarily impoverished Thespian, who assured him, "Parting with this treasure grieves me more than

I can say. Each night before retiring I spent at least an hour reading and rereading the immortal bard's plays." When Mr. Dudley examined the set in his home, he found that none of the pages had been cut! "An unopened Shakespeare!" he thought to himself. "That's the uncuttest kind of all!"

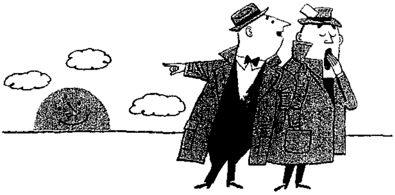
When ward morehouse, now one of New York's best-known commentators on theatrical affairs, first broke into the newspaper field, he landed a job on the Savannah *Press*. For the princely wage of $9 a week he did city-news odds and ends and wrote a sports column under the pseudonym of "J. Alexander Finn." One day he picked an all-Savannah scholastic football team and was rash enough to omit the name of a stalwart named Bubber Bryson. Bubber did not take kindly to this discrimination. In fact, he sent a member of his retinue down to the *Press* office to beat the bejabbers out of young Morehouse. The editor in chief surveyed the damage to Ward's cherubic countenance and beamed. "This is a mighty fine thing to happen, boy! Shows your column's being read!"

John wheeler, chairman of North American Newspaper Alliance, told fellow Sigma Chis of an early experience of Brother Kent Cooper of the Associated Press. When Kent was in his swaddling clothes, he played a fiddle in a theater orchestra near Indianapolis. The great Victor Herbert breezed into town, and Kent bagged an interview with him.

While Herbert chatted with Cooper, he hummed the beginning of a catchy melody, then paused to slip off one of his stiff, detachable cuffs and wrote the notes thereon. "May I have it?" asked Cooper eagerly. "You may copy it," said Herbert, "but I can't give it to you. After all, I can't arrive in Chicago with one shirt cuff."

Cooper kept his copy of the four bars Herbert had jotted down. He heard them many times over in the years to come. They were the opening notes of what was to be Victor Herbert's crowning composition—"Kiss Me Again" from *Mlle. Modiste.*

Editor sam day tells a story of a cranky old head of a Philadelphia paper who liked to dash off his own lead editorials. He finished one in a white heat and slapped it into the copy basket with a great flourish. The managing editor, unfortunately, didn't know what he was talking about, and the boss had to admit, once he was challenged, that neither did he. Finally he decided, "Print it as is. It'll make them think, anyhow!"



The cream of America's journalistic fraternity was assembled at Las Vegas for a series of highly publicized atomic-bomb tests, but heavy winds necessitated one delay after another. The cream did not take kindly to the postponements. "They don't seem to realize whom they've kept waiting," was their implied attitude.

About the fifth long afternoon, the youngest reporter in the crowd pointed to a red, setting sun and inquired, "That's the West over there, isn't it?"

A bored veteran yawned elaborately and assured him, "If it isn't, son, you've just scored the biggest scoop since the Johnstown Flood!"

IN *The Reporter,* Bill Mauldin confided the formula whereby Harold Ross, late and great editor of *The New Yorker,* managed to stay off radio programs. "I'm a profane *** by nature," he explained, "and whenever one of those *** round tables or something called up, I'd say, 'Hell, yes. I'll be glad to sit in on your *** panel, or whatever the *** you call it!' The word soon got around that I couldn't draw a breath without cussing and the *** hucksters never bothered me again."

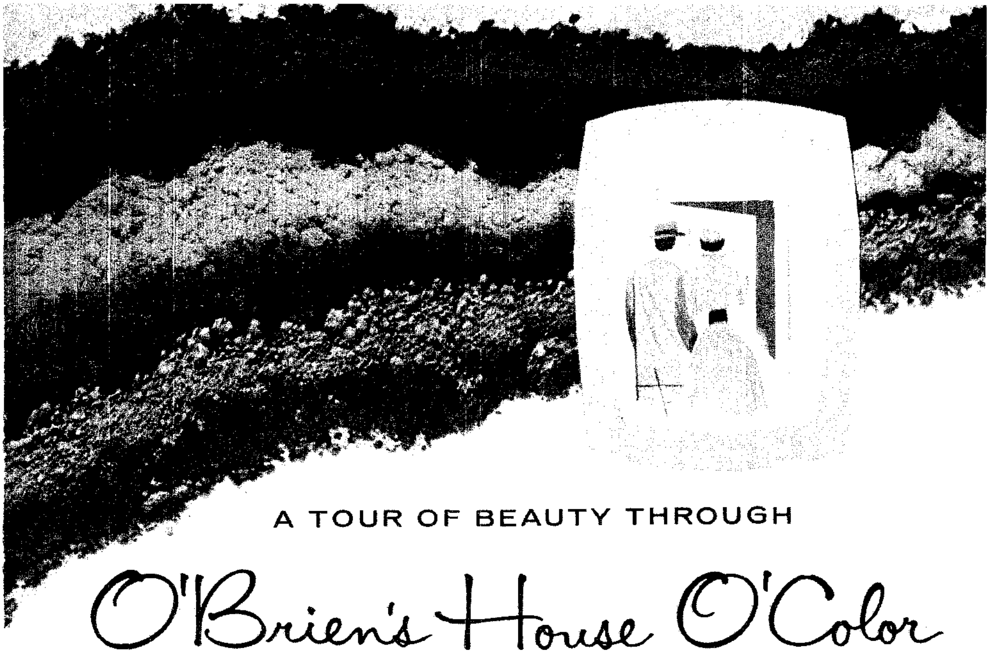
AN ALERT *Fortune* reporter spotted a very special classified ad the other day, inserted by an optimistic lady from Salzburg, Austria. "For sale," it proclaimed. "Palatial mansion in historic Salzburg. One hundred rooms, 28 fountains, acres of courtyard. Price: $1,000,000."

Here's how *Fortune's* house organ sized up the incident. The ad, it asserted, had been shipped in "uber der transom" by a "furuckte Frau who had been gestucken mit a weissen Elephant on her Hande." Her chances of getting out from under, it continued, were negligible, since "a million dollars heute is a lot of coconutten for ein Haus." In the old days, of course, sighed the *Fortune* sage, subscribers used to buy yachts and castles without "batting ein Auge," but there's a new order in vogue today, and that sort of extravagance is "raus forever"—or strictly "Keine Dice."

BILL NICHOLS, of *This Week* magazine, describes a publisher as "a man who goes around with a worried look on his assistants' faces."

MOST REASSURING to timid souls who believe that the literary life of America is about to be snuffed out by television, is the revelation of what book publishers were fretting about back in the 1890s. Trolley cars, believe it or not, were what these shortsighted fellows foresaw as the ruination of the book business—trolley cars and tandem bicycles! "When young people," groaned one agitated publisher in 1894, "prefer bouncing down to Coney Island and back on a dangerously speeding trolley, to curling up in the library with a good novel, what in the world are we coming to?"

After the trolley and bicycle scares, of course, it was cheap automobiles, then movies, then radio that were going to sound the death knell of the book business. Television is only the latest of an endless series of bugaboos. But, as I repeat every time I get the chance, nothing—absolutely nothing—will ever take the place—or give the infinite satisfaction—of a really good book.



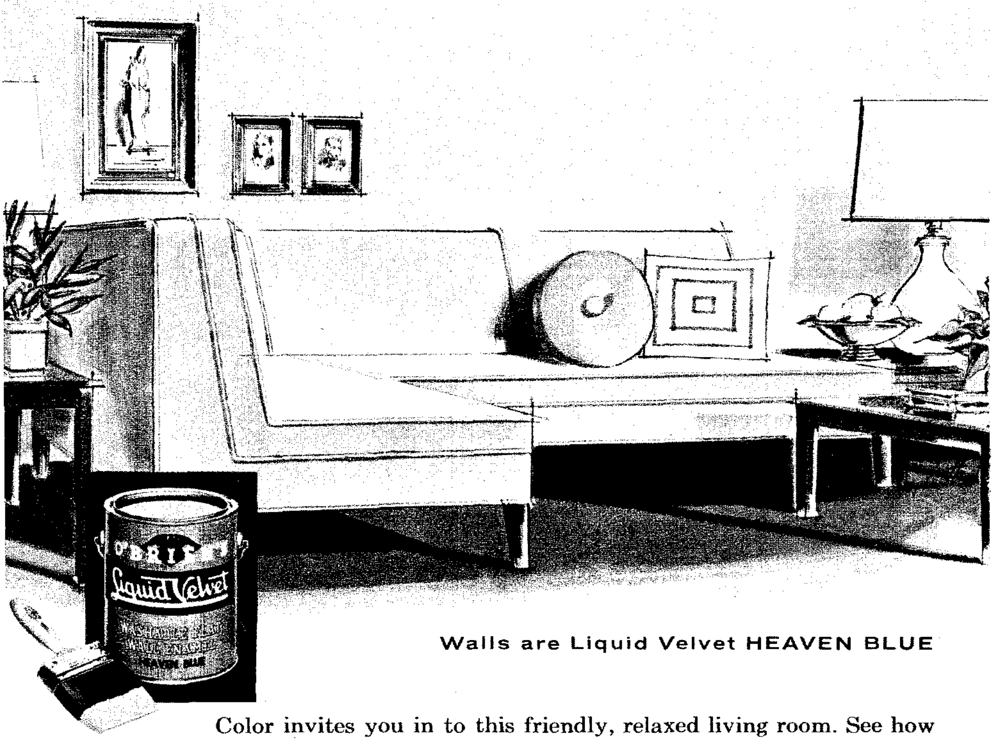
A TOUR OF BEAUTY THROUGH

O'Brien's House O'Color

Come see how O'Brien Symphonic Colors bring exciting new richness and depth to painted rooms.

O'BRIEN PAINTS
TOP QUALITY SINCE 1875

O'BRIEN SYMPHONIC COLORS



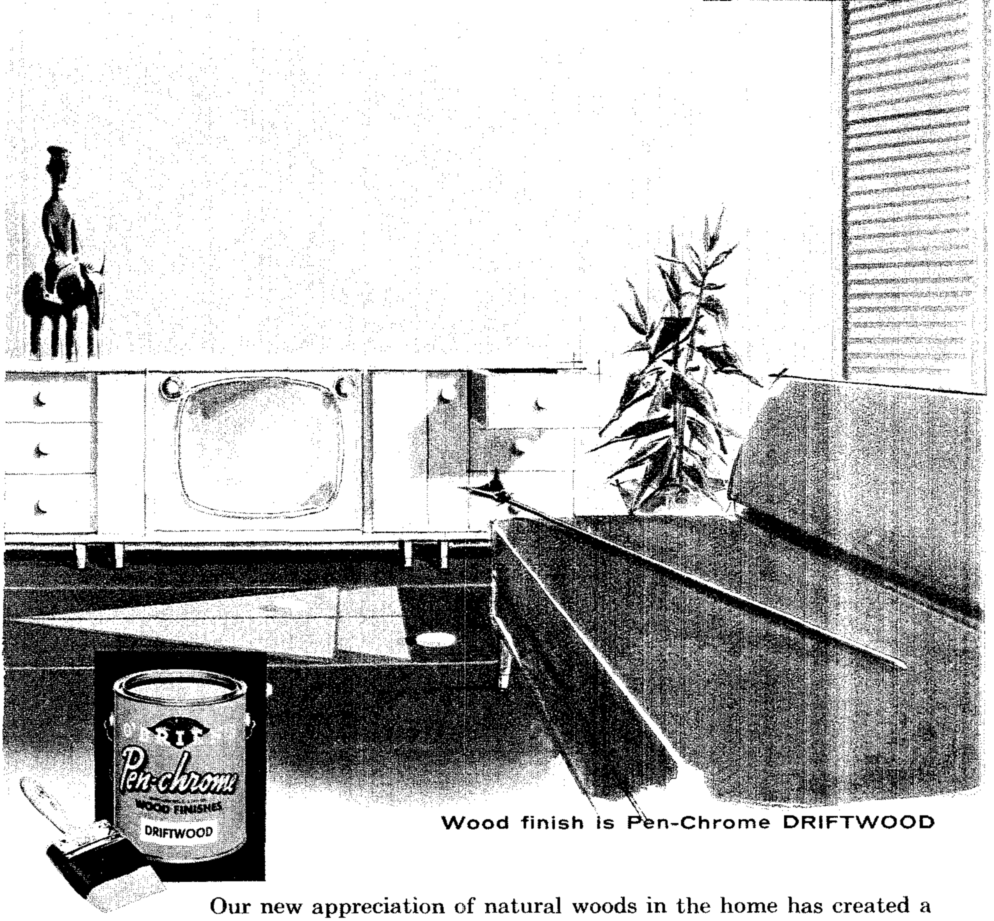
Walls are Liquid Velvet HEAVEN BLUE

Color invites you in to this friendly, relaxed living room. See how the crisp blue of the wall "cools off" the sunset colors in the furnishings? The rich, glowing beauty of Liquid Velvet lends depth and unity to any room, helps tie it together for a restful effect. And it's so easy to apply, gives a smooth, flawless finish that lasts and lasts. NOTE: For matching woodwork and trim in a washable semi-gloss, use O'Brien's Satin Finish Enamel.

	FLOOR COVERING	WALLS	DRAPERY AND UPHOLSTERY
O'Brien Liquid Velvet Color-Schemer	Gold	DEW	Gold Coast, Golden Caramel, Bengal Bronze
	Rose-Beige	SANDALWOOD	Aquadawn, China Pink, Woodbine Green
	Gray-Green	Golden Majesty	Jadesheen, Snowberry, Bengal Bronze

Colors in capital letters are standard colors.

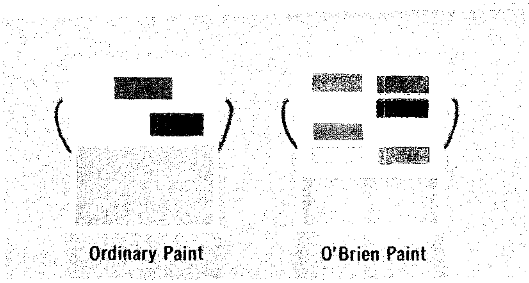
O'BRIEN
SYMPHONIC COLORS



Wood finish is Pen-Chrome DRIFTWOOD

Our new appreciation of natural woods in the home has created a demand for easy-to-use wood finishes. O'Brien meets this need with its Pen-Chrome Wood Stains and Finishes. Pen-Chrome comes in 13 handsome colors, accents and preserves the natural beauty of all interior woods. There is no wiping, no "bleeding," no special skill required. Pen-Chrome permits the average homeowner to do a really professional job, easily and economically.

Pen-Chrome "Clear"—a water-white finish for use over the stains. Extremely popular for "natural" finishing of Knotty Pine. Imparts a satiny, hand-rubbed appearance that won't mar, chip or discolor.



O'Brien Symphonic Colors contain over *twice* as many pigments as ordinary paint! It is this *extra* pigmentation which gives O'Brien colors greater richness and depth.

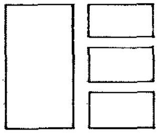
FABRICS AND FURNISHINGS MEET THEIR MATCH IN

O'Brien Symphonic

Aren't the new fabric colors lovely? Muted greens, misty blues, sizzling coppers. Yet, because these are "loaded" colors (complex blends of *many* pigments) they are difficult to match with ordinary wall paints. This is why the nation's top decorators and home fashion editors choose and use O'Brien Symphonic Colors. O'Brien Paints, too, are enriched (or loaded) with extra pigments so that you, the homemaker, can easily "pick up" for your walls the latest drapery and carpet colors. The room schemes shown here demonstrate what we mean.

COLOR KEY—Wall color: Large chip—Fabrics, floor covering, accents: Small chips

NOTE: Colors in capital letters are STANDARD COLORS



Lovely SATIN FINISH Enamel for the Kitchen

Almond Blossom

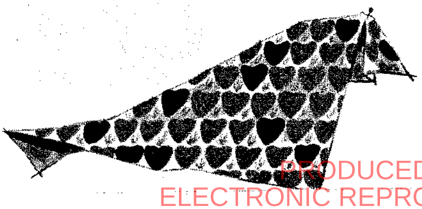
Woodbine Green

Springtime

Evening Primrose

Coral Sea

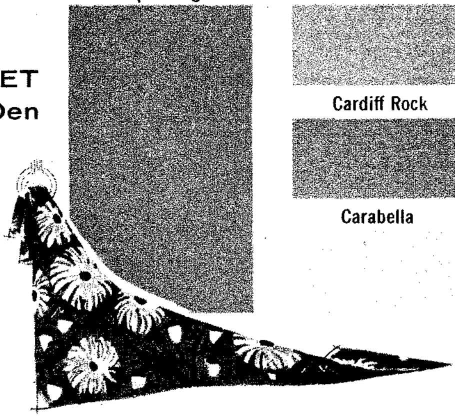
Saxon Green



Lilting LIQUID VELVET colors for Living Room or Den

Colors

Bisque Beige

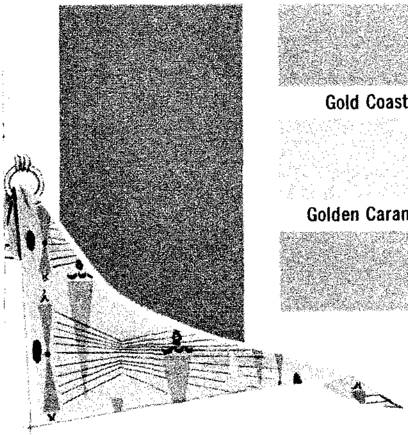


Jadesheen

Cardiff Rock

Carabella

Woodbine Green

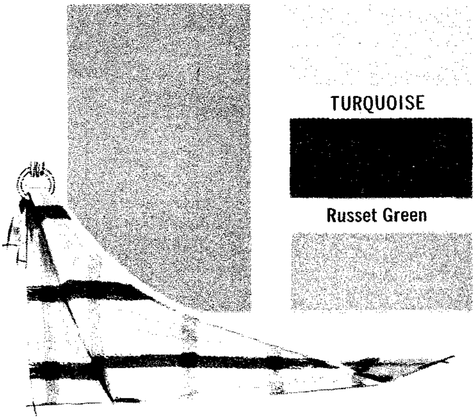


Bengal Bronze

Gold Coast

Golden Caramel

Grotto Blue



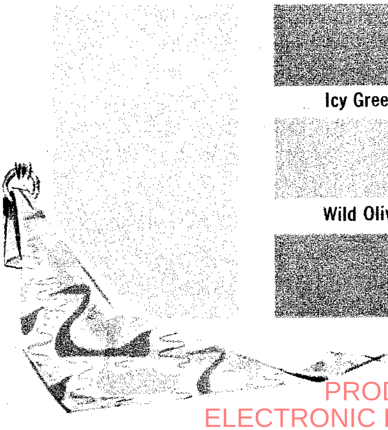
Peachbloom

TURQUOISE

Russet Green

Shades of SATEEN for the Bedroom

Shellglo

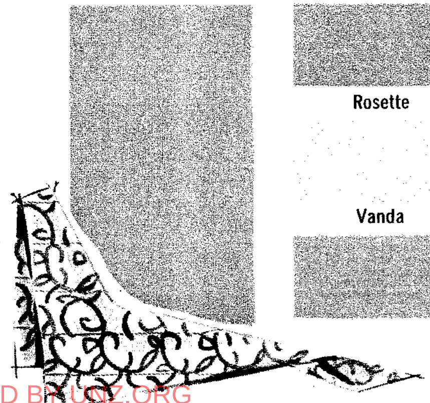


LIDO SAND

Icy Green

Wild Olive

VENUS BLUE



Magic Moon

Rosette

Vanda

O'BRIEN
SYMPHONIC COLORS

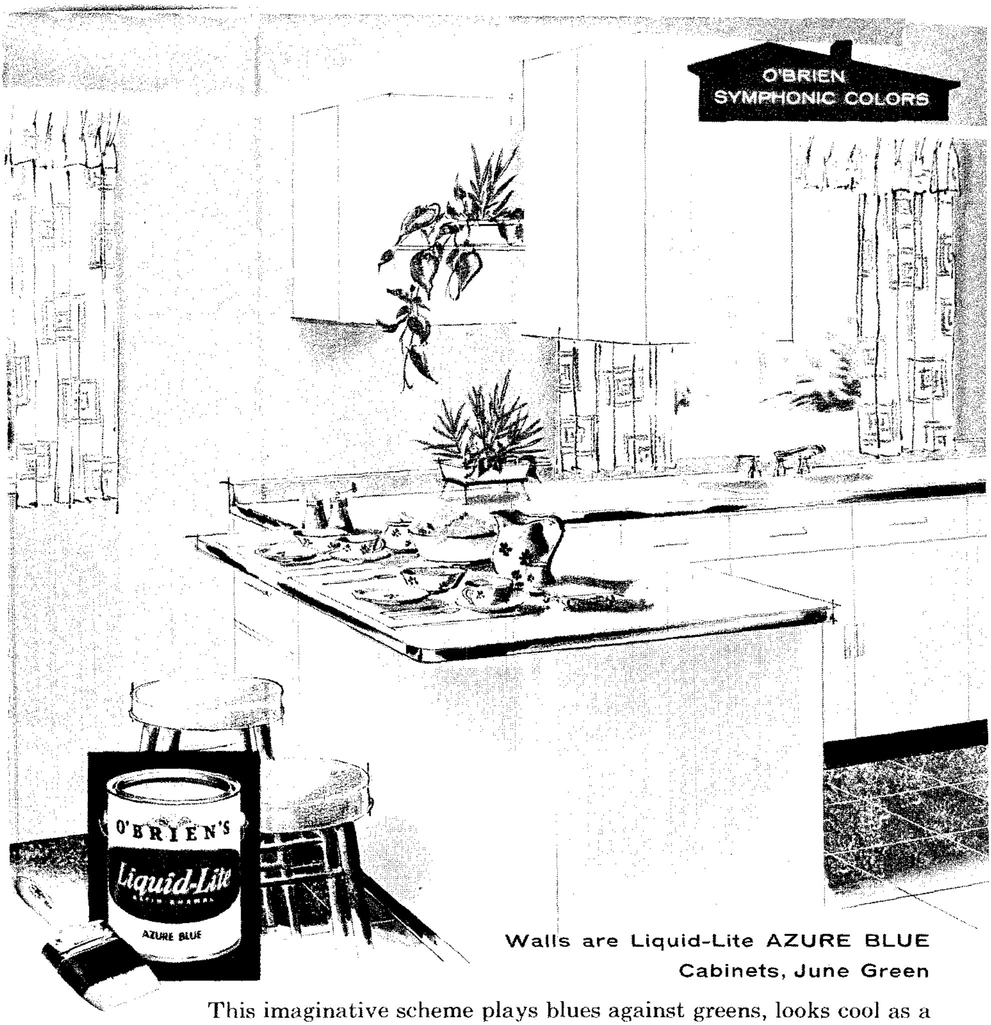
O'BRIEN'S
SATEEN
Rubberized
WASHABLE INTERIOR WALL PAINT
CHERRY BLOSSOM

Walls are Sateen CHERRY BLOSSOM

A sleeping beauty of a room, all set to dream in just *hours* after it was painted! The secret is O'Brien's Sateen, the remarkable latex paint that dries in 30 minutes to a rich, soft sheen. One coat covers most any interior surface. No laps or spots, no painty odor. Tools rinse clean with water. Sateen colors are lovely in any room, stay lovely longer. Even hard scrubbing can't mar that just-painted look. NOTE: For matching wood trim, use Liquid-Lite Satin Enamel.

	FLOOR COVERING	WALLS	DRAPERY AND UPHOLSTERY
O'Brien Sateen Color-Schemer	Taupe	FERNMIST	Lemon Drop, SAGE, Fall Bronze
	Off-White	VENUS BLUE	Rosette, Vanda, PEARL WHITE
	Blue-Green	Sparkle	Alden Green, Toast, Lemon Drop

Colors in capital letters are standard colors.



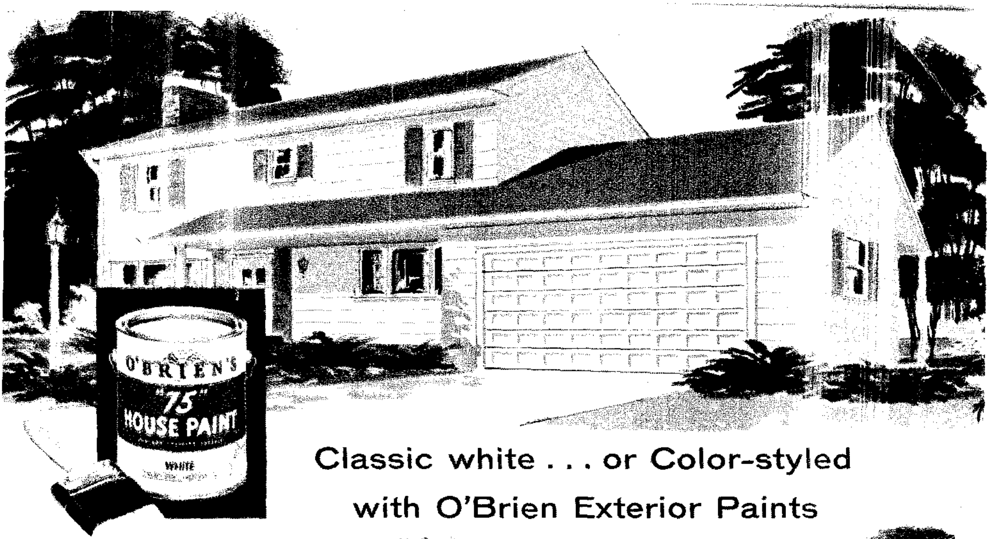
Walls are Liquid-Lite AZURE BLUE
Cabinets, June Green

This imaginative scheme plays blues against greens, looks cool as a fountain. Easy does it with O'Brien's Liquid-Lite Satin Enamel. This ultra-modern product flows on like cream, leaves no brush marks, imparts a rich, satiny finish. Liquid-Lite is ideal for kitchen, bath or playroom—rugged enough for use on porch or lawn furniture. Won't chip and doesn't mind frequent washings. NOTE: In a high gloss enamel, it's O'Brien's Flexico—a really superior enamel that gleams like porcelain!

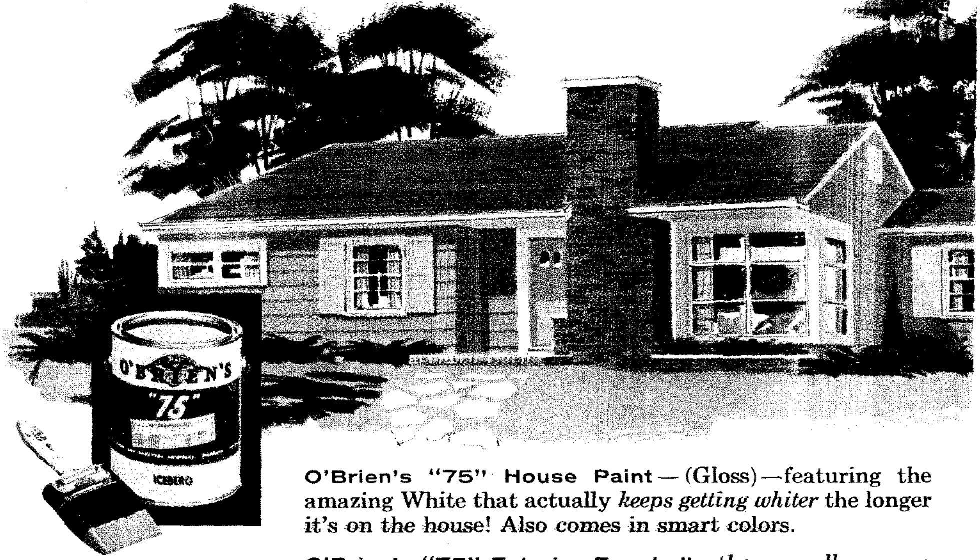
O'Brien Liquid-Lite
Color-Schemer

FLOOR COVERING	WALLS	ACCENT COLORS
Beige	SEACREST	DAFFODIL, TOFFEE
Blue	CHERRY BLOSSOM	VENUS BLUE, LIDO SAND
White Black	DAFFODIL	FERNMIST, GREEN MINT

Colors in capital letters are standard colors.



Classic white . . . or Color-styled with O'Brien Exterior Paints



O'Brien's "75" House Paint—(Gloss)—featuring the amazing White that actually *keeps getting whiter* the longer it's on the house! Also comes in smart colors.

O'Brien's "75" Exterior Eggshell—the new all-purpose paint for a smart low-lustre effect on shingles, shakes, siding, trim. Many beautiful colors to select from.

Get your free copy of new 16-page decorating booklet "At Home with Color," from your O'Brien dealer. He's listed in the yellow pages of your phone book.

©1957, O'Brien Corp.

THE O'BRIEN CORPORATION
South Bend 21, Ind., Baltimore 13, Md.,
Oklahoma City 7, Okla.,
Los Angeles, Calif., San Francisco 7, Calif.

O'BRIEN PAINTS
TOP QUALITY SINCE 1875

Testimonial from the Forge

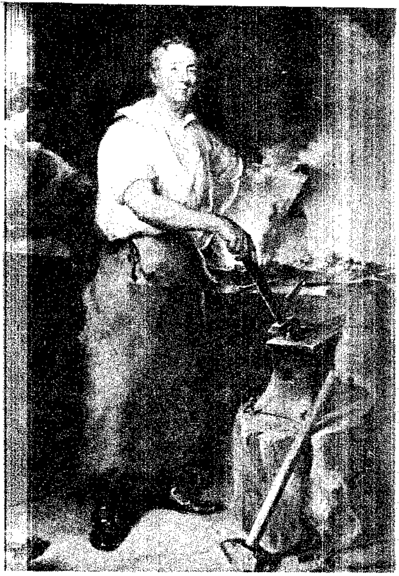
by HAROLD HELFER

FEW OF THOSE who pause to admire "Pat Lyon At The Forge" in the collection of paintings at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts are aware that this picture is actually a testimonial to one of the country's first big crime stories.

Pat Lyon was a very real blacksmith, one of the best in the Philadelphia area during the early 19th century. And he was equally good at fashioning locks, which was what got him into trouble.

Commissioned to build a strongbox, he did his usual masterful job. But the blacksmith's fiery temper matched his brawn, and when he failed to receive the money he thought he deserved for it, he snapped the box shut. No one else could open it and it stayed shut until Pat Lyon got the fee he felt was coming to him.

Later, a Philadelphia bank hired him to repair its locks and bars. Soon afterward, the bank was entered during the night and robbed. Police promptly arrested Pat Lyon on the theory that nobody could have gotten past those locks and bars but the blacksmith himself.


COURTESY OF BOSTON ATHENAEUM
AND MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Although he vigorously denied any connection with the crime, he was tossed into jail. He remained there for three months—when the real robbers were apprehended.

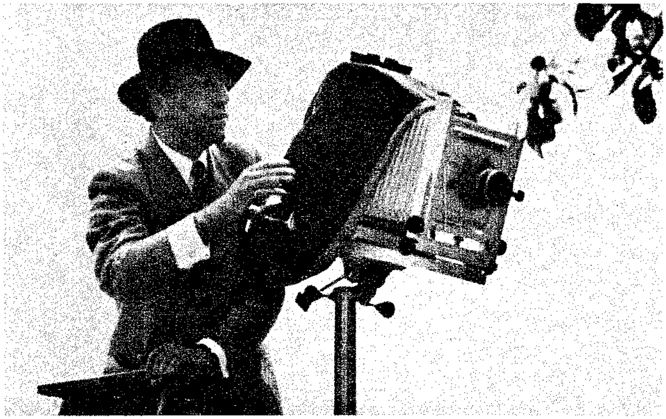
Pat Lyon came out of prison a grim and bitter man. For his reputation had become such that many still seemed to think he must have been the bank robber. This talk persisted for years, and finally the blacksmith brought suit against the defamers of his good name. The court verdict vindicated him and awarded him $9,000 in damages—a fabulous amount of money in those days.

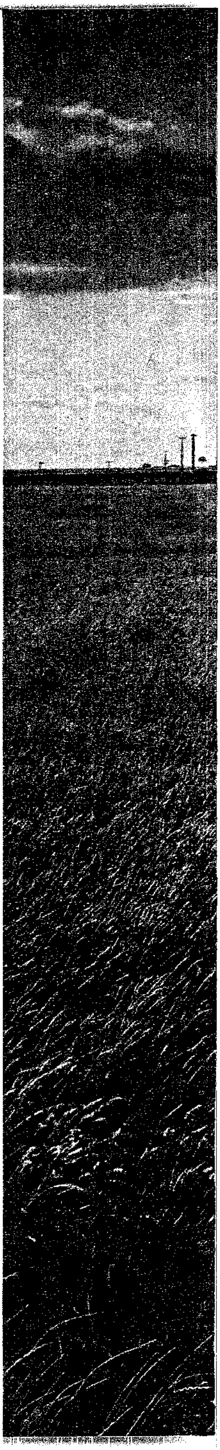
And what did Pat Lyon do with this unexpected wealth? He went looking for a portrait painter. He wanted the finest, and finally settled on one John Neagle, to execute a life-size portrait showing him as the simple, honest blacksmith he had always prided himself on being. The result was "Pat Lyon At The Forge."

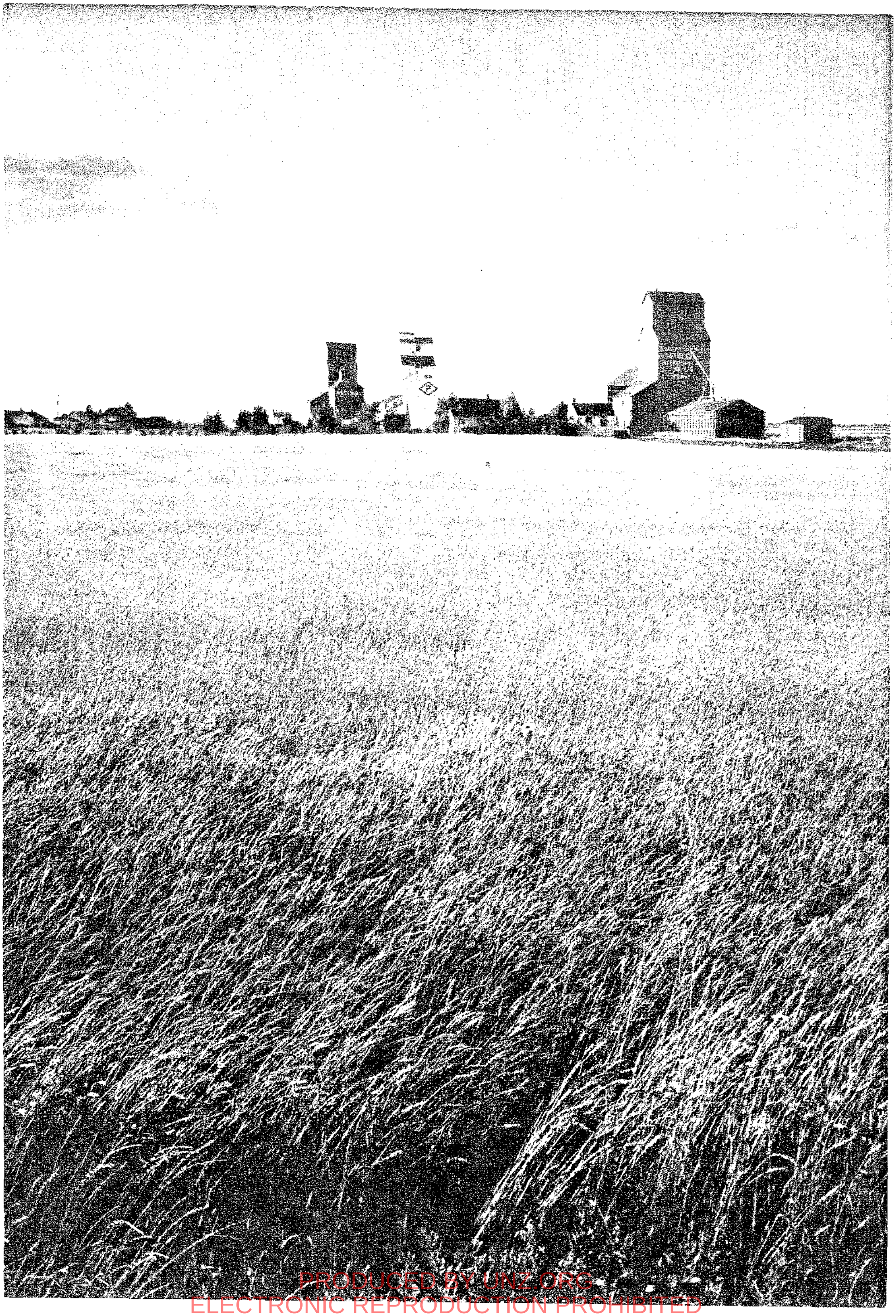
"My Canada"

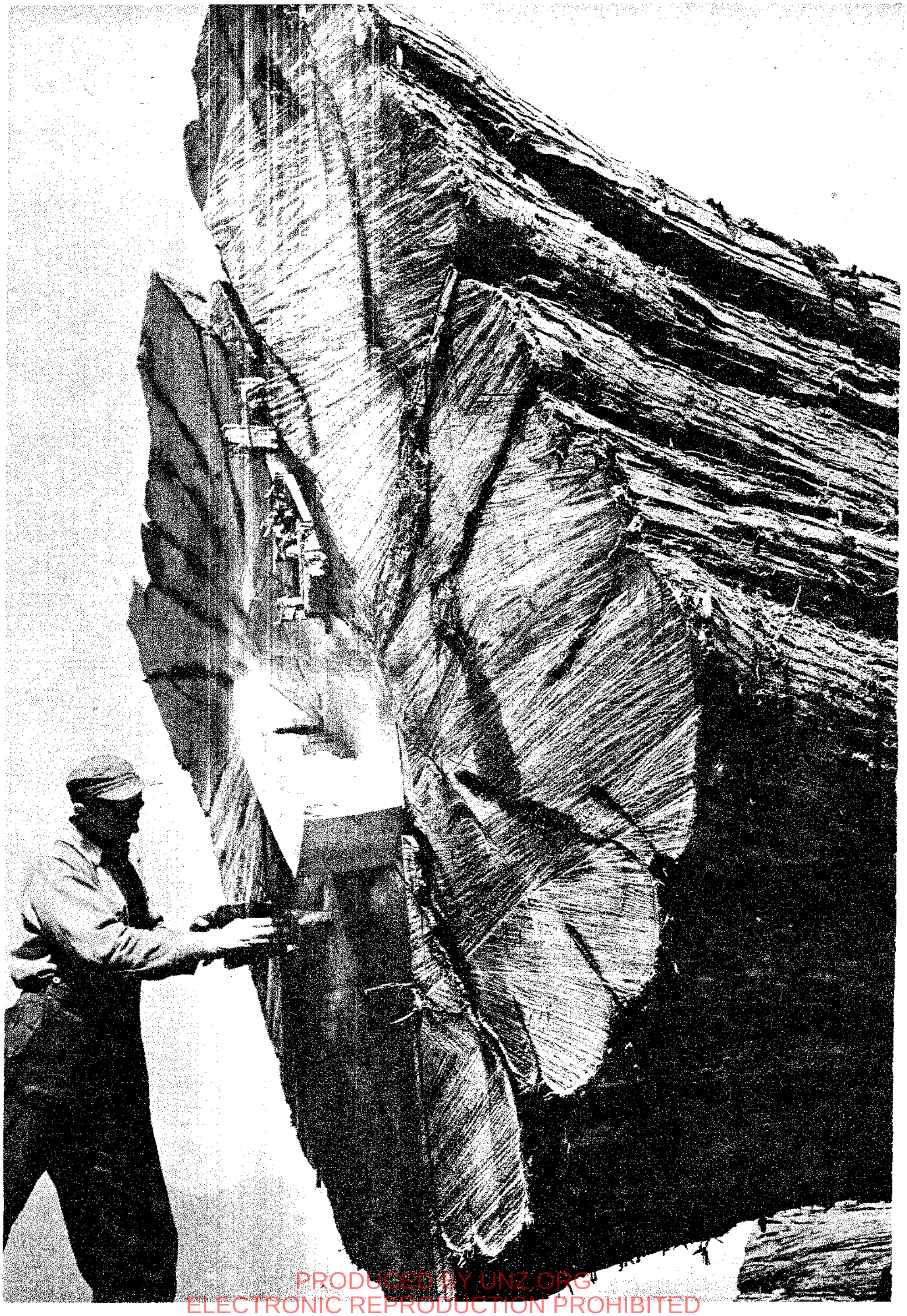
Yousuf Karsh, one of the world's great photographers, draws a warmly affectionate camera portrait of his adopted land

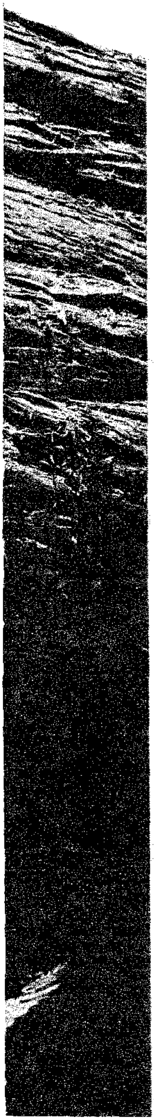
Although born in Turkish Armenia, I have always had a fondness for Canada, my adopted homeland. But it was not until I had journeyed over it from east to west—and back again—that I came under its spell, and fell in love with the land. From its towering cities to its endless prairies, it worked a magic that quickened the heart and beguiled the senses; and its variety and vastness cast a never-ending enchantment. Outside a city such as Regina, Saskatchewan, all urban landmarks vanish, as if with the stroke of a brush, and a golden sea of wheat, dancing in the sunlight (*right*), rolls on to the horizon. Here, and in pictures on the following pages, is the Canada I have seen through the camera's eye—and with my heart. This is my Canada.

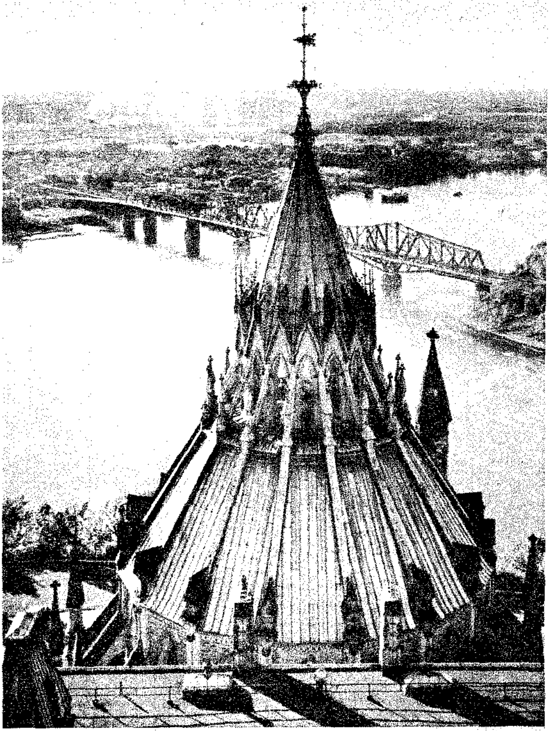








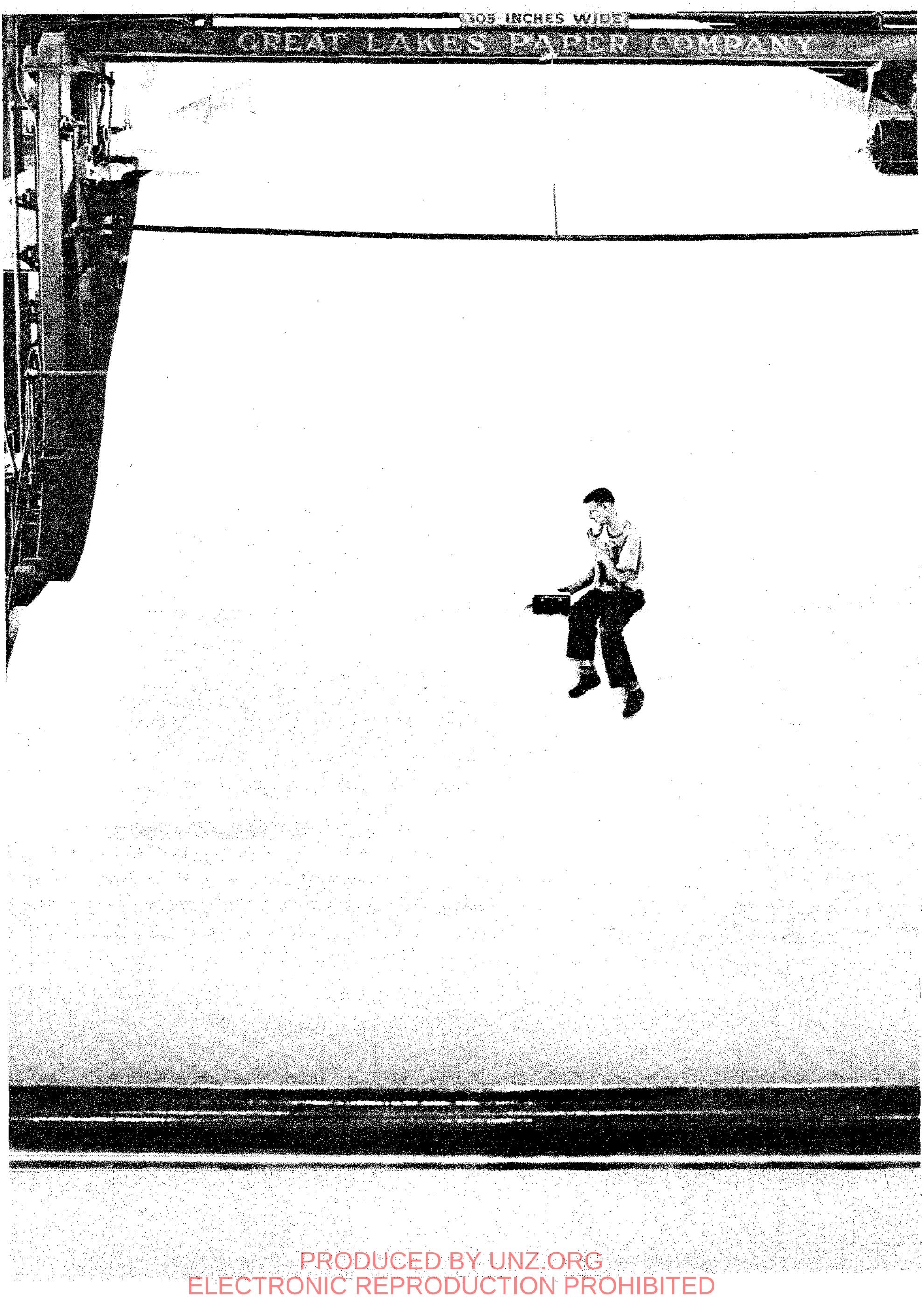




I HAD HEARD that trees grow big near Vancouver. But I never dreamed they could reach the size of this great cedar (*left*), with its rings marking the good years and the bad.

Above is the tower of the Parliamentary Library of Canada in Ottawa, and in the background the Interprovincial Bridge. I was in the Parliament Building one beautiful moonlit night, listening to a carillon concert, when I happened to glance from the window. I was so entranced by the scene that I hurried back next day to photograph it.

NEVER had I seen so many fish, nor smelled such a smell! Nor met so many friendly people as the fisherfolk on the docks of Halifax. Everybody was happy the day I was there, for the catch was good. Even the gulls, wheeling overhead, were excited, knowing they would get a generous share of the leftovers. Though there have been—and will be—days when the catch is meager, these hardy men will go back to sea. It is their life.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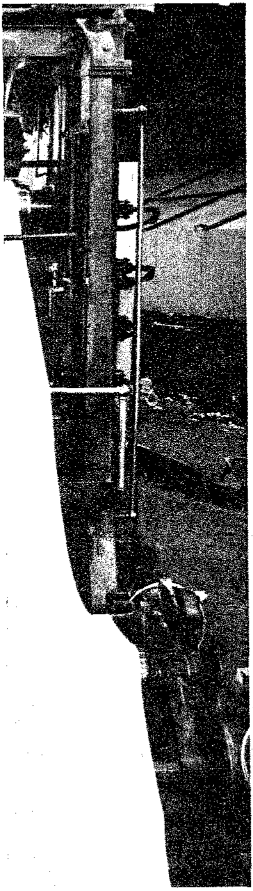
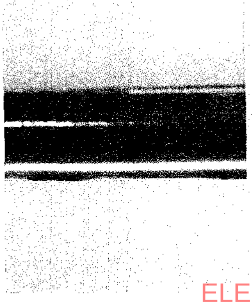


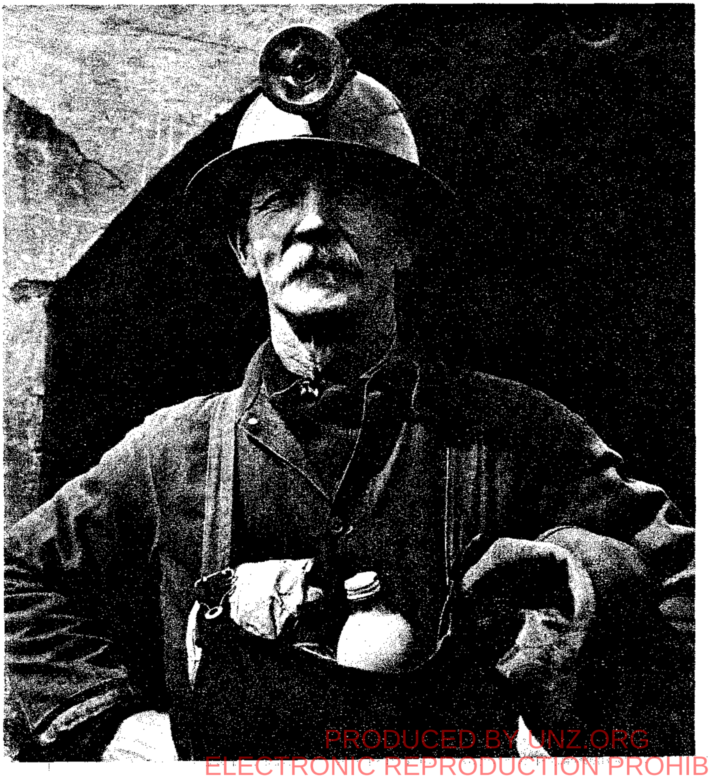
THIS WAS certainly one of the biggest pieces of paper (*left*) I will ever see—part of the production that is four times greater than that of any other nation.

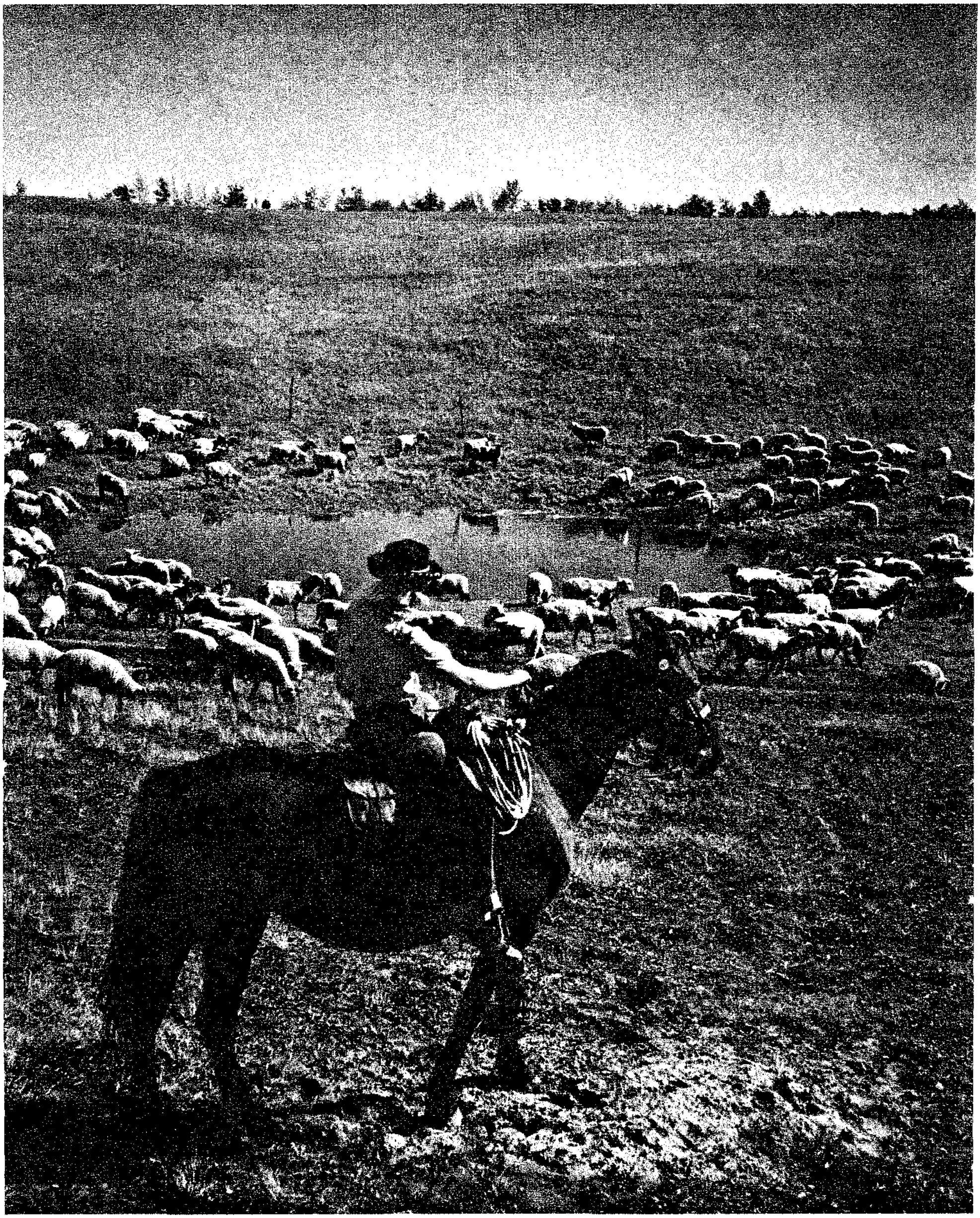
The little house (*below*) is on Prince Edward Island, smallest of the Canadian Provinces and a land of green pastures, red earth, silvery beaches—and singular charm. This is where the heroine of "Anne of Green Gables"—read by most every Canadian teen-age girl—supposedly lived.



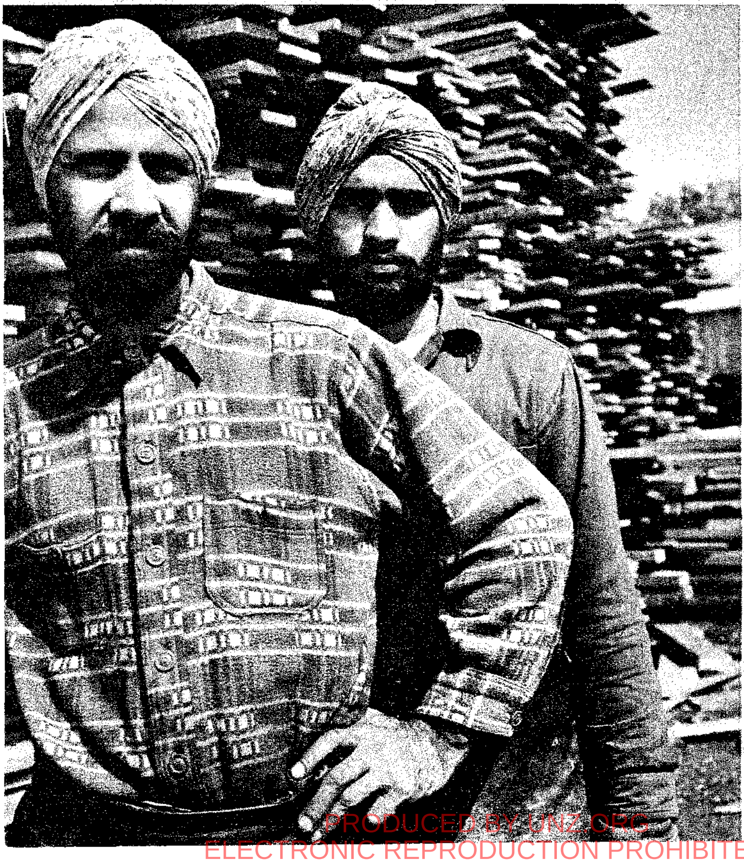
YOU WOULD THINK this 57-year-old miner I photographed near St. John would be bone-weary of underground toil. But after 40 years he still blithely hops the car that takes him down several thousand feet to his job.

The ranch at Calgary (*right*) is owned by Donald C. Matthews, a 34-year-old university graduate in animal husbandry, who lives and works with his wife and two children on the lonely plains. Where he and other ranchers now raise sheep and cattle, wild buffalo herds once roamed.





THE KIND OF FACES I like to photograph. I discovered the Indian Sikhs in their colorful turbans and shirts in a Vancouver lumber mill. To find 80-year-old William Holder (*right*), who has been stitching canvas ever since his father taught him the craft 66 years ago, I had to climb to a loft in St. John. After years of fitting out fine sailing ships, Holder now stitches canvas tarps for steam vessels. Seeing him made me wish I were Rembrandt, the painter, rather than Karsh, the photographer.



GRIN AND SHARE IT

Back in the days of John L. Sullivan, a boxer who was in the ring with the champion was ready to throw in the towel.

"Look," said his trainer, "Just say, 'I'll beat him,' and you will!"

"I'd do that," was the dazed reply, "but *I* know what a liar I am."

—FRANK FORDE

Shortly after a visit to court where she watched her lawyer-father at work, a small girl spent her school vacation with a country aunt.

Entering the crossroads church on Sunday, she read aloud from the signboard the subject for the discourse: "The Day of Judgment."

Later, as the choir marched in and took their accustomed places in the side pews up front, her loud whisper shattered the silence demanding, "Aunty Mae, is that the jury?"

—*The Troy Record*

A retired tycoon bought a country place, not far from a small whistle-stop station on a seldom-used branch line. Deciding to dabble in chicken farming as a hobby, he ordered a prefabricated coop from a supply house. When notified of its arrival, he and the handyman drove over to pick it up. There was no one about when they reached the railroad, but seeing what they were looking for, they put it on the truck and started back.

Half a mile down the road, they passed an old fellow in blue, wearing a cap lettered, "Stationmaster." He stared, then shouted after them, "Stop! What in tarnation do you think you're doing?"

"Taking home my new chicken coop," called back the country squire.

"Chicken coop, my eye," howled the stationmaster, "that's Grigsby Junction you've got there!"

—*Tracks Magazine*

With presses set to run off 3 million copies of Theodore Roosevelt's 1912 convention speech, the publisher found permission had not been obtained to use the necessary photograph of Roosevelt and his running-mate, Governor Hiram Johnson, of California. Copyright law put the penalty for such oversights at a dollar per copy.

The chairman of the campaign

JAMES M. MILNE LIBRARY
SUC AT ONEONTA, N. Y.

committee was equal to the situation, however. He dictated the following telegram to the Chicago studio that had taken the pictures: "Planning to issue 3 million copies Roosevelt speech with pictures Roosevelt and Johnson on cover. Great publicity opportunity for photographers. What will you pay us to use your photographs?" An hour later the reply was back: "Appreciate opportunity, but can pay only $250."

Presses were rolling at once and the chairman sent another wire to the photo firm: "Ridiculous offer for such advertisement," it read, "but being pressed for time, we accept." —*Quote*

MADAME HERVÉ ALPHAND, wife of the new French ambassador, was asked what she thought of Dior's latest edict—the long hem line. She burst into several sentences of French and no one knew whether she approved or disapproved. A translation was sought from her husband, standing nearby.

Always the diplomat, he translated freely: "She said 'maybe.' " —*Quote*

AS THE DAUGHTER of a drama critic, my seven-year-old niece Susan was exposed at an early age to discussions and criticisms of the current plays. Still, it seemed a bit premature when her mother suggested bringing Susan along to a matinee of *Hamlet*.

Susan sat absorbed during the play and was unusually quiet afterward. Finally I asked her how she enjoyed Shakespeare. To my great amusement she answered seriously, "He shows promise." —LORRAINE EVANS

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL first met his wife at a party given on an army post. When it was over, he asked whether he could drive her home.

She lived only a short distance away, but her escort took an hour to bring her to the door.

"You haven't been on this post very long, have you?" the future Mrs. Marshall commented. "You don't seem to know your way about."

"I wouldn't say that," smiled the General. "If I didn't know this town so well, I could never have spent an hour driving around it without once passing your house." —E. E. EDGAR

A FIRST-GRADER instructed to draw a picture of a man went up to the teacher's desk and asked for a white crayon.

"Just leave the paper white," she advised.

"I can't," said the young realist. "I'm going to make his shirt blue, but first I've got to put his underwear on." —*Associated Press*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

237925

All over the world dramatic victories against disease are being won by the UN's . . .

Commandos of Medicine

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

GREAT DRUMS in the deep jungles of Africa beat out a strange new message that brings people straggling from dark forests many of them have never left before. Doctors are coming . . . doctors to fight the terrible sicknesses . . . doctors to save the dying. And in hundreds of other remote spots, too, word goes out that there is bright new hope for the sick. The commandos of medicine have landed.

The men in white who come with promises of health and healing are the doctors and technicians of WHO—the UN-sponsored World Health Organization—a remarkable medical service in which 88 nations, including the United States, have pooled resources to fight the dark forces of disease.

Under WHO's auspices, hundreds of medical workers have volunteered for service as international Good Samaritans. Their dramatic success in bringing 20th century medicine to parts of the world with the health standards of the Dark Ages is one of the great humanitarian accomplishments of our times.

The staggering scope of WHO's bold attempt to turn a sick world into a healthy one is seen on a map hanging in WHO headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland. On it the globe is marked out in six great regions, each with its own pressing health problems.

The great South East Asia region has a population of 500,000,000 people. More than half of them are reputed to be sick, with 100,000,000 in India alone afflicted with malaria. The dreadful scourge of "bilharziasis," a wasting parasitic disease carried by snails, affects more than half the people in Egypt.

Even in our own region of the Americas, with its 348,000,000 people, WHO's doctors find themselves fighting battles with malaria, yellow fever, typhus and a host of other diseases.

WHO disease fighters work in

small groups of one or more doctors, nurses, technicians and engineers, accompanied by an equal number of native physicians, nurses, technicians and engineers from the areas. Each team is assigned to attack a particular disease in a given area or to demonstrate methods of preventing and controlling disease. WHO also sends workers to consult with governments of various countries on preventive medicine.

In 1949, a team of four conducted its first survey in the wild hill country of Afghanistan, where authorities could only guess at how many were ravaged by malaria. The doctors reported a shocking estimate of 3,000,000 victims!

That year, the team conducted demonstrations in 13 villages, spraying wall surfaces with DDT and treating the seriously ill. The people protected against the mosquitoes that carry malaria then numbered 14,000.

In 1950, the team returned and the number protected was increased to 45,000. Grateful villages reported that for the first time in memory they were able to reap their harvest without illness.

The National Malaria Institute in Afghanistan was established in 1952 to protect the country against the disease; and in the year that followed, the number of people guarded against malaria had jumped to 1,000,000. By 1955, WHO experts had completed training a staff of 80 Afghan technicians to take over. Malaria is no longer a menace in Afghanistan.

In many places the WHO medical commandos must carry out pioneering research before they can succeed in healing the sick. A team tackling the problem of elephantiasis, in Thailand, had one of WHO's hardest assignments.

They had to make their way through a region where it rains almost continuously for nine months of the year. The team traveled by canoe and afoot, often traversing flooded areas filled with crocodiles and deadly snakes.

They literally worked day and night to take blood samples from thousands of people. The night work was necessary because only after dark do the tiny worm embryos that reveal the presence of the disease come to the blood just under the skin, where they can be extracted for testing.

When they emerged from the jungles, one doctor wrote "Mission accomplished" in a 50-page report, for they had tracked the spread of elephantiasis down to nine different species of mosquitoes and had conducted tests showing how the mosquitoes could be wiped out with DDT.

Their discoveries, now being applied, offer new hope, not only for 800,000 of Thailand's people exposed to elephantiasis, but for millions more in other areas.

Another WHO team made medical history in the Himalayan province of Simla, in northern India. To reach their destination, the Ghund district, the team members had to leave their jeeps in a high mountain pass and go by mule-back down the steep slopes.

They set up headquarters and began taking blood tests of the entire population. The tests revealed that nearly half of these mountain people were infected with syphilis!

In view of this shockingly high percentage, the doctors decided to treat everyone in the province with injections of penicillin with 2 per cent aluminium monostearate.

Four months later, the team again made its way back to the isolated spot to give further blood tests to determine the effectiveness of the one-shot treatment, and care for any further cases. The treatment had worked. Only one new case of syphilis had developed in the four months, and in only a few cases was re-treatment necessary.

When a partially blind camel driver turned up at a clinic in Morocco, the doctors learned that he had traveled 625 miles by camel, foot and truck to seek treatment. An examination of his eyes told the doctors his sight could be restored, and before long he was undergoing surgery.

Perhaps no patients are more grateful than those who have received the benefits of what many regard as WHO's greatest medical triumph. A frightful disease called "yaws" claims 50,000,000 victims in the tropics. Caused by a spirochete somewhat like that of syphilis, it results in hideous scars and untold pain.

Watch a WHO team at work in the wild mountains of Haiti. To the crude shack in which the doctors have set up headquarters, comes a steady stream of people.

Here is a boy, his face hardly distinguishable beneath a mass of sores. Can the doctors help him, his worried mother asks. The man in white nods, and gives the boy an injection.

A few weeks later, the boy's face is clear. Just 10-to-20¢ worth of penicillin has stopped the ravages of a disease that just a few years ago was treated with painful, dangerous drugs that took a long time to administer and required continuous observation.

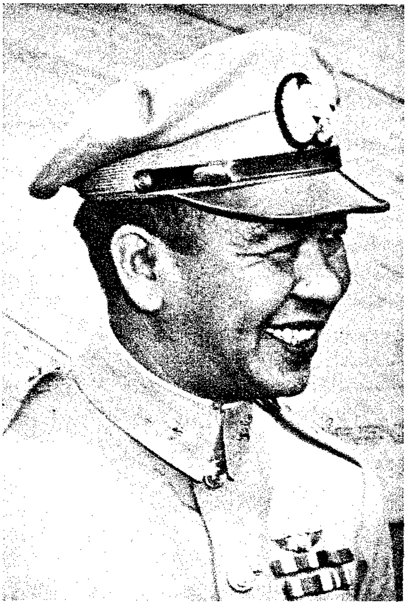
The boy's face is radiant as he says the words that WHO doctors find the most heartwarming expression of thanks.

"Someday," he vows, "I will be a doctor and help my people as you have helped me."

◆

AN AFTERNOON BASEBALL GAME surprises you with how many people industry can get along without, and listening to people trying to get out of jury duty amazes you with how many people it can't.

—BILL VAUGHAN



The Tarnished Treasure of General Mow

by Richard O'Connor

Bribery and intrigue have lined the path of the jaunty Chinese officer who marched off with a fortune—which he can't spend

RECENTLY an attempt was made in Los Angeles to cash a U.S. Treasury bill. There is nothing unusual about this in itself. But in this case the man receiving the bill took one look at it and dashed to the nearest phone to call the Treasury Department. Nothing was wrong with the bank note. It was the amount that startled the man—$1,000,000!

As one of the biggest, hottest bank notes in history, this $1,000,000 bill was part of the loot in a bold and gigantic scheme that set off a chain reaction of fantastic events.

It all began on the afternoon of December 28, 1951, when a jaunty little man in the uniform of a general in the Chinese Nationalist Air Force hurried down the corridor at 2110 Leroy Place in Washington, D. C., carrying a well-stuffed brief case. He was Lieutenant-General P. T. Mow and this was the headquarters of the Nationalist Air Force's procurement agency, urgently occupied with the problem of bolstering Chiang Kai-shek's defenses on Formosa. For the Korean War was raging and the Communists were threatening invasion across the straits. General Mow—or "Pete" as he preferred to be called—was in charge of this agency.

A few minutes later, the general slid under the wheel of a new Cadillac sedan and drove westward out of the District of Columbia at high speed, the brief case on the seat beside him bulging with part of the loot acquired in one of the most fascinating political intrigues in history. It included sheafs of U.S. currency, negotiable bonds and documents showing that he had deposited much greater sums elsewhere.

When he reached New York City, he went immediately to a bank where he had $2,000,000 deposited, and withdrew the money in U.S. Treasury bills—in denominations of $1,000,000, $500,000 and five of $100,000. The total of his amazing spoils was at least $6,368,503, and possibly more than $20,000,000. The general operated in a big way, and with fabulous good luck.

Indeed, Mow had been a child of fortune since the day in 1904 that he was born in Fenghwa, Chekiang Province. For Fenghwa was also the birthplace of Chiang Kai-shek. The two became good friends.

Mow attended a Soviet aviation military academy (those were the days when Nationalist China was friendly with the Soviet), became the generalissimo's personal pilot and subsequently the deputy commander of the Chinese Air Force. During the perils and hardships of World War II, Mow was sent to Washington to take charge of buying planes and other equipment for his government.

He moved into a fashionable home on 32nd Street, N.W., where his personal charm, lavish hospitality and the superb food provided by his Chinese chef attracted diplomats, Government officials and Washington society. He appeared at embassy parties, played cheerful host in Washington and New York night clubs.

His wife and six sons kept in the background during this brilliant social career; it was always a shapely blonde, not Mrs. Pauline Mow, with whom the general rumbaed in the night clubs.

As aviation procurement officer for Chiang Kai-shek, Mow had received $60,000,000 in eight years from the Nationalist Government, now on Formosa; indirectly, of course, it came from the pockets of American taxpayers. According to records, Mow had been stashing away mad money since as far back as 1944.

In the weeks before he vanished, Mow told everyone in official Washington who would listen that Chiang Kai-shek's government was hopelessly corrupt. Formosa responded by ordering him to render an accounting of the funds in his trust and return to Taipei. General Mow responded by taking to his heels without even bothering to close up his house on 32nd Street or pack his expensive wardrobe.

While Chinese Nationalist agents were searching the U.S. and Europe for Pete Mow, on January 23, 1952, a bland little man appeared before immigration officials in Mexico City.

"Your name?" he was asked.

"Gomez." Watching the official's eyebrows lift, he added, "Carlos Gomez Lee Wong. My father was a Mexican citizen. My mother was Chinese."

The applicant placed various documents on the desk, including a birth certificate and affidavits certifying that he was a worthy citizen of Cuernavaca.

"What can we do for you, Señor?"

"I should like a passport."

"No doubt it can be arranged, Señor, if these papers are found to be in order."

The amiable little man bowed politely, left the immigration bureau, and sped back to the resort city of Cuernavaca in a black Cadillac sedan. There, at No. 15 Catarina, a 250,000-peso villa surrounded by high white walls, he was known, not as Carlos Gomez Lee Wong, but as Pete Mow. He settled down beside his swimming pool, with five servants to wait on him, and whiled away the time until he should receive a Mexican passport for Spain, France and Switzerland. The money he had brought along was a pittance compared to the resources he had cached in Europe and the Treasury bills he had left in the U.S. In Credit Suisse alone, a Swiss bank, he had more than $1,000,000.

Still, Mow found it rather lonely at the villa, so he sent to New York for Agnes Kelly, a tall, blonde and shapely ex-showgirl whom, in his Washington days, he had introduced as "my personal secretary."

His wife, meanwhile, had purchased a $40,000 house in Kensington, Long Island, and moved in with their six sons.

Annoying delays kept cropping up in regard to the passport, but Mow was sitting on top of the world. All he had to do was stay out of reach of the Chinese Nationalist Government on Formosa. To charges that he was a thief and a traitor, he coolly replied that actually he was a superpatriot preserving all those millions for "the people," when they should cast off their present government. Meanwhile, he spread plenty of their money around as a highly unofficial ambassador of good will.

One day in August, 1952, as he and Miss Kelly strolled among the flower vendors in the Cuernavaca market, plainclothesmen took them into custody. Hustled to the headquarters of the Mexican Secret Police in the capital, they spent five days under questioning while the government considered a request from Formosa for Mow's extradition.

"I'll pay $500,000 for my release," he told one of his interrogators.

The reply: "No, Señor, it won't work."

The police finally released Miss Kelly and transferred Mow to Lecumberri Penitentiary, often called the "Black Palace." Few men live as well outside of prison as Mow did in Cell 2G, Roundhouse 1. The cell, actually a suite complete with television and a Russian bath, was next to the equally luxurious quarters of Jacques Mornard, the assassin of Leon Trotsky.

Mow had a valet and cook. He sunned himself in the prison gardens, having been given the title of head gardener. He enjoyed frequent visits from Miss Kelly. His battery of expensive lawyers worked on his behalf in the Mexican courts.

"I have been patient this long," he told a correspondent. "Why shouldn't I be patient a little longer? It's like climbing Mount Everest. I

Traced to Mexico, the unrepentant Mow reads denial that he stole $6,000,000.

am nearing the top and I don't want to take a chance of rolling down again." He denied that he had run away from the Chinese Government's charges, explaining, "If I had stayed in Washington, I could never have fought back. I am fighting for my honor as well as my life."

BACK IN THE STATES, Mrs. Pauline Mow defended her husband as a man of the highest ideals, even though she and her sons were awaiting action on a suit to evict them from the mansion on Long Island.

She went to work in a restaurant established in New Hyde Park by the Mow family's former chef—the same whose superb cuisine drew such high praise in Washington. Her two youngest sons wait on tables there and attend a nearby high school. Three other sons work; and the eldest, David, 31, is serving with the Nationalist Air Force on Formosa—an act of great moral courage, considering his father's betrayal and the importance of "face" among the Chinese.

The youngest son, Maurice, 16, acts as spokesman for his mother, explaining that she "starts weeping and becomes emotional" whenever her husband's actions are discussed. He insists that his father acted in good faith. "If he wasn't innocent," he says, "why should we be doing all these things? Why should my mother be breaking her back in the kitchen all day? The family never got a penny of the money my father is holding in trust."

Eventually, the Mexican Government decided that Mow should be given the status of a political refugee, which meant he couldn't be extradited to Formosa. The gates of the "Black Palace" swung open for him.

Pete Mow had reached that "Mount Everest" he spoke of in prison. Or had he? His sanctuary proved a costly affair and his ready cash evaporated rapidly. That left within reach only $2,000,000 in Treasury bills—and it began a strange cat and mouse game: Mow against the U.S. Treasury, the Republic of China, and the underworld.

The Republic of China engaged lawyers in New York City, Chicago, Las Vegas and elsewhere to recover the general's loot. They also set John G. Broady, a private detective who recently served a prison term for illegal wiretapping, on Mow's trail. Broady and the lawyers were particularly interested in learning how large Treasury bills had gotten to Las Vegas where they were mysteriously turning up.

According to Broady, he sent one of his operatives, Clarence Sopman, an adventurous young geologist, out to Las Vegas on this mission. There Sopman let it be known that he was interested in buying Treasury bills at a 50 per cent discount. Contacts advised him to go to Mexico City.

Three months later, on September 7, 1955, he wrote Broady that "the goods will be produced in New York in 30 days" and suggested his employer "prepare a reception." On the 11th, confident that his mission had been successful, Sopman sped northward from Mexico City in his convertible.

The Mexican twilight was falling fast as he passed the kilometer stone just outside a small town, indicating he had come 190 miles. Suddenly a carbine blazed away from a roadside ambush.

Sopman's car careened to a stop. The operative managed to open the door and stumble a few steps, where he fell dead.

They found him later that evening, sprawled there with several carbine slugs in his chest. (Broady testified at his wiretapping trial that Sopman died as a direct result of the Mow investigation.)

Harold Danforth, another crack private investigator, took over the job of tracing Mow's loot. He learned that the bills had been delivered to underworld sources in an attempt to liquidate them. About that time the Treasury placed a "hold order" on them so they could not be cashed.

Two of the $100,000 bills turned up in Chicago in the possession of William Decker, an accountant. Decker managed to cash one of the bills, but the Government stepped in when he tried to convert the second into currency. He is now being sued by the Republic of China for recovery of the $100,000; the other bill is being held by the Treasury.

As for that fabulous $1,000,000 note, a California resident tried to cash it, only to have it promptly confiscated by the Treasury.

That leaves $700,000 in Treasury bills outstanding. Of the rest of the loot, probably about half has been accounted for, including that in Credit Suisse and $675,000 in a Montclair, New Jersey, bank, which the Republic of China now has.

"I don't envy Mow," Danforth

The woman in the case: tall, attractive Agnes Kelly, who was Mow's secretary.

says. "The underworld is after his loot like a skyful of vultures. His political asylum in Mexico won't last long after his cash runs out."

Agnes Kelly no longer comforts the general in his exile, having returned to New York in July, 1955, shortly after his release from prison. "I now feel this man is guilty," she said recently in the Manhattan apartment she shares with a sister, "although for years I believed he wasn't. I stayed in Mexico while he was in prison because he begged me to. But when he got out, his attitude changed. He became very arrogant. A lot of other people have learned that he has no appreciation of friendship."

At Cuernavaca, Pete Mow has sold his villa and now moves from place to place, living practically as a recluse. He is probably beginning to wonder whether the spectacular luck—which carried him from a Chinese village to general's rank to main actor in one of the world's most notorious political-financial cabals—hasn't finally run out on him. He can't stay in Mexico without a fresh supply of money. He can't leave Mexico to tap the still-missing money cached in Europe. In fact, it is beginning to appear that at last time is running out on dandy little Pete Mow as the clouds of retribution close in on his own personal "Mount Everest."

How Much?

(Answers below)

1. A MAN entered a store and told the owner: "Give me as much money as I have in my hand and I'll spend $10 with you." The proprietor did so and the man spent the promised amount. He then proceeded to a second store where he told the owner the same thing and spent another $10. At a third store he made the same offer and upon spending $10 again, he was flat broke.

How much money did he have in his hand originally?

2. A LITTLE GIRL had been saving her pennies for years and one evening, as she was counting them, her grandfather asked her how many she had. She said she was not sure but that if she counted them off by twos, by threes, by fours, by fives or by sixes she always had one left over. If she counted them out by sevens, however, they came out exactly even.

How many pennies did she have?

—L. A. BARRETT

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1. $8.75; 2. 721.

by Ruth West
Author of the best seller
"Stop Dieting! Start Losing!"

The Dramatic POUND-A-DAY Diet

LIKE TO April Fool about a pound a day off your framework in the next few days? If you are in good health, here's a simple little combination that works like wildfire, due largely to the magic of one of nature's greatest pre-packaging jobs—the egg.

An egg is "loaded" like nothing else on earth. Not only does it contain all of the amino acids (there are over 20) essential for building and repairing your body tissue, but egg protein is of so lofty a quality that science uses it as a yardstick in measuring the protein of other foods.

Did you know that an egg also contains about the same amount of fat as a pat of butter? But don't worry. This is no ordinary fat. Among other virtues, it's packed with lecithin and linoleic acid—two rare fatty acids that have a great deal to do with your living longer and feeling younger. The seemingly uncanny way the pounds roll off, when you invest most of your day's calories in eggs, is believed to relate to the precise *balance* of fat and protein inside that pearly shell. And helping to keep you satisfied are 22 minerals, including aluminum, zinc, copper, lead, chromium, titanium, vanadium. Oh, yes, and arsenic. Sorry, no uranium. But lots of iron.

Authorities say it's almost as if the iron in eggs is of a *special kind* for the formation of hemoglobin, the iron-containing constituent of blood, which keeps both your energy and complexion-color high.

And that isn't all. When it comes to vitamins, you can read right through the alphabet with an egg—vitamins A to H inclusive, plus K. Except for vitamin C, that little hen-fruit has them all cornered. "It is also highly probable," concludes the U.S. Department of Agriculture, "that eggs contain vitamins and vitamin-like compounds that are as yet unknown."

Intriguing also is the fact that there's probably no other one solid food that is prescribed so often as a special diet item in the treatment of diseases which are frequently accompanied by secondary anemia. Among these diseases are diabetes, gout, peptic ulcer and colitis.

As you probably suspected, the satiety value of an egg is considerably higher when it has been hard-cooked. That's one reason why it's prescribed that way in this simple, but dramatic, diet. Other practical reasons:

You won't add any butter calories when you prepare the eggs this way.

Hard-boiled eggs are the simplest to cook; no sticky pans, dishes and cutlery.

You can eat this concentrated chicken dinner with your fingers when you feel like it.

And you can prepare a bowlful in advance—so they're on hand for a snack or a "nightcap" when you haven't eaten your whole quota for the day (protection against the yen to stray off your diet).

How long should you stay on this egg feast? In most cases, not more than five days; long enough to give you a psychological lift. At the clinic of a famous hospital, a group of patients ate nine eggs a day for three weeks without losing anything except poundage. So here it is, the simple, sure-fire, painless diet:

POUND-A-DAY DIET

Tomato juice (a cupful—8 ounces) . . . .50 calories
3 medium-sized eggs, hard-boiled . . . . .225 calories
2 double-square rye wafers or crackers . . .40 calories
Coffee or tea . . .no calories

Breakfast, lunch and dinner are substantially the same—315 calories per meal, 945 calories per day. (If you're under 5 feet, 5 inches tall, cut all quantities by a third.)

Salt and pepper your eggs to taste. A normal amount of salt won't slow your weight loss.

This launches you with a pretty normal breakfast. For lunch and/or dinner you can have a serving of spinach, asparagus or green beans (20 calories). For a sauce, instead of butter, you may melt a tablespoon of cottage cheese (25 calories) in the drained, cooked vegetables . . . a deliciously creamy, stringy, cheesy sauce. Or spread your rye wafers or toast with this snowy, fresh-tasting, almost fatless "solid milk." (When you have a vegetable, omit about half a rye wafer. When you have both vegetable *and* the cottage cheese, omit a whole wafer.)

Why the tomato juice? (Substitute canned vegetable juice if you prefer.) Because it tastes so sweetly *just*-right with the eggs and rye wafers. And it is also loaded with the one vitamin that's left out of an egg—vitamin C; along with as much vitamin A as in a whole head of lettuce or five cups of cooked summer squash.

Orange and grapefruit juice contain only one-tenth as much vitamin A, but more vitamin C per ounce. The calorie count, however, is double that of tomato juice. This still needn't bother you. Just give yourself half as much orange juice as tomato juice. For breakfast, especially, you can consider this a good trade. At lunch and dinner, I find that I want the whole eight ounces of tomato juice. It takes that much "wetting" to last me through my bowlful of eggs.

EASTER SEALS
1957 1957
HELP CRIPPLED CHILDREN

There are good nutritional reasons for the rye wafers or rye crackers, too, aside from their agreeable hardness to the teeth, and good brown earthy taste. Being made of whole grain flour, including the rye germ, they're a many-sided source of actively vital substances, including practically all the B vitamins, vitamins E and F, iron, fluorine, and those hard-to-come-by fatty acids I mentioned earlier.

You can get all these nutrients in a dozen different whole-flour crackers and crisp wafers under various trade names almost anywhere in America.

If you take lunch with you from home, nothing could be easier or more transportable than the ingredients of this diet. And if you must lunch or dine in a restaurant, ordering them won't make you self-conscious. Specify that you want *"three* hard-boiled eggs, sliced, on some lettuce, please, with dressing on the side" (which you *don't* eat!). Eat the undressed lettuce if you like. It will be virtually no calories.

In fact, for chronic eater-outers, this is a dream diet. Whether you're on a ship or a train, in a club or restaurant, you can always get eggs, tomato juice and rye wafers.

All this can make the difference between success and failure in taking off weight. It's important that your normal life shouldn't be dislocated by your diet. You'll be able to stay with it longer than when you must go in for solitary confinement—and bizarre rituals of preparation—to lose weight.

It's also important that you should feel satisfied at the end of each meal. If the lack of something sweet disturbs you, have a vanilla wafer with your coffee (21 calories). Or four of those half-cube cream mints (5 calories each). Or a couple of little peppermints (6 to 10 calories each). Or a small ginger snap (16 calories). But don't overdo it, and compensate for this indulgence by cutting out a bit of the rye wafer.

Warning: don't let yourself get hungry or thirsty between meals. If you're at home, you can crunch on celery, kept crisp in the refrigerator. Drink de-calorized soft drinks. Keep some in your desk if you go out to business. And don't neglect your coffee breaks at the office.

But surely you've learned from experience by now that no brief reducing diet is a *permanent* solution to the problem of overweight. And if you have more than 10 pounds to lose, you could probably use the professional advice of a doctor, a psychiatrist, or both.

However, a diet has its place: as a pump-primer, getting you started at changing your habits of overeating; as an emergency measure. Because the fight against fat promises to be a long war for over half the grown-ups in America. And the main thing is to *keep on fighting!*

For that, we constantly need new stimuli. And a congenial little diet that helps you drop an average of a pound a day for a few days does wonders for your morale. Nothing encourages one to work at losing weight like *losing* a little weight—don't you agree?

Money-Wise

ONE WAY of making your money go farther is to have a child away at college.
—CHARLES RUFFING

IF YOU'VE MONEY to burn, someone is always willing to lend you a match.
—ELMER LETERMAN

THE RICH miss one of life's big thrills—paying the final installment.
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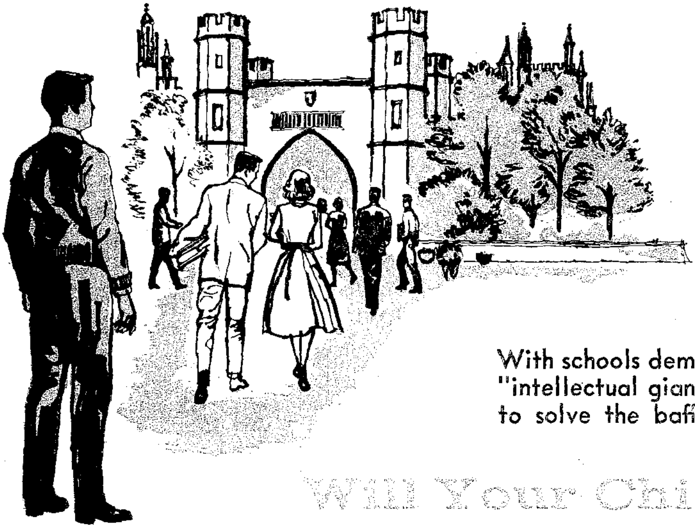

With schools demanding mainly "intellectual giants" here's how to solve the baffling question:

Will Your Child Get Into College?

by HAROLD MEHLING

NEVER BEFORE in our history has a college education been so critically necessary for a good job or career. And yet thousands of our children who want the opportunity may be deprived of it by the colleges themselves. That is not alarmist talk. It is a confirmed fact.

A father, who graduated from a cozy crawling-vine college back in 1937, was boasting not long ago that his son would soon be following him into Old Blue. A few days later, a dazed father was admitting resentfully that his son wouldn't be going to Old Blue after all.

"They wouldn't have him," he said. "They claim he's not good enough. I still don't understand it. His grades are as good as mine were 20 years ago. They were glad to have me then."

The trouble was that while Dad's grades were good enough in the 1930s—he was a middling C—they weren't nearly good enough in 1957. Old Blue had found too many Bs and B+s with just as good references, just as good personality, and just as good an extracurricular-activity record.

College and high school officials agree that many parents will face the same disappointment—unless they do something about it right in their own homes. And there *is* something they can do.

Few parents are aware that we no longer have enough colleges or teachers to accommodate the tremendous number of young people who will be trying to get in. The fact is that college entrance has stopped being automatically available to anyone who slides through high school in haphazardly acceptable fashion. Educators agree that we no longer can consider higher education a rock-ribbed American birthright. Now it is something that has to be fought for.

Last year investors lost over $100,000,000 in stock frauds. A shocking exposé of one of the most vicious and widespread rackets in America today appears

IN MAY CORONET

Some high-ranking professors even consider this squeeze a progressive trend, and are cheering it on. They want college classrooms reserved for "intellectual bluebloods" and barred to the average-ability student, whom they call "mediocre."

Fifty years ago, two students in every high school graduating class of 50 went on to college. Many schools operated at half capacity and actively sought students. Then a high school diploma or some loose equivalent would get you into almost any state university and most private schools.

Today, however, between 15 and 20 of every 50 students want higher education; and within ten years, it is estimated, the ratio will be up to one of every two.

To make matters worse, our population has grown in 50 years until the number of college-age children has increased by 50 per cent. Yet, aside from a tiny handful of junior and community colleges that have achieved four-year status, only a comparatively small number of schools—such as Brandeis and the Air Force University—have been founded in the past generation.

Since more students are trying to get in, there are more with a high scholastic standing. The others are losing out. In short, when more people shoot for the same number of prizes, competition is going to be that much tougher.

So where a high school average of only passing grades used to be good enough, today unless a student has some other strongly desired qualification, he needs a 90 to get near most top-flight schools. Ten years ago, a high school counselor reports, 77 would get his youngsters into Gettysburg, a fine, small school; now it takes an 83 or 85. A 75 average is virtually out of the question.

"It is not a kindness to admit a student who is almost certain to fail," is the way one dean sums it up.

And that is not the entire story for parents. Results of College Entrance Examination Board tests have become increasingly important. Not only are more schools using the "Boards" (almost 200 against 124 five years ago), but the weight they are given in the over-all evaluation of candidates is gaining. This is because colleges have come to realize that high school standards vary greatly. One's A may be another's B.

Boards consist of an achievement test, which probes for specific knowledge, and a scholastic aptitude test, which tries to separate the memorizers from the true inquiring minds. There is no such thing as a "passing" score for Boards, but 800 is the highest mark possible, 500 is "average" and 200 is at the dismal bottom.

The difficulty again, though, is that scores that were once considered good no longer carry as much weight. This is another direct outgrowth of increased competition.

"An engineering candidate who scored 580 five years ago would have to score nearly 680 today to be regarded as highly," says Walter S. Watson, Dean of Admissions of Cooper Union, whose engineering school is top-ranking. "You can understand why when you know that back in 1940 only two of our candidates scored over 700. Last year 30 did it."

Even more serious is the hypersensitive reaction to Boards' scores down on the high school level. Henry S. Dyer, vice president of Educational Testing Service, which administers the tests, holds that if a student has done good high school work but doesn't show up as well on his Boards, "he is still a good bet." But because of a low score, Dyer reports, students are often urged by their high school counselors to apply only to second- or third-rate institutions.

However, all isn't gloom in the picture. There is one bright spot, if a small one. Some universities, fearful of stocking their campuses with beetle-browed bookworms who will cast a pall on all social life, widen their student communities a bit to take in some "live-wire" youngsters.

"If we find a boy who has a score of 650 but is a mouse, and another with a score of 550 who has color, drive, character and personality, the 550 will win," says Dr. David D. Henry, Harvard College's Director of Admissions.

Sharing that philosophy, schools such as Yale, Dartmouth and Princeton, and big state colleges—California, Illinois, Ohio and Wisconsin—will be found to take only a certain portion of their student bodies from among those who score 650 and 700 on their college board tests. They then grope around among the 550s to 650s, seeking students with good social traits, a leadership or athletic achievement, or perhaps an interesting origin.

Counselor Clarence Lovejoy, director of the College Admissions Counselling Service, explains: "If your child hasn't engaged in any extracurricular activities in high school, he's a loner. He's considered selfish. He isn't willing to share his talents or energies with others. If he plays the cornet, he ought to play it in the band; if he sings, he ought to sing in the glee club, be a part of things."

Which doesn't mean that joining every club will get anyone into college. Scholastic achievement is primary, but demonstration of a spark of leadership will help if achievement is a bit wanting. Concentrating on the school paper and becoming editor, or being active and constructive in the French club is more the point.

This ray of hope, as you might suspect, is more than offset by other gloomy trends. A major one is the desire of some educators to get rid of the "cult of mediocrity," by which they mean we should make college a private club for mental giants only. One prominent teacher, Professor Douglas Bush of Harvard, has declared that higher education is, for American youngsters, neither a basic right nor a necessity.

"I see no reason," Bush says, "why the flood of students should be allowed to pour into college, why automatic graduation from high school should qualify anyone for admission."

Some educators see in this philosophy the danger of an "elite" concept of education. Most seem still to agree with Bernard P. Ireland, Columbia College's Associate Director of Admissions, who states: "Rather than seek all straight-A students, I hope we will always try to include a small contingent with very average academic records. Capable, of course, but average. They make good citizens, too, and representative student communities."

If this position wins out, some means will have to be found to increase our colleges' capacities. But for parents whose children are now only five or ten years away from college age, counting on such developments would seem to be a risk that is unwarranted by the grim outlook.

The fact is that current expansion is not only slight, but is meeting strong resistance. The president of Trinity College, Dr. Albert C. Jacobs, says his school will remain small and do its part "in seeing that our country does not fall into the tragic error of providing one pattern of education, an assembly-line process, for the average, the mediocre student."

IN VIEW of these realities then, what must parents do to make sure their children get the college education they will need? The answer, according to deans, counselors and other authorities, varies. It depends on whether it is too late to repair the damage, or whether there is still time.

If your child is already in the 11th or 12th grade and has been wisping along with little effort and less distinction, not enough time may be left. In that event, advises Jean T. Palmer, general secretary of Barnard College, "Face up to it when the high school counselor says your child hasn't shown the mental capacity that will make him comfortable in a top-flight school. He doesn't have to go to Princeton just because Dad did. There are other schools that are good but more obscure, and I'm afraid we'll have to get over the feeling that going to one of those means losing face."

Among these less well-known schools are the municipal and community colleges. Professor Paul Woodring of The Fund for the Advancement of Education describes the municipal "commuter" colleges as "by far the fastest growing." He points, for example, to Detroit's Wayne University, which has grown 20 times over the past generation. The community colleges are growing rapidly, too, and most are doing a good job. Some students do two years of work at one of these junior schools, then transfer to a four-year university.

Sometimes it is advantageous for a youngster to apply to a college in another part of the country. Colleges like to keep their student bodies geographically varied and will often give students from distant states the benefit of the doubt when it comes to some entrance requirements.

For those who are more interested in a specific vocation than in a general academic education, advises one counselor, trade schools should be looked into. "A student won't get much background in English literature there," he says, "but if he wants to become a television engineer and not an academician, a trade school may be exactly right for him."

For the millions of parents who still have time, there is more hope, and hard work ahead. Obviously, the incentive to work for college entrance must be sparked in the home, with careful—not bullying or nagging—explanation of why it's important to worry about this as early as the 7th or 8th grades.

Sitting down with the counselor when your child enters high school is another good idea. He'll appreciate your interest and you'll come away understanding what caliber of work the various colleges are requiring and what courses should be taken. Usually they'll include a good run of mathematics and the major sciences, and an adequate workout in a foreign language. Even if your child has already entered high school, your visit may be the stitch in time.

Something, too, can be done on a community level to give local youngsters a hand in gaining admission to college. A group of business and professional men in Roslyn, New York, for example, sends colleges material describing how the cultural advantages of Roslyn help give its children better preparation for college. Among other things the committee points out that Roslyn High School graduates, who have completed their freshman year in college, have proved to be well above average in their studies and in their ability to adjust to college life.

It is conceivable, of course, that events may yet alleviate some of the shortage. Public opinion may force expansion on reluctant schools, and other bold ideas may be adopted. A notable suggestion is that we should abandon the traditional campus philosophy and build "skyscraper" universities that can accommodate many more students even if the buildings they study in are not sprawling and ivy-smothered.

Meanwhile, however, the job of getting into college will be primarily up to your child and you. He will have to want fervently to get into a good school, and you will have to keep constant watch to make sure he's going about it properly. If you both work hard, he'll have as good a chance as anyone else. ♛ ♛ ♛

Personal Traits That Undermine Married Love

Latest study finds that simple faults we tend to isolate—hostility, suspicion, stinginess, selfishness—can cause sexual unhappiness

by ROBERT MINES

IN THE PAST, probably nine out of ten married couples seeking help with sex problems anticipated only advice on "physical" matters. And from most physicians this was about all they could expect.

But today, thanks to a revolutionary new approach to the problem of persistent sex difficulties, doctors have been able to overcome some hitherto baffling types of marital incompatibility.

The basic idea behind this novel new concept is that the root of much sex trouble exists in personality traits of either the husband or wife —perhaps both.

It has long been realized, of course, that gross personality disturbances can cause serious sexual upsets. But what was never fully appreciated is the extent to which even apparently minor personality troubles—ones the average person might never think to connect with sex matters—can affect marital relations.

Scientific investigation has demonstrated that there are six basic personality traits most likely to be involved in such difficulties. And to medical experts, some of them have proved first-class surprises.

Repressed hostility. Couples who quarrel fairly regularly are often far more sexually compatible than those who seldom even allow themselves to argue—and who are likely to be considered "ideally mated." This is true because one of the likeliest candidates for marital incompatibility, investigation shows, is the person who cannot express hostility.

Take for instance the case of a young Chicago couple whom we'll call Jim and Alice Brown. Both came from homes where quarrels were almost daily, and extremely painful, occurrences. Both grew up willing to do almost anything to avoid such experiences, which was probably one of the reasons they decided they were meant for each other.

But, despite how continuously "sweet" they were to each other, their most intimate moments never seemed to bring them the joy they had expected. Finally they consulted a clinic using the new approach.

"Even a husband and wife who love each other very deeply," the doctor there told them, "must occasionally experience negative emotions toward each other—emotions like envy, annoyance, anger."

When such feelings are continuously repressed, he went on, they build up until they simply *have* to be released. Then even the mildest person will be bound to engage in some covert negativism—the kind of "indirect blocking" that can completely frustrate another person. This is a technique that can be very effectively exercised in matters of sex.

"The more I talked with this couple," the doctor explained later, "the more convinced I became that, as a means of 'punishing' or getting even with each other, each was attempting to prevent the other from achieving the maximum in sexual happiness. They were perhaps doing it so subtly that it was almost on a subconscious basis; but its results were very real."

Ultimately, both husband and wife came to recognize the necessity for handling their differences more realistically. "Give them a thorough airing," the doctor advised them, "almost as soon as they arise, even if occasionally your voices do get a little sharp." (Nine times out of ten, with well-balanced people, such actions won't lead to quarrels.)

Jim and Alice Brown conscientiously did as he suggested and within a few months their sexual difficulties were over.

In this connection, incidentally, studies have shown that a husband is more likely to engage in too much repression of hostility than is his wife. Or as Dr. Ira M. Altshuler, prominent Detroit psychiatrist, puts it, "The American male goes soon and silent to his grave because he keeps his big mouth shut when he ought to be letting off steam."

The reason for this is that a husband is likely to have to cope with so much potential explosiveness during the day that he may well be willing to "swallow" almost anything for the sake of peacefulness at home. But in so doing, he runs the risk of, at the very least, turning into a relatively hostile sex partner.

For both husbands and wives, the healthy expression of negative emotions is one of the strongest safeguards of a happy sex life.

Suspicion. Do you find yourself

frequently asking, "What's back of all this?" Or, "What's he *really* up to?" If you do, you are a strong candidate for sexual maladjustment in marriage. For investigation has shown that this is often the fate of people who are more-than-usually inclined to question the motives of others.

This may surprise you, because most people regard suspicion as something that we adopt or discard as the circumstances warrant. But studies show that when people are unusually suspicious, it will pervade their attiude toward *all* occurrences —even influencing them when they themselves are not aware of it. It can keep them on guard, subconsciously at least, with the people they love most; and this certainly affects their sex relations.

The reason, according to Dr. Abraham Stone, co-author of the highly authoritative "The Marriage Manual," and internationally known counselor in this field, lies in the fact that such relations can only be genuinely successful when they involve the "oneness" of two people being expressed in mind and body. For if either partner is "holding back," even subconsciously, the relationship must always fall short of the beauty it should attain.

"If either partner has even the shadow of a doubt about the desirability of the union being completely achieved," says Dr. Louis E. Bisch, the noted psychiatrist and neurologist, "the other partner will know. And no amount of *verbal* assurance can alter the fact."

A world-famous movie couple, for example, visited a New York physician last year, because their sexual incompatibility seemed to have their marriage headed for the rocks. In their struggles to fight their way to the top, each had acquired the conviction that if you ever let your guard down for an instant, you were a fool. This was now so deeply ingrained in their personalities that they could no more have completely released themselves to each other than they could have read Chinese.

The doctor suggested that they take advantage of every opportunity to trust people (particularly each other), even if it might be only in connection with trivial occurrences.

Their suspicion of others was so deeply ingrained that the doctor feared it would require treatment by a psychiatrist to overcome. Nevertheless, they responded admirably and eventually achieved an almost ideally happy marriage.

Stinginess. Amazingly, few of us are likely to have even considered a possible connection between marital incompatibility and a little too much thrift. However, as a result of studies first initiated by the founder of psychoanalysis, Dr. Sigmund Freud, it has now been discovered that the person who is "close" won't be that way just with money. He will hoard everything else that is his, too—including his love, his warmth, his sympathy.

"Subconsciously, at least," says Dr. Smiley Blanton, noted psychiatrist and author, "such a person will tend to give the minimum of himself in every situation he encounters, including those that are sexual."

To such people, doctors invariably give this advice: don't attempt to do too much with your sexual difficulty as such. Instead, make yourself develop new habits of generosity—of giving more freely than you have up to this point. After awhile, these habits may well become almost automatic; and when this happens, your sex problems will pretty much take care of themselves.

Selfishness. Ironically, the person who approaches sex with too much of a "What's in it for me?" attitude must ultimately cause the complete disintegration of the sexual relationship. "There is no question," says Dr. David R. Mace, professor of human relations at Drew University, "that the area of sex is one in which a person simply *has* to 'give' in order to 'receive' to any really satisfactory degree."

And of all the people most likely to err in this way the worst offender, strangely enough, is the man or woman heavily loaded with sex appeal. This not only goes against traditional ideas on the subject (such people are popularly considered the most outstanding sex partners of all), but may seem to have little to do with the matter of personality.

In point of fact, however, this is the situation: for the person seeking only a brief sexual alliance, the physically overpowering individual may be a fairly stimulating sex partner. But in marriage, the reverse is too frequently the case. And the reason, doctors have found, lies in the fact that such people tend to be so much in love with themselves that they have little real love left for others.

Psychiatrists call them narcissists, after the Greek god Narcissus, who fell in love with his own image. Dr. Havelock Ellis, the great pioneer in the field of sex psychology, cited one instance of a girl whose only sexual ecstasy was achieved by staring at herself naked in a mirror.

Such extreme cases, of course, are rare. But the world is actually full of little narcissists—men whose muscles have gone to their heads, women who are inordinately proud of their beautiful hair or eyes.

"Such a woman's idea of the most satisfactory sexual set-up," says Albert Edward Wiggam, the noted psychologist, "is the one in which every word and action serves as a tribute to her."

What can this woman do about her problem? One doctor advises, "She can aim to become the kind of person of whom people say, 'Considering how beautiful she is, she's remarkably considerate of others!' " Such a goal, experts agree, is always first rate insurance for a happy sex life.

Infallibility. The unattractive person, too, can sometimes represent an equal threat to marital compatibility. This often occurs when a person so keenly feels that he lacks physical appeal that, to make up for it, he pretends "infallibility" about literally everything else. Ultimately, this reaches the point where, whenever there is any difficulty, the fault is never his.

An example of this is the "family runt" who grows up burningly sensitive over the fact that girls always liked his big, handsome brothers better than they did him. To make up for it, he may pose as the kind of mental wizard who has an answer for *everything*, and ultimately reach the point where he literally cannot admit that he is ever in error.

For him, the normal problems of sexual adjustment are intensified by the fact that he insists, characteristically, on all the fault being his wife's.

The reverse of this type is the person who has an almost unholy fear of ever being held responsible for anything, and has developed an almost automatic habit of attempting to shift *any* blame to someone else. These people's intense need to project all the responsibility for sex troubles upon their mates may even lead to delusions about their spouses being unfaithful.

The important thing here is for both husband and wife to continually check frequent usage of "It *couldn't* be me." This can be excellent insurance against sex conflicts.

Impetuousness. Surprisingly, it has been found that the "impetuous lover," whom novels suggest to be the romantic equivalent of the Hope Diamond, is rather often a marital dud.

The reason, doctors say, is that his impetuousness will not be restricted to romance; rather, as Dr. Hervey Cleckley of the Medical College of Georgia points out, it is almost certain to be a reflection of his over-all impatience to do *everything* right now. He is the type who has relatively little control over his impulses. And sexual harmony is especially dependent upon each partner being capable of delaying personal satisfaction for the comfort or pleasure of the other.

Doctors tell this type: "Don't attempt greater patience in sexual matters alone. It will make the result seem far too mechanical. In the long run, it is your whole attitude toward life's pleasures that will prove of greatest importance in your sexual adjustment. Try to develop patience in every aspect of life that you can."

These, then, are some of the outstanding new discoveries about the influence of personality upon sexual happiness. Naturally, this is an area in which scientists will continue diligent exploration—and in the future they may come up with even more startling discoveries. In the meantime, they have succeeded handsomely in taking much of the traditional "sex mystery" out of marriage.

Sermons on Stone

On a scolding wife:
Here lies my wife—poor Molly! let her lie—
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

On Thomas Kemp, who was hanged for stealing sheep:
Here lies the body of Thomas Kemp
Who lived by wool, but died by hemp.

—MILTON WAYNE

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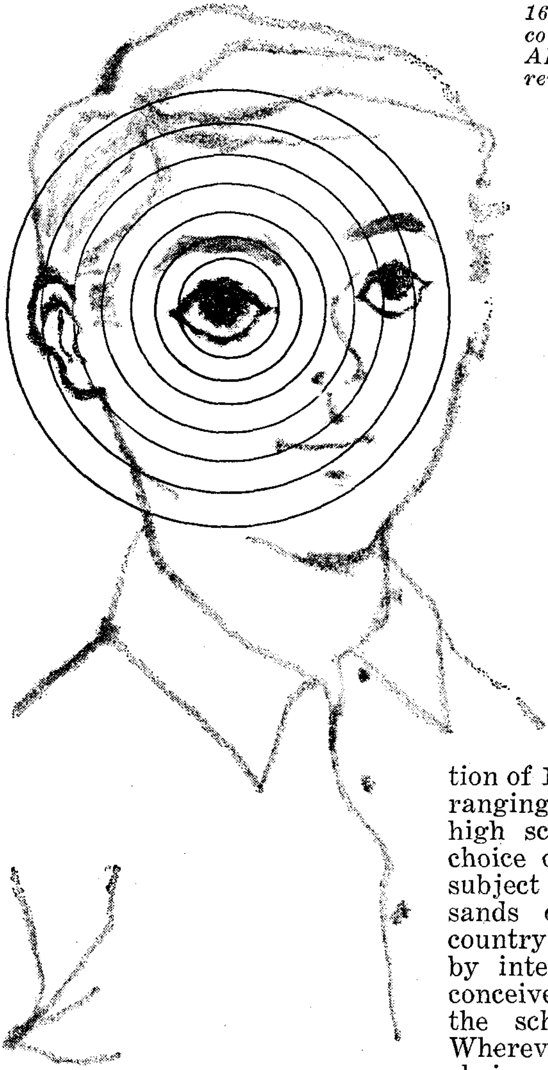

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Ideal Pictures, 1331 N. Miami, Miami 32
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The Lady in Red

by MARK NICHOLS

BECAUSE a blue-eyed, vivacious, Rye, New York, housewife decided to serve fresh clams to her dinner guests one evening in 1931, a multi-million-dollar business sprouted—mainly from a paint can.

The determined hostess, Mrs. Helen Neushaefer, had triumphantly dug up a paint can full of the mollusks on the beach of her sprawling estate. But, as she trudged home, her feminine vanity suffered a sudden painful pang when she glanced at her fingernails. They were jagged and scratched from sand abrasion.

Mrs. Neushaefer tried brushing on nail polish—the completely transparent veneer in vogue at the time—but the blemishes remained. Something was needed to camouflage the ugly scrapings. Being the wife of a paint manufacturer, she sought the solution among the factory samples her husband kept in the house. Ultimately, she found it—a can of red lacquer. With a small brush she applied a few drops to her battered nails. The effect was startling, but strangely pleasant. And the fingernails looked perfect.

At dinner that evening, Helen Neushaefer's colorful hands were the center of attention. "How did you ever think of it?" her enthusiastic guests demanded.

"Necessity," answered the hostess, matter-of-factly. But the flattering reception had incubated an idea.

The following morning Mrs. Neushaefer went directly to her husband's lacquer plant and began experimenting with test tubes and paint. Several months later she achieved her purpose—an opaque, quick-drying nail polish.

Women had been painting their nails since the days of ancient Egypt, but none of the materials had the durable finish of Mrs. Neushaefer's scarlet shades. Her product, when put on the market in dime stores at ten cents a bottle, won instant popularity with American women. And soon thereafter other manufacturers began making opaque nail lacquer. Last year the industry's sales totaled approximately $27,000,000.

Named three times as one of America's best dressed women, Helen Neushaefer—whose husband died in 1942—now heads a large concern that produces a full line of cosmetics. She is also part owner of an electronics company that manufactures parts for guided missiles. And here, too, she displays that same ingenuity that blended an idea with a can of paint to build a business empire.

THE BOY WHO NEVER LAUGHS

Little Philippe never laughs. His dark eyes tell of sorrow, misery and hopelessness. He trudges through his poor fishing village begging for scraps of food—filling his basket with bits of firewood.

Philippe's father—a crippled war hero—cannot work. His mother is sick. Home is a cold, dirty shack in Northern France. Philippe often goes hungry. He has no warm clothes and shoes—he huddles in doorways to escape winter winds.

Philippe is sad and hopeless—old beyond his years. He has never known the joy of being young.

YOU CAN HELP!

A child like Philippe *can* learn to laugh. Through your Save The Children Federation sponsorship, for just $10 a month—$120 a year—you can provide funds to send food, clothing and many other essentials to a needy child in Austria, Finland, France, West Germany, Greece, Italy, or Korea. You will receive a photograph and the story of "your" child. You may correspond with him. Your generous help will become part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

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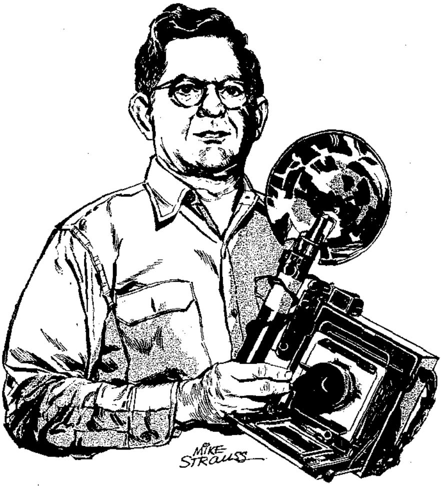


Johnny Harmon — Carville, Cum Laude

by PAUL BURTON

A "graduate" leper, he learned his greatest lesson when strangers welcomed him as a man among men

IT WAS a beautiful fall day, but I could not enjoy it. For I was afraid.

I had come to the little town of Vacherie, Louisiana, to interview Johnny Harmon, and Johnny was a leper. I was afraid, deep down, that I would contract the disease, although I had been told by medical authorities that Johnny could not transmit it.

My immediate fear, as I parked my car in front of his home, was of having to shake hands with Johnny when I introduced myself to him. But almost before I realized it, I found myself knocking on the door. My reaction to leprosy (or Hansen's disease as it is called to lessen the stigma) was the reaction of almost everyone when he first comes in contact with the disease.

A man of medium height, well-built, bespectacled, his hair showing only a trace of gray, opened the door. "Come in," he said. "Have a seat. I'm developing some pictures and can't leave them. Be with you in about five minutes." He disappeared into a back room.

I did not sit down in the single chair but stood looking around the shop, which doubled as Johnny Harmon's place of business and his home. Before me was a counter upon which lay a ledger book. Behind the counter were rows of shelves displaying cameras, film and pictures. I had an immediate impression that everything was spotlessly clean.

I lit a cigarette and was smoking it nervously when Johnny came out of the back room. He looked much younger than his 45 years, I thought. His eyes were blue, his smile sincere.

Johnny Harmon did not offer his hand. He knew and understood. Experience had taught him. He had offered his hand many times too often. . . .

Johnny's illness had begun back in 1935, when he was 24, a stout, handsome, carefree young man. He had been born in a small town in Texas where his father and grandfather were saddlemakers, and successful ones. As a boy, Johnny discovered that he had a knack for drawing. So it seemed natural that he should go to the drafting board. He had a couple of jobs with private firms and finally ended up with the Texas Highway Department in Beaumont.

His work was good, and Johnny was on his way. One day, as he was putting away his materials, he noticed a strange sensation in his left arm. The arm felt as though it were sticking to the drawing board.

Johnny paid little attention until finally there was a definite loss of feeling in a large area of the arm. Then he went to a doctor in the state health department. The doctor ran test after test, suspecting. While Johnny was waiting for a definite diagnosis word somehow leaked out and a newspaper ran a story with the headline: "Health Officer Discovers Case of Leprosy in Highway Department."

The story did not carry his name. But the word "leprosy" had the connotation for Johnny that it has for most people; and he was terribly shocked when the verdict came that he definitely had the disease. Still, he did not fully comprehend the situation.

"I was young and strong," he says, "I didn't believe I was incurable." But the shame of the disease kept him from revealing to his friends that he had it.

He was advised to go to the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Carville, Louisiana, the only institution exclusively for the treatment of leprosy in this country. He packed his clothes, told his friends he had a new job and left for Carville. He thought he would come back cured within a few months.

In Carville he discovered differently when he saw patients who had been there for 20 years, and longer. Some were unimaginably disfigured due to bone absorption; some were blind, some lame. A high fence surrounded the reservation, many of the buildings were shoddy and the thought of remaining in Carville the rest of his life caused him to cry, "Oh, God, what have I done that this should happen to me?"

For days Johnny showed little interest in his surroundings. He took the chaulmoogra oil treatment—one of the few known at that time and one in which even the doctors had no faith—obediently but without hope. Yet within a few months he began to feel stronger, make friends. He found that at Carville "nobody judges you on how you look. They judge you on what you are."

Gradually, Johnny made the adjustment. He took up photography and painting, started teaching in the hospital's grade school. When a new method of treatment came up, he volunteered eagerly.

One such involved an oven-like "fever machine" which raised the body temperature to a dangerous point. Johnny took several of these treatments. He nearly died and the method was abandoned. Johnny returned to chaulmoogra oil.

After about a year and a half, his skin tests—given monthly—started coming negative. (Twelve consecutive negative tests are necessary for discharge from the hospital.) The doctors have no explanation of why he improved except that such improvement has always been a characteristic of some cases of leprosy. At any rate, two and one-half years after he entered Carville, he was discharged as an "arrested case," meaning that his condition was such that he could not transmit the disease to anyone else.

Delighted, Johnny returned to Texas and his old job, his condition having been carefully explained to a select group of his bosses. But his friends and fellow workers were told nothing. Four and a half years later he learned to his horror that the disease was reactivating.

Overcome with self-pity and disappointment, Johnny planned suicide. Driving through the black Texas night at 90 miles an hour, he cut his car toward a bridge abutment, but swerved away just in time to avoid a crash. Johnny was not a man for suicide. When he realized this, he became resigned to returning to Carville.

"I went back there to die," he says.

But when he reached the hospital he found new and modern buildings dotting the 350-acre tract. The doctors told him of a new family of drugs—the sulfones—that were being used with seeming effectiveness in the treatment of leprosy. He took them, skeptically and, although his case showed improvement within a short while, he would not allow himself to hope again.

He found his old friends glad to see him, particularly Anne, one of his former grade-school pupils, who had grown into a lovely young woman. He took up his old hobby of photography. He followed instructions and took his treatments, but seldom bothered even to check on his skin tests.

In 1946, Johnny was called into the administration building and told by the doctors that his case had once again been arrested—permanently this time, they felt. The new drugs were indeed miraculous.

But Johnny could not take a chance on doing it all over again and was reluctant to leave. Carville offered him security against prejudice and a life of lies. Also, he did not want to leave Anne.

The authorities allowed him to stay. He was elated and asked Anne to marry him. She refused because she felt that he might eventually want to leave. Her illness had only grown worse through the years and she had little hope of improvement.

However, in 1948 Anne's condition did begin to improve and she agreed to marry Johnny. After the wedding, he and his friends built a small bungalow on the hospital grounds and the happy couple moved in.

After three years of marriage, Anne gave birth to their first child, a boy, Johnny Charles. A year and four months later Anne Mary was born.

Though the children of leprosy patients are born free of the disease, youngsters do seem more susceptible to it than adults. Therefore, no children are allowed to live at the hospital unless they themselves have the disease.

A plantation family near Vacherie—about 40 miles southeast of Carville—agreed to keep Johnny and Anne's children. Johnny saw them often and there was probably no prouder father in the world than Johnny Harmon, who had thought that marriage and parenthood were out of the question for him.

Anne was allowed to visit the children only occasionally, of course, but the plantation family would bring them to the highway that bordered the hospital grounds where she and Johnny could see them and talk with them for a few minutes—through the fence.

Life for Johnny Harmon was good—until April, 1953, when he was ordered to report to hospital authorities "concerning an important matter." The order did not worry him. He thought they wanted him to take some pictures.

But the news he received was perhaps the most terrible in all his time at Carville. He was ordered to leave the hospital as soon as possible.

"Why?" Johnny cried. "Why must I leave?"

"You're still young, Johnny. There are no scars on you. You show no effects of the disease," the doctors told him. "We believe you should start over again on the outside and make a new life for yourself."

The bitterness Johnny felt was deeper than when he had first come to Carville, deeper even than when he discovered he would have to return for the second time. He thought of going far away, taking Anne and the children with him, and changing his name.

"But finally," says Johnny, "we decided to do the right thing—that I should leave and Anne stay until she was well."

He considered returning to Beaumont. His old job in the drafting department was still open if he wanted it. But the 300 miles between Beaumont and Carville would make his visiting Anne difficult.

Then Johnny thought of Vacherie. He had passed through the town many times on visits to his children, but he was a total stranger to the residents there. From the standpoint of economics and nearness to his family, Vacherie would be an ideal place to locate—with the closest photographer 17 miles away.

On the other hand, Vacherie was one of the Mississippi River towns near Carville where the residents once closed their windows tight whenever the wind came from the direction of the hospital, fearing that even the wind might bear germs of the dread leprosy.

Johnny Harmon had had enough of lies in his life. He decided to tell the townspeople of Vacherie the truth. If they rejected him—that was the chance he had to take.

The first man he approached was Ernest Becnel, an elderly garage operator. Johnny told his story and showed Becnel the discharge papers which certified that his case was arrested and incommunicable.

Johnny's honesty appealed to Becnel. "Come back in a few days and I'll let you know what the others think," he said.

Johnny ate little and hardly slept during those days of waiting. When he returned to Vacherie, Ernest Becnel greeted him with a happy smile. "It's all right, Johnny. Move in any time you want to."

Further, he rented Johnny the small house which doubles as living quarters and photography shop. He moved in shortly afterward and the ledger shows that Ernest Becnel's son was his first customer.

Today, everybody in Vacherie has a good word for Johnny. Royce Waguespack, young schoolteacher, puts it this way: "Before Johnny came this was just a normal small town with the usual trials and tribulations. He has created an atmosphere of friendship. I know people who were just people to each other. Now they're good friends—Johnny got to know everybody, and through him they got to know each other."

"I don't think it's me," Johnny himself says. "I think it's them. I find that almost everyone has had his share of trouble and can understand another man's if he gets to know him. I wasn't here long before people started telling me *their* troubles."

Johnny now has lived at Vacherie for almost three years. His wife's condition is greatly improved, and she can visit him and the children at times. Johnny visits her every week end. The fact that she is not yet ready to be discharged is the only thing that keeps his happiness from being complete. "But she'll be out before long," he says. "I know she will."

"And if she isn't?"

"I'll wait. . . ."

It was time to go. I held out my hand. I was proud to shake hands with Johnny Harmon.

Editor's note—As this issue of Coronet went to press, Johnny Harmon sent author Paul Burton the following note: "Anne has now been discharged from the hospital, and we are very happy here in Vacherie."

Word Wise

(Answers to quiz on page 61)

1. c; 2. d; 3. d; 4. c; 5. b; 6. b; 7. a; 8. a; 9. b; 10. c; 11. c; 12. a; 13. a; 14. d; 15. b; 16. a; 17. b.

They Called It Justice

by WILL BERNARD

THE GIMMICK—also known as the angle, the dodge, or the switcheroo—is a familiar feature of American legal history. For instance, the modern game of bowling (with ten pins) was invented to get around a state law against the game of ninepins. When Alabama made it illegal for traveling salesmen to sell clocks, foxy Yankee merchants began leasing them for 999 years. And when San Francisco taverns were ordered to close every night at midnight, they did so faithfully—reopening at 12:05 A.M. for the next day's trade.

But while almost every lawyer can tell you of a lawsuit won by a gimmick, the double gimmick is something of a rarity—a kind of double yolk of the legal world. A choice sample happened in Decatur, Georgia, in the days before insurance policies were as carefully drawn as they are now.

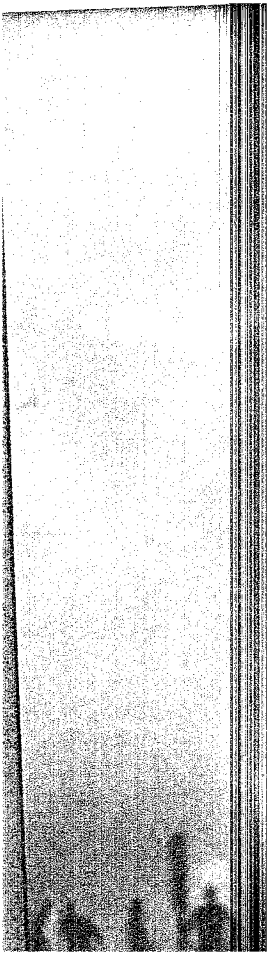
It seems a young dandy appeared in the local courtroom with the following story: "I'm a heavy smoker, Your Honor. Several months ago I laid in a large supply of fine cigars—2,000 all told. Since they were very expensive, I took out an insurance policy on them.

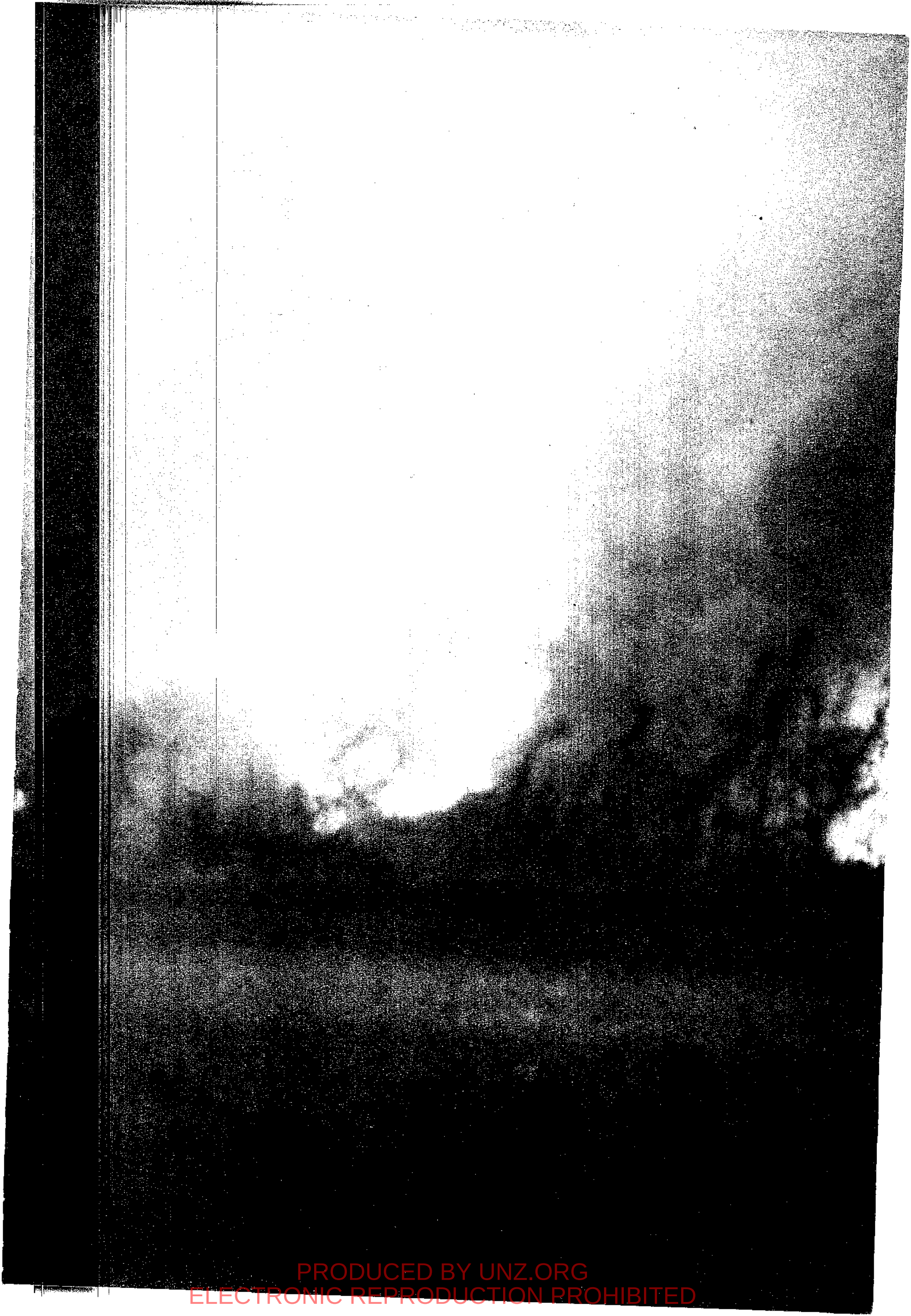
"Well, since that time I've smoked them all up. According to my insurance policy, I'm entitled to collect if my property is destroyed by fire. And that's exactly what happened. Those cigars *were* destroyed by fire, a little at a time. So, Your Honor, will you kindly instruct the company to pay off."

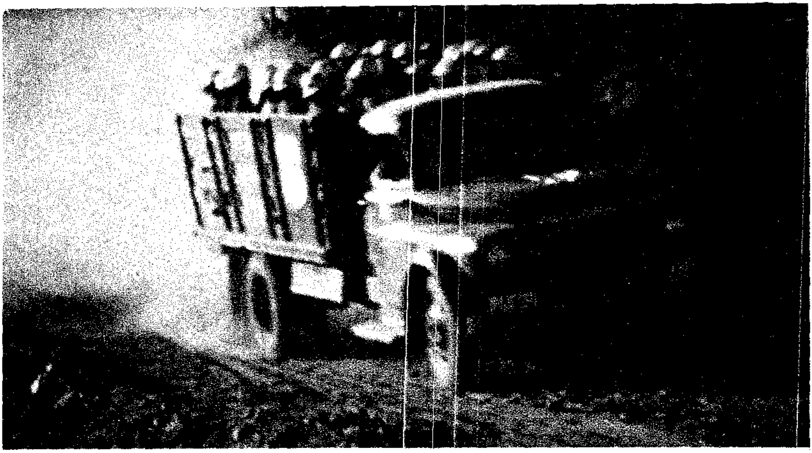
The insurance company squirmed and protested, but the judge couldn't see any way out. Reluctantly, he ordered that the claim be paid to the plaintiff.

A few days later, the company had found a solution. It haled the young man into court, charging: "We accuse this defendant of a criminal act. He has deliberately set fire to his own property. That's against the law."

The judge, recognizing poetic justice when he saw it, wasted no time in sentencing the defendant to a fine and three months in jail.

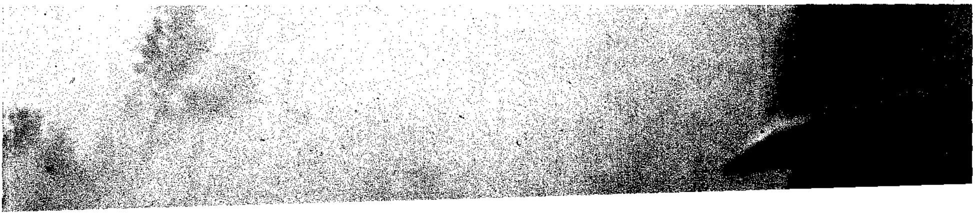






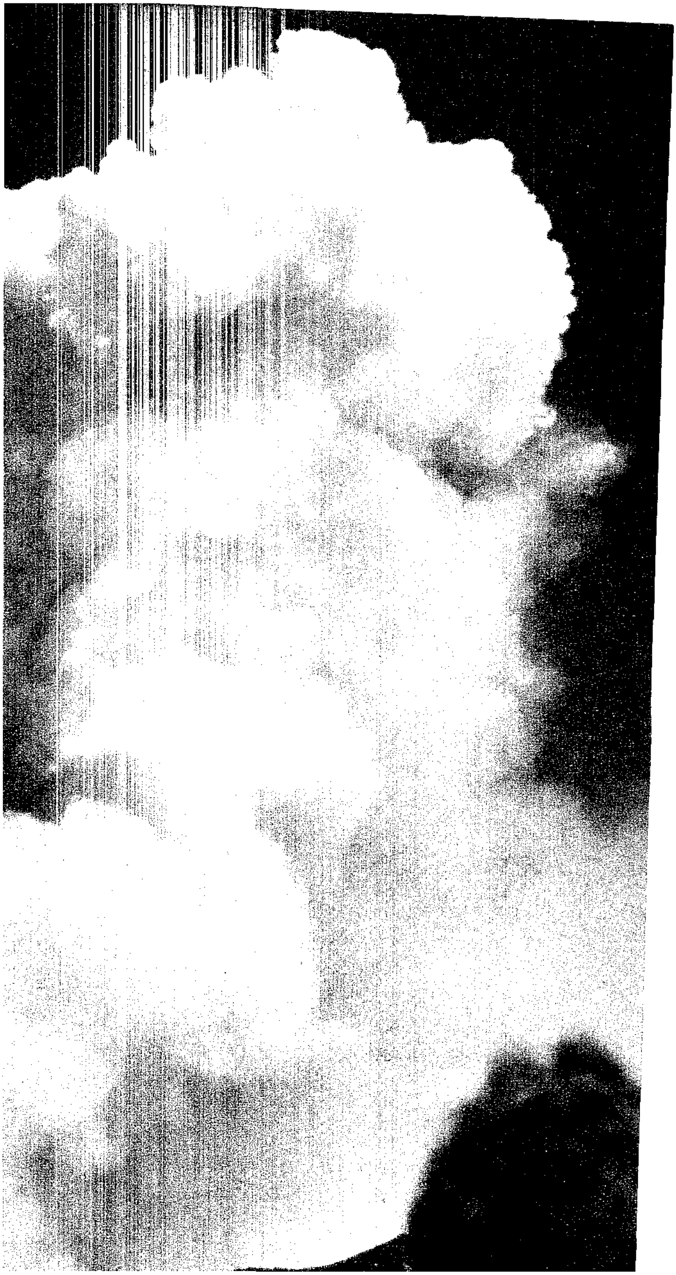
Wearing distinctive helmets, 200 Indians, part of the U. S. Forest Service's crack, airborne fire-fighter units, rush from airport to blaze (above) after flying hundreds of miles from Gallup, New Mexico. The Indians (mostly Zuñis) seem to have an instinctive skill for this dangerous work, and are rated among the best fire-fighters in the nation. Armed with axes and shovels (below) and reinforced by bulldozers, they grub out miles of trenches through tortuous terrain. The bare trenches serve to starve out licking flames.

The Forest Service has the world's largest fire-fighting corps; and, organized like an army, it is triggered for instant action. In logistics alone, its operations resemble a small-scale invasion. Within minutes of spotting a blaze, strategists consult a regional master plan. Then, swiftly, they make a long-range weather check, muster nearby shock troops, dispatch equipment from central caches, roll bulldozers (*below*) into line and alert reinforcements up to 1,000 miles away.

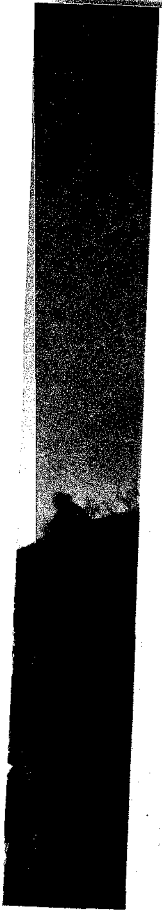


"Hot-shotters," shock troops, stand by with torches that set a counter-attacking backfire against flames.

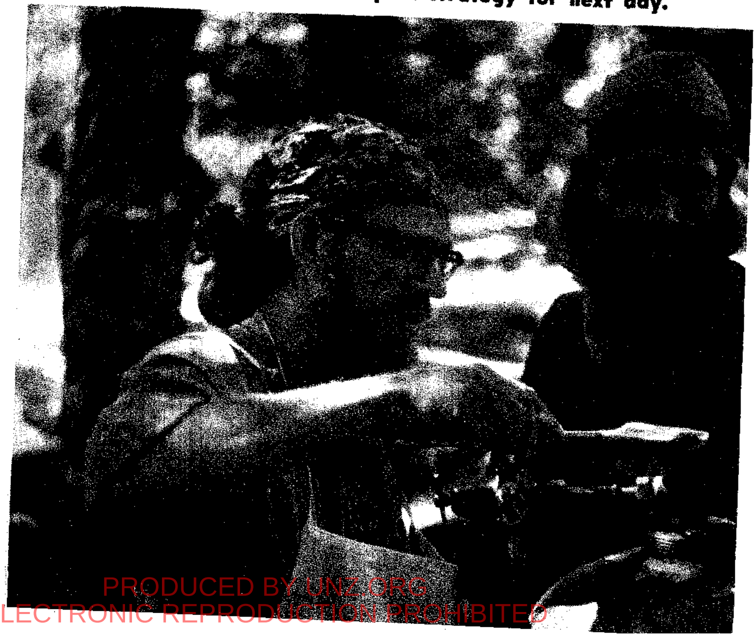
The fire in the 580,000-acre Cleveland Forest was spotted on a Monday at 1:03 P.M. It was eight miles away. By 1:29 P.M., 23 men, two supply trucks, six tankers and a bulldozer had already begun to fight back. But, just as victory seemed in sight, the flames suddenly roared out of control. By 9 P.M., 400 acres were blazing furiously, generating as much heat-energy as five atom bombs. On Tuesday morning, 300 of an ultimate 1,000 men were on the battle line. The fire was now burning with an ominous quiet. Then the wind, which had been still, began to lash the flames. Trees toppled by the hundreds as a column of fire 100 feet high swept through the dry timber. Suddenly there was an explosion, and a mushroom-like cloud of smoke (*right*) erupted 25,000 feet into the sky.



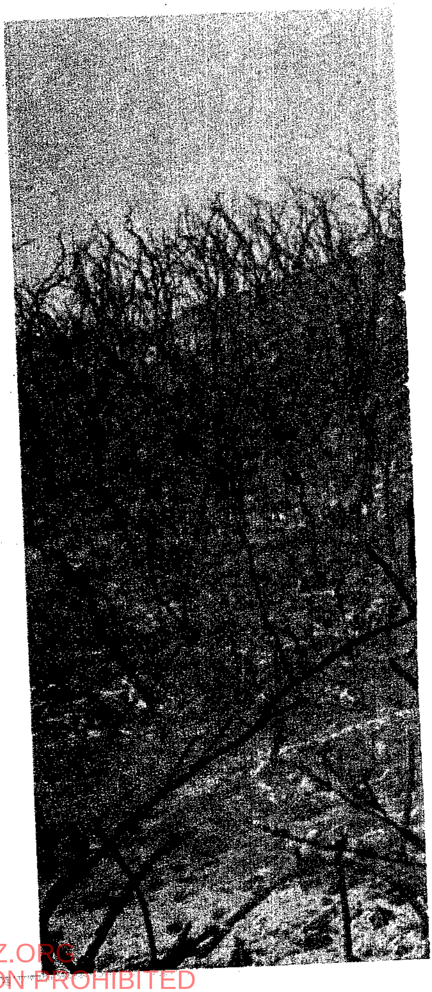
As the forest literally exploded, men fled for their lives; and in eight hours the flames consumed 4,500 acres of lush timberland. As evening fell, the smoke-blackened battlers stood by helplessly, waiting for the racing tide of fire to slow down under the rising humidity and falling temperatures of night. There was little else they could do. For, in spite of man's scientific progress, fighting forest fires remains basically a primitive technique: men with axes and shovels hacking vast swaths—over which the fire cannot leap—through brush and wood. On Wednesday the fierce east wind died down. In its stead came a gentle, moisture-laden ocean breeze. The disastrous holocaust was stemmed. But the last of the flames were not quelled until another week of sweating, backbreaking toil had passed.



Completely exhausted, a group of "hot-shotters," who were trapped for 24 hours in the running fire, ride back to base camp for rest. Below, two bearded members of the Fountain of the World faith take over cooking duties at a forward fire camp. Left, fire bosses at dusk plan strategy for next day.



Faces of unremitting toil and courage: a haggard bulldozer pilot, an anxious volunteer, and a smoke-choked Zuñi.



Where once stood the forest, stands this scene of desolation: charred earth, blackened brush, the scarred and naked hillside. Altogether, 6,500 acres of timberland and watershed perished in the flames, which cost more than $250,000 to quell. But the total damage was incalculable. It will take a full 70 years to assess the destructive aftermath: soil erosion, flood danger, loss of forage for livestock, death of wildlife, disappearance of game habitat. Gaunt and bleak, these ruins are a grim monument to man's carelessness.

OZARK
JUBILEE

Jimmy Wakeley fiddles up a cornball storm on the "Ozark Jubilee" TV show, whose sound and fury entrances thousands of listeners.

Springfield, Mo.— Radio City of Country Music

by PHIL DESSAUER

WHEN THE CITIZENS of Springfield, Missouri, wish to bestow high honor upon a visiting dignitary, they do not hand him the traditional key to the city. Instead, they present him a hillbilly medal.

This badge of Springfield's esteem has been given such red-carpet guests as former President Harry S. Truman; Generals Omar Bradley and Matthew Ridgway; and businessman J. C. Penney; entertainers Nelson King of Station WCKY, Cincinnati, named the nation's outstanding country-music disk jockey; Johnny Olsen, star of his own daily radio show (MBS); and Ralph Story, M.C. of "The $64,000 Challenge" (CBS).

The hillbilly medal, and the fact that a record-spinner was considered worthy of receiving it, points up the eminence of country music at

Springfield, a mountain area metropolis of 100,000, known as the Queen City of the Ozarks. Furthermore, the Chamber of Commerce, which once advertised Springfield as having more dairy cattle within 75 miles than any other city, now prefers to boast: "The Home of Ozark Jubilee," a weekly musical whingding broadcast over 105 stations of the ABC-TV network.

The show is the hub of a new industry that parlayed plunking guitars and corn-bread crooners last year to the tune of a $2,500,000 gross and lured more than 100,000 visitors to the city. Springfield is nipping at the heels of Nashville, Tennessee, home of "Grand Ole Opry" and the long-established capital of country music.

More cowboy-booted guitar players breeze around in Cadillacs in Springfield than in any other place its size. This Radio City of the hill country has spawned or known firsthand such stars of the pick-and-sing fraternity as Red Foley, Webb Pierce, Eddy Arnold, Les Paul, Chet Atkins, Porter Wagoner, Jimmy Wakeley and Rusty Draper. Top hands on "Ozark Jubilee" command as much as $1,500 per date for personal appearances, and some of their recordings have passed the million-sales mark. And it's not unusual for the Jewell Theater, a former movie house where "Jubilee" is staged, to be sold out for a performance four to six weeks in advance.

Country music is as deep-rooted in this region as jazz is in New Orleans. Many an Ozarker (only outsiders say "Ozarkian") times his farm chores by the radio programs of such local favorites as Slim Wilson, a lanky "gee-tar" player who has been singing henhouse arias for 24 years over Springfield's rural radio station KWTO (Keep Watching The Ozarks).

Ralph D. Foster, one of the founders of KWTO and now 64-year-old president of a complex of radio-television enterprises based on country music, says, "The people around here want to hear local talent."

Foster believes the nationwide appeal of country music is only an extension of the sentiment in southwestern Missouri. "There are more country people than any other kind," he insists, "no matter where they happen to be living."

His formula today is not much different from the one he had in 1932 when he established KWTO in Springfield "to reach every deer lick, rabbit warren and hawg waller in the Ozarks." He and his partner, Jerry Hall, had been in the tire business at St. Joseph, and used to sing together as "The Radio Rubber Twins." They set up a 15-watt station in their tire store as a hobby-outlet and one day broadcast an offer of free ash trays to the first 100 customers to visit the store. The response tied up traffic for two blocks around, and the Rubber Twins decided to go into radio seriously.

At Springfield, Foster concentrated on country-type entertainment so successfully that in time he organized RadiOzark Enterprises, Inc., to produce, transcribe and syndicate radio shows; Top Talent, Inc., to take the stars on the road; Earl Barton Music, Inc., to publish songs; and, finally, Crossroads TV Productions, Inc., to move into television.

The radio-based ventures did well enough, but not until 1954 did Springfield hit the big time. That was the year Foster and his associates induced the barnyard Bing Crosby, Clyde Julian (Red) Foley, to migrate from Nashville and become the star of a new 2½-hour stage and radio show, "Ozark Jubilee."

Foley's name was a farm-household word among the rural music set. For eight years he had been a headliner on "Grand Ole Opry," and his record sales had topped the 24,000,000-mark. But he had virtually retired in 1952 after the death of his wife; and when he started talking about returning to radio, Foster, "Si" Siman and John Mahaffey of RadiOzark Enterprises offered to build a whole show around him. So he moved to Springfield, and more than a dozen other recording stars followed him to the new "Crossroads of Country Music."

The Ozarkers leased the 1,100-seat Jewell Theater for their new production, and ABC Radio snapped up the show three weeks after its first performance in July, 1954. The following January, the radio "Jubilee" gave way to the television version on ABC-TV.

On the first telecast, Foley ad libbed, "If you folks want us to come and visit at your house like this every Saturday night, why don't you drop me a line?" The next week he received 25,258 cards and letters, and it's a poor week even now when the postman doesn't drop 5,000 to 6,000 pieces of mail at Crossroads' TV headquarters.

Foster's friends informed him he was crazy when he spent nearly $100,000 to turn the Jewell into a television studio. But last summer Springfield produced another program on ABC, "The Eddy Arnold Show," and Foster now claims the city is the nation's third largest production center for live television.

NATURALLY not everyone in Springfield considers hillbilly music the greatest thing to land in Missouri since the mule. Some of the local folks would rather have their town known for its growing industry, fine bass fishing nearby, or almost anything except yodeling rustics. But no attraction that brings in 2,000 visitors every week, and over $1,000,000 in fresh income, is going to be treated like an epidemic of measles by the business community.

"Jubilee" fans, who pay $1 apiece to see the show, come in from every state of the union (as many as 30 different states have been represented on a single Saturday night), plus Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, Bermuda, Nova Scotia and other far points. Sometimes they stay from Saturday to Saturday to see two shows, and virtually every performance plays to standing room.

What these spectators—and TV watchers—see is a casual, slow-paced operation that goes on without a rehearsal until a few hours before show time. Red Foley, the M.C., sings, plays the guitar, recites Edgar Guest-type poems and likes to indulge in such homely expressions as "Well, bless yore heart" or "That just shows to go ya." He introduces acts with the air of a man who hopes he hasn't forgotten what comes next, and you never know when a number will be interrupted to let the audience help with the singing.

The whole meandering affair seems like a family reunion at which somebody has just suggested, "Let's all put on a show." Which is exactly the impression the "Jubilee" producers want to give. They take the view that there are plenty of straining, panting television shows; and what the nation's audience needs is a good rest, with music and funny sayings. The theme is expressed best by "Uncle Cyp" Brasfield, one of the comics, who winds up his routine with: "Hope I didn't spoil your supper or scare your young'uns."

This just-plain-folks approach did its work so thoroughly on one teenage boy that he ran away from his foster home in Minnesota and hitchhiked to Springfield to be near the show. "I wanted to be with the friendliest people on earth," he explained earnestly.

More impressive from a business standpoint has been "Jubilee's" drawing power on TV. National surveys showed that it held its own when ABC placed it opposite those Saturday night titans, Jackie Gleason and Perry Como. Shortly after it went on TV, the American Research Bureau reported it was drawing the largest male audience of any network program. Another monthly survey found it to be the No. 1 family show on the air, and it has consistently stayed in the top half-dozen in this category.

Country music carries a simple, direct appeal that has the freshness of folk songs and often tells a story. A good example is one of Foley's current favorites, "Don't Blame It on the Girl," whose theme is "Wherever there's heartache there's a man to share the blame." If some of this music is "corny," the "Jubilee" people like to think of it as high-class corn.

"Jubilee" star Red Foley spurs on singer Bobby Lord. Foley gets $1,500 for outside appearances, drives an $11,000 car.

By New York and Hollywood standards, stars of the "Jubilee" are not highly paid for their work. But its national showcase gives them a chance to sing the tunes they have recorded, and to make themselves well-known to people across the country.

Once a singer has a hit record, he

cashes in with personal appearances. Foley, who drives an $11,000 white Lincoln Continental, receives $1,500 for a personal appearance; but he accepts only a few engagements because he doesn't want to "take all that money to the graveyard."

Porter Wagoner, who was working in a butcher shop at West Plains, Missouri, for $35 a week in 1950, hit the limousine level last year on the crest of successive smash records. After working his way through two medium-sized cars, he bought a lavender Cadillac, explaining, "Well, you gotta have a Cadillac some time." Expensive cars are not entirely a luxury for stars on the stage-show circuit, however. Wagoner reports he traveled 126,000 miles by automobile in 1956.

Practically everybody in the Ozark region, it seems, writes country music. Most of the "Jubilee" stars, from Foley on down, are song writers, and the southwest Missouri woods are literally full of composers hoping to hit the jukeboxes. Wagoner once recorded two tunes, each written by a different milk-truck driver in Springfield. The milkmen had never met until their songs wound up back to back on the record.

The "Jubilee" offices are besieged not only by aspiring writers but also by singers and musicians trying to hit the big time, yet most of the show's performers are professionals who have worked their way up from home-town radio or television shows.

Red Foley, now 46, has been in show business since he was a youngster picking a guitar in his father's country store in Berea, Kentucky. His parents are still in Berea, watching "Jubilee" every Saturday night. Foley always signs off with, "Good night, Mama; good night, Papa."

Foley's forte is the sacred song, which he combines with get-'em-in-the-heart poetry from his "Keepsake Album." One of his sacred selections, "Peace in the Valley," won him the coveted gold record from Decca last year for selling 1,000,000 copies. He is convinced such songs touch people "because everybody, basically, has a little religion."

Foley has received many kinds of compliments from his fans, but none more touching than the gesture of a pony-tailed little girl who stopped him after a broadcast and asked for his autograph. As he took her pen, he saw the book she was holding for him to sign was a copy of the Bible.

Kneeling down, he asked, "Is this what you want me to autograph?"

"Yes, sir," she replied seriously. "If it was an ordinary book it might get lost some day. But this is something I know I'll always have."

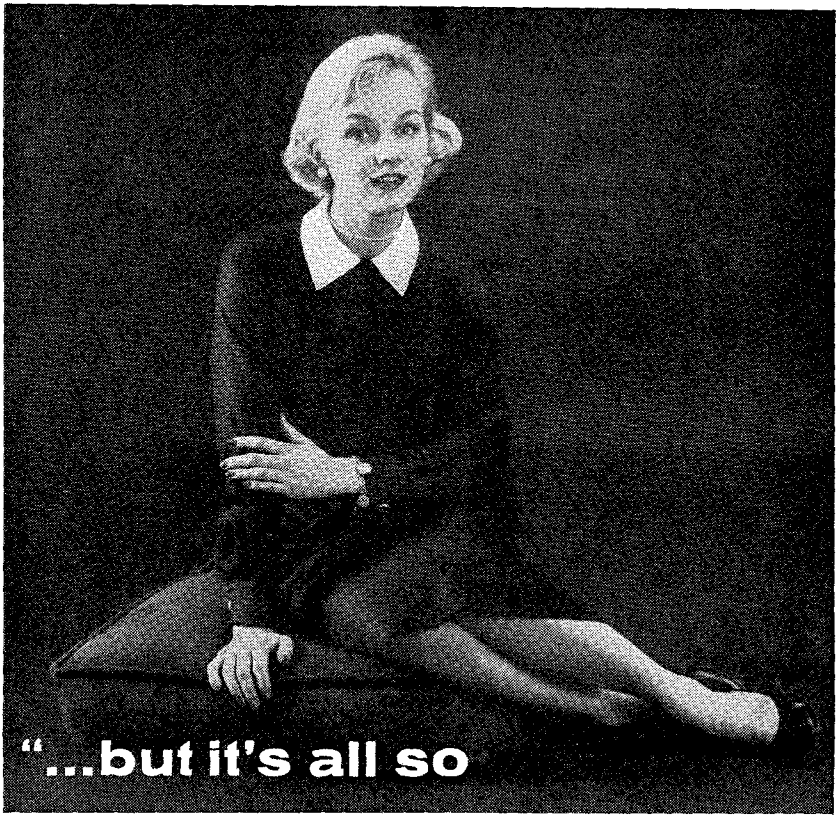
Chair-itably Speaking

IT'S SO HARD to tell about modern furniture. I sat down on what I thought was a chair but it turned out to be an ash tray.

—HERB SHRINER

TAKE AN ORDINARY PARTY, remove the chairs—and you have a reception.

—*Hawk-Eye Gazette*



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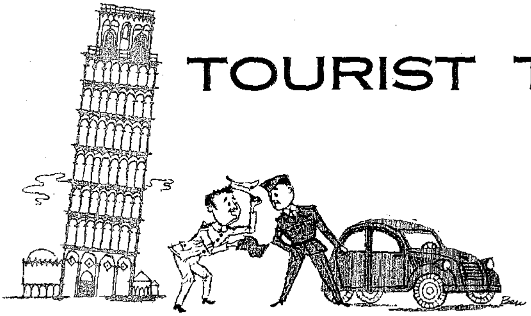

TOURIST TOPICS

A YOUNG Royal Canadian Air Force officer stationed in France spent a recent period of leave traveling through Italy. One day he went to visit the Leaning Tower of Pisa. As he was parking his car nearby, a man in a dark grey uniform approached him and gave him a numbered pink ticket for which he was asked twenty lira. Since the officer could not speak Italian he thought it advisable to pay without discussion, assuming the ticket was his authority to park the car.

When he returned to his hotel, however, he showed the ticket to the desk clerk and asked what it was. He was chagrined to learn that he had insured his car against damage in the event the Leaning Tower fell on it during his visit. —ARTHUR J. M. ETHIER (*Montrealer*)

A VISITOR TO NEW YORK stopped two teen-age girls in blue jeans and asked the way to the Empire State Building.

Pointing down the street, one of the girls said: "You can't miss it. It's right across from the record shop." —CASKIE STINNETT (*Speaking of Holiday*)

AFTER A VISIT to our home, my aging aunt and uncle boarded the bus for the 150-mile trip back to the Coast. The bus was crowded and the only seat available was the rather cramped one behind the driver.

Later at a rest stop my aunt got off for a bit of air. Upon returning she found that a seat a few places behind theirs had been vacated. She touched my dozing uncle lightly on the shoulder, and asked, "Do you want to come back here with me, dear?"

To which my uncle drowsily replied, "No, thanks, I'll just stay here with my wife." —GLENN LEUNING

A LADY TOURIST in France was introduced to a former Russian grand duke at a party one evening. Trying to make an impression, the lady showed him a long string of malachite beads, which she had recently purchased.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she asked, then added, confidentially: "They cost me a fortune."

"I know," answered the Duke. "My mother had a staircase made of it." —*Acid Fumes*

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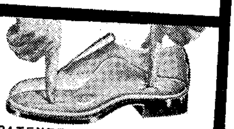

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The Prince of PUT-IT-TOGETHER

by ANDREW HAMILTON

He's Lewis H. Glaser, whose hobby kits have made him a leader in an industry geared to a man's desire to create

ON A SUNDAY EVENING late in 1949, Lewis H. Glaser, president of Revell, Inc., sat listening to the Jack Benny show. His small plastic-toy-manufacturing business in Venice, California, was in the December doldrums and he was worried.

"Rochester," he heard the radio comedian say, "get out the Maxwell and we'll drive to Palm Springs."

The remark sparked a sudden idea: *Why not make a plastic miniature of Jack Benny's Maxwell automobile?*

The following spring, at the annual American Toy Fair in New York City where buyers preview Christmas stock, Revell's Maxwell was a hit. Glaser filled orders for 250,000 of them—but soon business slumped again.

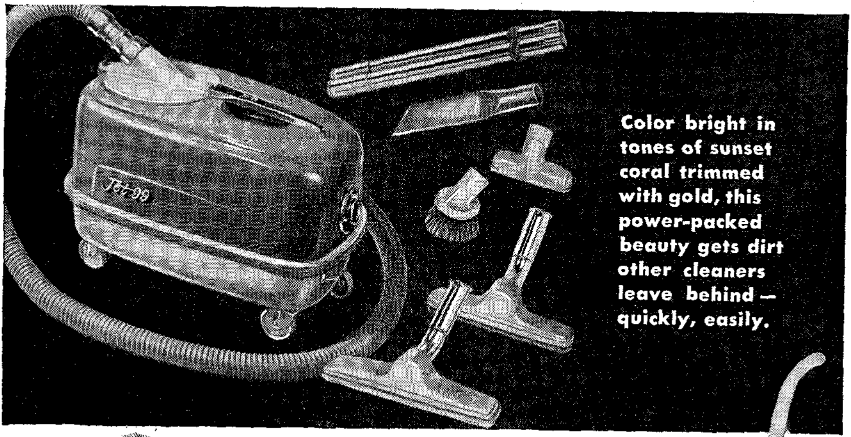
Glaser, a short, friendly, dark-haired man, pondered the reason, and came up with another thought: *Why not plastic parts, instead of the whole car, so that hobbyists could put it together themselves?*

That was the origin of a unique industry and a brand-new hobby—plastic models of airplanes, ships, tanks, automobiles, trucks, Western vehicles and guns. Psychologists say that Revell's cement-and-fit-together kits satisfy a hidden creative urge—that of making something beautiful and durable with one's own hands.

Although the basic idea was literally plucked out of thin air, it took Glaser two years to solidify it. He drew plans in a hospital waiting room during the birth of his first child. He went $500,000 in debt. But by 1952, he'd sold 800,000 put-together Jack Benny Maxwells and had added a whole line of antique cars.

Since then, Revell has produced 65,000,000 hobby kits that retail from 79¢ to $2.98. Employment has mushroomed from a handful of peo-

DOUBLE your cleaning power... and save money, too!



Color bright in tones of sunset coral trimmed with gold, this power-packed beauty gets dirt other cleaners leave behind — quickly, easily.

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At Less than Half Price

Sparkling floors can now be yours with this new, motor-driven, twin brush polisher. And you get both for what you'd expect to pay for the cleaner alone! See your Universal Dealer for details.

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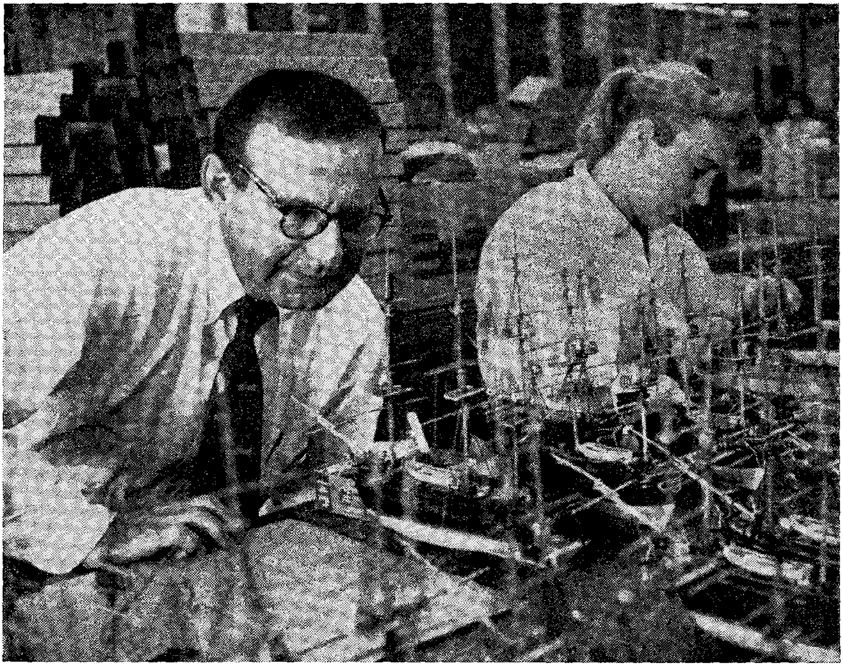

Glaser casts a weather eye at HMS Bounty models in Venice, California, plant.

ple in a back-yard shed to more than 1,000 workers in modern factories in Venice; South Plainfield, New Jersey; London; and Bielefeld, Germany. In 1956, the business grossed $10,500,000 and put 39-year-old Lewis Glaser in the millionaire bracket.

Where did the name "Revell" come from? Before Glaser entered the toy business, he sponsored an employee contest to find a catchy name for his company. Revell was suggested, and adopted. It doesn't mean anything—just sounds good.

Man has been tinkering with reproductions ever since he lived in a cave and carved bone. Before Glaser's creations hit the market, balsa wood kits were available. But they required considerable whittling and patience.

The popularity of plastic models is threefold:

1. They're easy to put together. Instructions are detailed, but written in clear, basic English that a ten-year-old can understand. Simple, "exploded" diagrams show exactly how parts fit together. Almost anyone can assemble an easy Revell kit in 30 minutes, a tougher one in two hours.

2. In the doing, many psychological values emerge. Plastic models provide education and training for the young, after-hours relaxation for adults, a form of gentle creativity

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says BART LYTTON, president,
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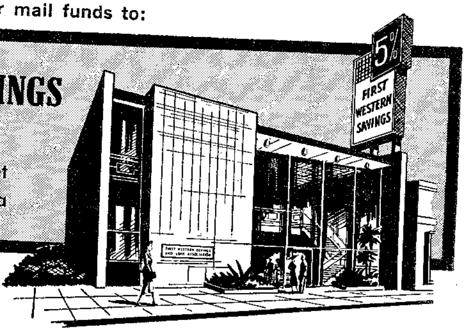

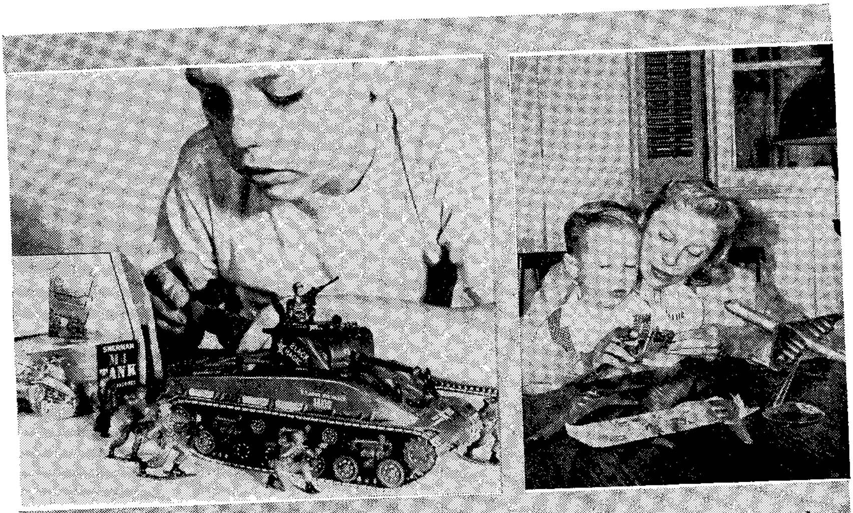

The Revell line includes scale models of Sherman M4 tanks (*left*); also trucks and B-36 bomber being assembled by actress June Allyson and son.

for retired persons, and therapy for the bedridden or convalescent.

3. Once assembled, the detailed, accurately-proportioned model gives the builder a high sense of "ego-satisfaction." He derives a genuine sense of accomplishment from having taken a jumble of parts and created an interesting object.

A recent survey for *Boys' Life*, the official Boy Scout publication, revealed the grip this new hobby has taken on young America. Plastic model-making rated No. 1 among boys—topping such old favorites as stamp and coin collecting. Revell has had 100,000 requests for its booklet, "Do It Together," prepared for women's clubs and Cub Scout den mothers.

Psychologist Dr. Edwin S. Shneidman explains it this way: "Hobbies and construction toys help fulfill an individual's need for individuality and creativity. They permit him to enjoy the psychological rewards that were obtained by the home craftsmen of centuries previous to our own."

Janet Murray, an occupational therapist at the New Jersey Orthopedic Hospital, taught a seven-year-old patient with artificial arms how to improve his manual dexterity by putting together plastic models.

"I wish you could see how hard this boy is working," she said, "and how excited he is."

NATO public information officers have found Revell models of planes, ships and tanks to be useful when explaining the strength and purposes of this 14-nation alliance to audiences in smaller towns and villages of Europe. Elsewhere overseas, the models kindle keen interest in the American way of life.

A model and toy dealer in Mexico City recently wrote to Glaser: "We don't need American movies as

View-Master

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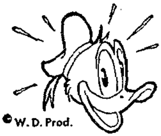
The gifts that open their eyes to new worlds of wonder . . . with the pictures that "come to life" in color and three dimension!

View-Master Easter Gift-Pak is the Easter Bunny's very special surprise for the youngsters on your gift list! The three dimension View-Master Viewer and two colorful Picture Packets, in a bright gift box with Easter wrap . . . all for just $4.95. See the Deluxe Gift-Pak, too . . . Viewer, two Packets, plus Light Attachment for the viewer, $6.95.

Bobby the Bunny is the real, live hero of a new View-Master picture story. He's joined by "Little Red Hen" and "Skippy the Squirrel" in a new 3-Reel Packet (21 pictures, $1.25) to delight youngsters at Easter and after. Pictures "come to life" in the Viewer!

☆

The Wizard of Oz Packet is another colorful surprise. Three Reels, plus story folder, $1.25.



Donald Duck makes his first appearance in three dimension in another new Packet. This new picture-story includes the nephews and Uncle Scrooge . . . fun for all Donald Duck fans! Other Walt Disney favorites are also in View-Master Packets. See them all. Packets are $1.25, the Viewer, $2.50.

From Sawyer's, makers of View-Master Products

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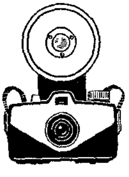

New camera takes snapshots in black and white or color, in daylight or with flash. Simple to operate.

NOMAD 127, $4.95
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COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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much as we do Revell kits. They're real American history. When a new shipment arrives our telephones never stop ringing."

The distinguishing feature of any Revell model kit lies in its precision workmanship. Blueprints, sketches and photographs from the Navy's Bureau of Ships and from prime contractors for the Air Force are scale-engineered to Revell's requirements. Historical items are painstakingly researched in libraries and museums. When Revell obtains plans of the new cars prior to public announcement, company officials sign security pledges like any other contractor.

Lew Glaser himself has been most insistent upon such authenticity—even though it has cost his company time and money.

"I've never forgotten pressing my nose against the glass cases in the Los Angeles County Museum as a small boy," he says. "I spent hours staring at the handmade models. I want that same attention to detail in all of our products so that today's youngsters will have museum-like quality in their collections."

ALTHOUGH Revell has put more than 100 items on the hobby market, every day's mail brings suggestions for more. These are carefully screened by the New Products Evaluation Board—consisting of Glaser, his wife Royle, and seven members of top management.

Once an item is decided upon, Charles Gretz, vice-president in charge of engineering, turns it over to a staff of highly-skilled model makers who whittle and carve original miniature models. Working from blueprints and photos, they spend anywhere from 200 to 800 hours on a single model.

The model then goes to the tool and die department where top-notch craftsmen, employing a watchmaker's eye and a fine engraver's touch, translate the wooden model into steel molds.

"We put shoelaces on human figures only one inch high and rivets on fuselages of 12-inch airplanes," says Frank Sesto, top toolmaker. "You can understand why it takes from 2,700 to 7,000 hours to make a suitable mold."

After the mold is finished, a process that may represent an investment of $100,000 or more, hot styrene plastic is forced under pressure into it. Though a complicated item like the *US Constitution* may have 170 individual parts, one model can be baked—waffle-like—every 26 seconds.

The "first edition" of any model is standardized at 250,000—but many run through several editions. Revell's most popular item has been the *USS Missouri,* first put on the market in 1953 with subsequent sales topping each previous year. Other popular items have included the PT boat and the Super Sabre.

Although Glaser despises the word "toy" when applied to his products, he has done two things for the toy and model business: (1) he has changed it from a two-month, pre-Christmas business to a year-around industry, and (2) he widened the age range from eight to 80 by emphasizing the hobby angle. During the first two weeks of January, 1957,

MUST WE GO TO CHURCH TO BE CHRISTIANS?

You've probably heard people comment at times on the fact that their Catholic neighbors go to church so often. Perhaps you have wondered—is all this necessary?

Catholics, you may be sure, have good reasons.

Going to Mass on Sunday is, of course, an obligation for every Catholic. Confession and Holy Communion at least once a year are a sacred duty. But most Catholics go to Confession and receive Holy Communion oftener . . . some every month, some every week, some every day.

There are also many other special services and devotions for which Catholics go to church. In the average city, the Catholic Church is always open—and seldom empty. Many will enter the church at any hour of the day to visit Jesus Christ present on the altar, mindful of His invitation: "Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest."

Catholics believe that Christ not only called upon us to honor and serve God . . . but prescribed the ways in which we should do so. He did not say how often we must go to church . . . nor how many prayers we were to recite. But He did establish a Church with the power and authority to carry on His work . . . and He promised that His Church would last to the end of time—that it would have God's protection in teaching all men to observe all things He had commanded, especially to believe and to be baptized and thereby become members of His Church to attain the purpose of their lives.

And how do Catholics know theirs is Christ's Church?

Because it possesses the distinguishing marks Christ gave His Church. It covers the earth as Christ said it would. Unchanged after nearly 2,000 years, it continues to live and grow, in fulfillment of His promise that His Church would last to the end of the world.

But the most convincing mark that He gave it is its unity of faith, worship and obedience under the authority of the lawful and historical successor of Peter, the first Bishop of Rome and the "rock" upon which Christ built His Church. Just as Peter was the first Pope and the First Vicar of Christ, so also is Pius XII the 262nd Pope and the Vicar of Christ today.

If you would like to know more about the distinguishing marks which Christ declared His Church must have, write today for free pamphlet AC-2. We will mail it in plain wrapper; nobody will call on you.

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with Christmas barely over, Revell shipped $750,000 worth of merchandise.

As for future plans, Glaser is as tight-lipped as a gold miner who has struck it rich but hasn't yet filed a claim. He admits, however, that Revell intends to establish additional factories and is tooling up for new and interesting products. "We've got some things in the works that are educational and psychologically interesting," he says. "They'll tickle the ego-satisfactions of hobbyists of all ages."

Glaser's personal story is a typical American rags-to-riches saga. Born in New York City, he grew up in Los Angeles, where, at the age of seven, he was selling newspapers and magazine subscriptions. He wanted to be a chemist, but took a job in a radio repair shop to help support his family. In 1934, the owner of the shop offered to sell for $100—$25 down and weekly payments of $5.

Young Lew was making a modest living until World War II shortages and lack of parts put him out of business. In 1942, he purchased some plastics equipment, hired three employees and handled several small defense contracts for the Government. After the war, he made plastic picture frames, hand mirrors and compacts.

In 1950, on a blind date, Lew met Royle Ebert, a pretty, slim, black-haired girl from San Francisco. In two weeks they were married. They now have two daughters, Kim, five, and Leslie, four.

Though his formal education stopped in high school, Glaser's thirst for knowledge has continued. He reads widely in history, philosophy and psychology. He is a member of the Young Presidents' Organization, Inc. (men under 40 heading million-dollar companies), a director of the Model Industry Association, and a member of the Toy Manufacturers Association, where he served on the board of directors for three years.

Model tycoon Glaser likes to say with a smile that he's turned out "more automobiles than all of Detroit, more planes than all the aircraft manufacturers, more vessels than all the shipyards of the world, more covered wagons and stagecoaches than existed during the winning of the West." But he never lets you forget the two things he prizes most highly: the authenticity of his products and the satisfaction they give people.

* * *

PHOTO CREDITS: 8 MGM; 10 top Paramount, bottom United Artists; 33 Andre De Dienes; 34-5 Bradley Smith; 35 Black Star; 36, 37 top, 38 H. Armstrong Roberts; 37 bottom Clemens Kalischer; 39 Robert Bagley from FPG; 40 Kosti Ruohoma from Black Star; 44, 47 Peter Basch; 49, 50, 53 David Seymour from Magnum; 94-105 KARSH from PIX; 111, 114-15 United Press; 142-151 Jerry Yulsman & David Linton; 152, 155 ABC-TV, Cover Leo Aarons.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

How to Prove Your Expenses . . . and Save Tax Dollars!

It's as old-fashioned as churning your own butter to let the tax season get you down.

The modern, easy trend is to let the Esquire Club keep your entertainment and travel records for you—just the way the tax people *expect* them to be listed: date, place, amount spent.

Simple. Each month you receive an accurate, *proven* record listing *all* your expenditures — clearly itemized for quick and easy listing on your 1040.

Your accountant will applaud your ingenuity. He merely checks your once-a-month receipts from a single source!

Saves taxing your memory, too. Esquire Club's bookkeeping tells you exactly when and where you entertained that Chicago exec, and *proves* how much the tab came to. You can't forget to list a single expense—the Esquire Club remembers for you. Think of the *savings!*

And when you take into account the tax bulletin from the Director of Internal Revenue, you know that . . . *blanket deductions for entertainment and travel without supporting proof will no longer* be acceptable. So . . .

If you're not already an Esquire Club member, *now's* the time to plan for April '58! These conveniences are included with your membership . . .

- One card — automatic credit everywhere!
- One monthly check covers all expenses!
- Over 4,000 fine restaurants & services!
- You enjoy special attention & courtesy!
- Complete dining-out information!
- Additional free membership cards!

Just fill-in and return the coupon with your check for the annual $5.00 dues. You'll be delighted with the service—amazed at the tax savings! Do it *today!*

ESQUIRE CLUB, Dept. 457C, P. O. Box 4, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

Your Name

Home Address

City Zone State

Company Name Nature of Business

Address City Zone State

Years with above firm Your Position

Your Bank Branch ☐ Regular ☐ Savings

Check Only One

☐ Company Account—Bill to office address

☐ Personal Account—Bill to office address

☐ Personal Account—Bill to home address

Specify:

☐ $5.00 enclosed

☐ Bill me

Charge Accts. at

Your Signature If Company account, signature of Authorized Executive

Human Comedy

A MAN in Port Chester, New York, was indicted on charges of forgery after he allegedly stole a bankbook from a neighbor and forged the neighbor's name on a $96 withdrawal slip. His arrest was speedy since the neighbor could not write but used his thumb print for withdrawals and checks. —EDITH ROBERTSON

THE DEVOTED HUSBAND handed his pay envelope to his wife every Friday. She gave him back four dollars a week for spending money.

One evening he came home trembling with suppressed excitement. "Agnes! Agnes!" he cried, as he burst through the front door. "What do you think? You won't believe it, but it's true—we've won fifty thousand dollars in a lottery. Fifty thousand!"

Agnes paused in the middle of the stairs. "And where," she inquired icily, "did you get the money for the ticket?" —FRANCES RODMAN *(Quote)*

ON THE SKI SLOPE at a New Hampshire winter resort an instructor was showing a group of novices the proper technique of executing a turn. Most of the pupils failed the lesson miserably. As they turned, their skis would spread out, causing them to fall and slide along the snow in a sitting position.

After one middle-aged woman had done this several times, the instructor lifted her to her feet once more and with great tact said: "Very good, madam. Now all you have to do is eliminate the middle track." —*A. M. A. Journal*

A LIBRARIAN FRIEND of ours had very little room around her city home for a garden but wanting to grow a few herbs she planted seeds in a windowbox in the early spring. Later when we asked how she would know which was which in such a small space, we received the reply, "I planted them alphabetically." —KATHERINE R. BOYCE

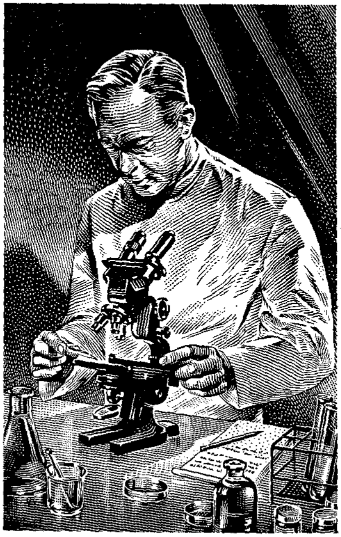
AN ONTARIO MOTHER took her young son on a Sunday-school picnic, only to lose him in the excitement of watching his first three-legged race. She had just begun an anxious search for her small one when—loud and clear above all the other talk, shouts and laughter—came a desperate young treble crying, "Jessie—Jessie." When she finally got to his side and had him calmed down again, she asked why he called her Jessie when he always called her Mother at home. The tyke looked at her with justified disdain and declared shortly, "It was no use calling Mother—the place is full of mothers." —*Maclean's*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoid New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Does Both — Relieves Pain — Shrinks Hemorrhoids



FOR THE FIRST TIME science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) – the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

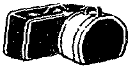
This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

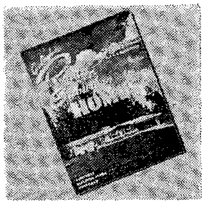
ADVERTISEMENT

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



125 RANCH-TYPE HOME PLANS 50¢



"Ranch & Suburban" book shows 125 ranch-type plans, exteriors, floor plans, 2, 3 & 4 bedrooms. Many in color. Book 50¢. Complete, low cost blue prints available. Other books:—"Split Level" (59 plans) 50¢; Cape Cod (56 plans) 50¢; "Homes In Brick" (114 plans) $1.00. All 4 books $2.00. All postpd. Garlinghouse Co., Dept. C-47, Topeka, Kans.

MAKE MONEY—SELL HOOVER UNIFORMS

Show nationally-known Hoover Uniforms to waitresses, beauticians, maids, nurses, others; make good money every day. They'll fall in love with Hoover smart styling, fine quality, wonderful values. You don't need experience. Work part time. Have fun, make new friends. Beautiful Style Presentation free. Write: Hoover, Dept. DG-91, 251 W. 19 St., New York 11.

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions, in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects as Hostess, Exec. Housekeeper, Mgr., etc. Alice Behr writes: "Am Hotel Hostess-Housekeeper, and my position is well paid." Write for Free Book. Approved for All Vet. Training. 40th Anniversary yr. Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. CD-3201, Wash. 7, D. C.

SECRET OF HOW TO BE TALLER

Instantly, you can add almost 2 inches to your height! "Elevators" amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. Gain poise, prestige, confidence. Don't envy tall men, be one! Wear "Elevators"! Free booklet showing 31 styles. Write Stone-Tarlow Dept. C47, Brockton 68, Mass.

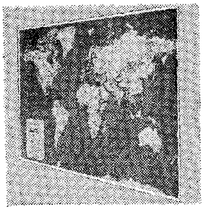
REMODEL YOUR OLD FUR COAT

. . . into glamorous new style Cape or Stole. Direct by mail. Save 50% at our one low price of $22.95 complete. We Clean, Glaze, Repair fur, Lusterize, *Remodel completely* with New Lining, Interlining, Your Monogram Send for Free Style Book today. Many different styles available to choose from. I. R. Fox, 146 West 29th Street, Dept. J-14, New York 1, N. Y.

WIDE WIDTH SHOES FOR WOMEN

Perfect for Spring comfort is Syd Kushner's newest customized shoe, "Avril", fashionably styled in Black Patent; Navy, Red or Beige Calf, 3" heel, in all sizes 4 to 11, widths C-D-E. Only $6.95 ppd. Money-back guarantee. Write for Free Catalog showing other styles in widths C to EEE, sizes 4 to 12. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1



Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't, newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Radak Pub., Dept. C-4, 505 5th Ave., NY 17.

HERE'S QUICK WAY TO BIG MONEY

Charles Kama, Texas, reports $1,000 a month profit. Possible for you, too, with amazing $4.95 Presto Fire Extinguisher. Amazing chemical snuffs out fires in seconds. Over 2,000,000 sold for homes, autos, boats, etc. Dramatic demonstration sells everyone. Spare time or full time. Sales Kit Free. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd St., Dept. X-114U, New York 16, N.Y.

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 178

Silver Linings

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, I taught grade school on the Mexican border of Texas. The classes were made up of mixed groups of Anglo and Latin Americans. Race prejudice was strong. How could I uphold the principles of democracy when the Anglo children were taught at home not to play with the Mexicans, even to try not to sit near them in class?

I decided the only thing to do was let the children see that to me they were all the same. I knew I loved them all the same. But did they?

The answer came, unforgettably, when a little dark-skinned girl, a shy smile on her face, put a note on my desk before she darted out at closing time. Opening it, I read: "What is Mrs. Blankenship? Is she American? Is she Mexican? No. She is a *teacher*." —MRS. B. L. BLANKENSHIP

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

EASY WAY TO BRAID A RUG

For fun or profit with Braidmaster do-it-yourself rug kit. Use any old or new materials, clothing, blankets, hose. Contains everything you need: 3 self-adjusting Material Folders, Wax lacing Thread, Adjustable Cutting Gauge, Lacemaster & Braidmastery instruction book. $2.95 ppd. R. Peters Associates, Dept. C3, 19 W. 34 St., New York 1, New York.

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving age, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L425M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

LAW TRAINING FOR BUSINESS

Win higher positions, more money, through legal training in spare time at home. Degree of LL.B. 14 volume Law Library included. Low cost, easy terms. Write for two Free Booklets, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence." La Salle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. L 742, 417 So. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Illinois.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

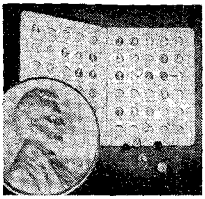
restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

HOW TO OVERCOME COLITIS

Suffering from Stomach Troubles (colon irritation)? Dr. Joseph Montague's easy-to-follow book, How To Overcome Colitis, tells what you can do for full recovery from this tormenting ailment. "...A must for patients suffering with Colitis"—M. V. Medical Journal. $4 ppd. COD's accepted. 10-day guar. Citadel, Dept. CF, 222 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3.

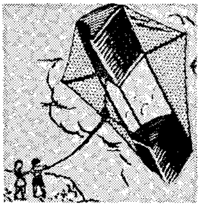
(*Continued on next page*)

$16 PAID FOR 59 LINCOLN PENNIES



Send $1 for a Lincoln cent album (to hold your pennies). Fill the spaces with dates shown in album, return complete and receive $16 by return air mail plus $1 back for album (total $17). Save other sets worth hundreds of dollars! All information sent with 1st album. Send $1 to: Bybymail, Box 67, Dept. E-48, Hempstead, N. Y.

HIGH FLYING CLOTH SPACE-KITE

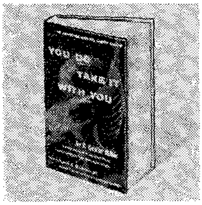


Exciting fun for all. This all weather 3 dimensional aeronautical kite won 1st prize many contests. Zooms, Glides, Climbs. Made of tear-proof acetate cloth in 3 brilliant colors. Sent pp. or COD with free storage case. 28″ high, $1.98. 35″ high, with 250 ft. kite cord, $2.95. Extra kite cord, 50c. Halco Co., Dept. E-2, 165 Dwight St., New Haven 2, Conn.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75c per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50c. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-CE, Lynn, Massachusetts.

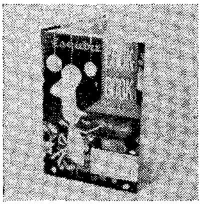
"THERE ARE NO DEAD"



—reports R. DeWitt Miller, famous investigator of "the unknown." And he presents impressive modern-day evidence from the challenging world of psychic phenomena to prove it. You Do Take It With You, tells you what to expect in the after-life down to everyday details. $3.50 ppd. COD's accepted. 10-day guar. Citadel, Dept. CS, 222 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3.

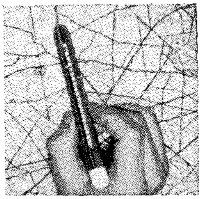
MAGNIFICENT COOK BOOK—NOW $2.95

For the man with a taste for fine food, and for the woman who wants to be a perfect hostess, here is Esquire's beautiful, unique and practical guide to the best in eating, with over 750 delicious recipes spread over 322 pages. More than 200 color illustrations. Special Reduced Price — $2.95 ppd. Ideal gift. Send to Buy-Products, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19.

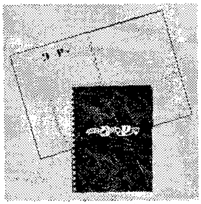


MEASURES MILES — NO FIGURING!

Precision patented Mile-O-Graph finds shortest route on any scaled map. Easy as 1-2-3. 1. Turn knob to set scale. 2. Run wheel along map route. 3. Read mileage thru magnified window. Adjusts to any scale. Adaptable for air & sea charts, blueprints. $2 each, 3 for $5. Prepaid orders postpaid. Mile-O-Graph Inc., Dept. CO-4, 117 Liberty St., New York 6, N. Y.



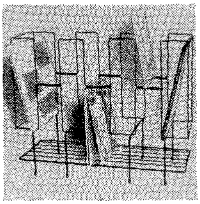
"YOUR DESK PAL"



Tremendous "helper" for the busy person. 52 pages —each page shows a full week at a glance. Will record & organize a busy daily schedule. A long column for each day provides ample space to enter numerous appointments. Plastic bound, sturdy leatherlike covers. 8½″ x 11″, $2.50 postpaid. Commercial Press, Dept. C-1A, 3521 Butler St., Pittsburgh 1, Pa.

IF YOU LIKE TO COLLECT RECORDS

You'll surely want one of our black wrought iron record cabinets. Holds over 200 albums. Ten compartments, each holding 20 records, for filing collection into every musical category! Sturdy; 25″x22″x10″, fully assembled. Remit $9.95 with order; express charges payable on deliv. Air-Mail Money-Back-Guar. Leslie Creations, Dept. 100, Lafayette Hill, Pa.



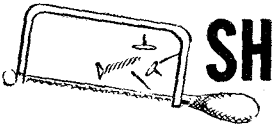
BORROW $100 to $600 BY MAIL

Pay Your Bills Now. Borrow $100 to $600 Cash by mail. Easy, quick, private. Repay in small monthly installments over 20 months. Loan payments may run ½ less than you now pay on old bills. Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope. Advise amount needed. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. L-250, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

IDEAL HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS

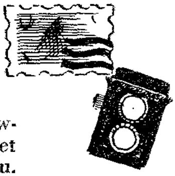
A giant 288 page volume with over 190 color illustrations. Three books in one: a cook book, a home bar guide, and an entertainment folio. All the tips and tricks you need to make you a perfect home host. Only $4.95, ppd. Send check or money order to: Handbook, Box 402 Radio City, New York 19, N. Y. Edited by Esquire, published by Grosset & Dunlap.

Esquire's HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE FAMILY

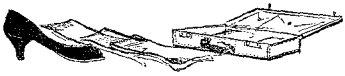
EXCELLENT Mother's Day gift. Brand new song, Mother's Day" for piano. Lovely words, dandy altz melody. DeLuxe Art Edition. No adv. Gorgeous over of carnations by Evelyn Longley, nationally-nown artist. Everyone loves this souvenir. You'll be leased and cherish it forever. Order now, surprise mily. Ppd. Simply mail $1.00 to Carpenter, Box 34, St. Petersburg, Florida. Agents wanted.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. Our h Ave. shoes as low as $9.95. Perfect fittings. izes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back uarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during pare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. hompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full me. We instruct. No Selling. Free details: Jud-San, 18 E. 105th, Dept. D-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.



$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco anufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, os Angeles 48, California.

EARN money at home with your Typewriter or ewing Machine! Turn spare time into dollars! ocation doesn't matter. No special education needed! rite today for free details. Carl E. Edwards, 3912-C, th St., Des Moines 13, Iowa.

DESTROY Unwanted Hair—permanently—by us- g the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator in the ivacy of your home. Enjoy new freedom and arm. Absolute money-back guarantee. Send 5c for formative booklet "New Beauty For You." Mah- r's Inc., Dept. 327-D, Providence 15, R. I.

FREE Style Booklet For Narrow Feet, new Spring- mmer shoes, widths from AAAAAA (6A's—count m), sizes to 12. Order by mail—perfect fit guaran- ed or money back. Write today: Mooney & Gilbert, West 57 St., New York, N. Y.

EXPECTING? Free sample Birth Announcements! nique! Save on cards that tie-in with Hobby, Sport, ork. Matching Thank You's. Printed-to-Order For- als. 40 designs. State hobby & expecting date. rite Birth-O-Gram Co., Dept. C, Coral Gables, Fla.

NEW calorie chart plate recommended by leading eticians. Guide to good health. Useful decoration r home. 11" fine Amer. porcelain Chanticleer— ner. Beauty patterns $1.79, with plate hangers $2. d., No COD's. Exclusively Yours, PO Box 25, NY 68, NY.

FOR THE MEN

BIG Men! Free folder shows the shoe styles you want in hard-to-find sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE! 54,000 satisfied wearers. Money-back Guarantee. Sold by mail only—at amazingly low prices. Write Today to King Size, 197 Brockton, Mass.

FOR THE CHILDREN

9 x 7 = —? If your child does not know the multiplication tables, he can have fun while learning with these new Musical Multiplication Records. Their rollicking drill and musical quiz games teach all the Tables from the 2s through 12s. Set of five records—only $9.95 (this is less than $1.00 per Table). 78 or 45 rpm. Money-back guarantee. Bremner Multiplication Records, Dept. H-16, Wilmette, Ill.

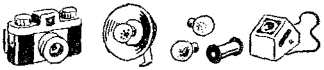
FOR GARDEN FANS

LAWN-TABLE, made of durable Swedish red granite, size 60" x 36" will last outdoors indefinitely —100 year written guarantee. Send for free folder and price. D. DeNigris Inc., 2270 Bruckner Blvd., Bronx, N.Y.C.

SWEET tangy onions—grow them yourself—500 sweet onion plant assortment $2.00 prepaid—growing instructions included—shipped fresh from Texas Plant Company, Box CC, Farmersville, Texas—"Home of the Sweet Onion."

FOR PHOTO FANS

COLOR-PROCESSING—High Quality—Fast Service and Low Prices. Kodacolor developing 85c; prints 27c. Kodachrome: 35mm processing, 20 exposures—$1.45; 36 exposures—$2.25. 8mm movie rolls $1.25; 8mm magazines—85c. Send for complete price list and free mailers. Photo-Mail, Box 216C, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.



COLOR SLIDES

150,000 SLIDES in color in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9c for 72-page Catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret. Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

FAMOUS Wolfe Worldwide Hi-Fi Color Slides on Approval. Everything from Paris night life to the Kremlin. Send 25c (deductible from first order) for 4-color catalog listing thousands of 35 mm slides. E. E. Wolfe, 1315 Westwood Blvd., L. A. 24, Calif.

FOR HOME MOVIE FANS

BEAUTIFUL fully titled Kodachrome movies of U. S. Nat'l Parks, Can., Alaska, Fla., Hawaii, historic shrines, weird underground caverns. 8mm. or 16mm. descriptive 150 subject catalog free. World in Color Productions, P. O. Box 392-C, Elmira, N. Y.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 178

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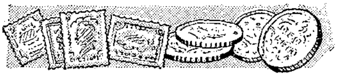

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Lilliputian Logic

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"You can't marry Daddy Bill, he's your grandfather."

"All right," after a slight pause, "I'll marry Uncle Harry."

"No, you can't marry Uncle Harry either."

"Then," declared the little girl decisively, "I'll marry *Daddy!*"

"Don't be silly, dear, you can't marry *any* of your relatives."

At that she wailed despairingly, "But, Mommy, I don't want to marry someone I don't *know.*" —FLORENCE L. MORGAN

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD SON, Mark, had been complaining to me about his eyes, and since I noticed he was squinting a great deal I decided to have an eye specialist examine them.

When we were ushered into the examination room, the doctor put Mark on a chair and pulled a chart down on the opposite wall. Pointing to the pictures on the chart, the doctor asked, "What's this, Mark?"

Mark answered, "A chair."

The doctor, pointing again, said, "And what's this?"

Mark said, "A ball."

When the doctor pointed for the third time at an object and asked what it was, my son declared loudly, "I didn't come here to play games—I came to get my eyes examined!" —MRS. S. BORSHAY

See Jack and Jill Spring

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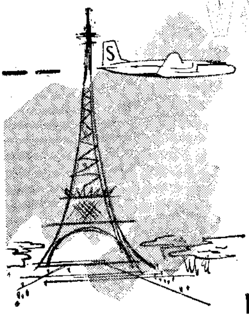
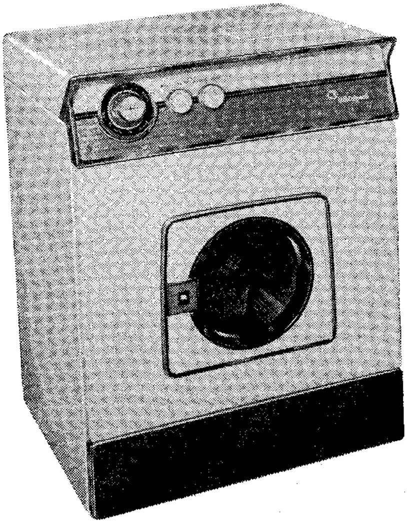


See Jack and Jill's treasury of new coordinates and ensembles for infants and children and become eligible to win a glorious "Holiday in Europe" for two. Go to the nearest store displaying the Jack and Jill banner for your contest blank. You'll see the darlingest collection of duds ever assembled for little tots *plus* the pleasure of becoming eligible to win the most memorable holiday in your life



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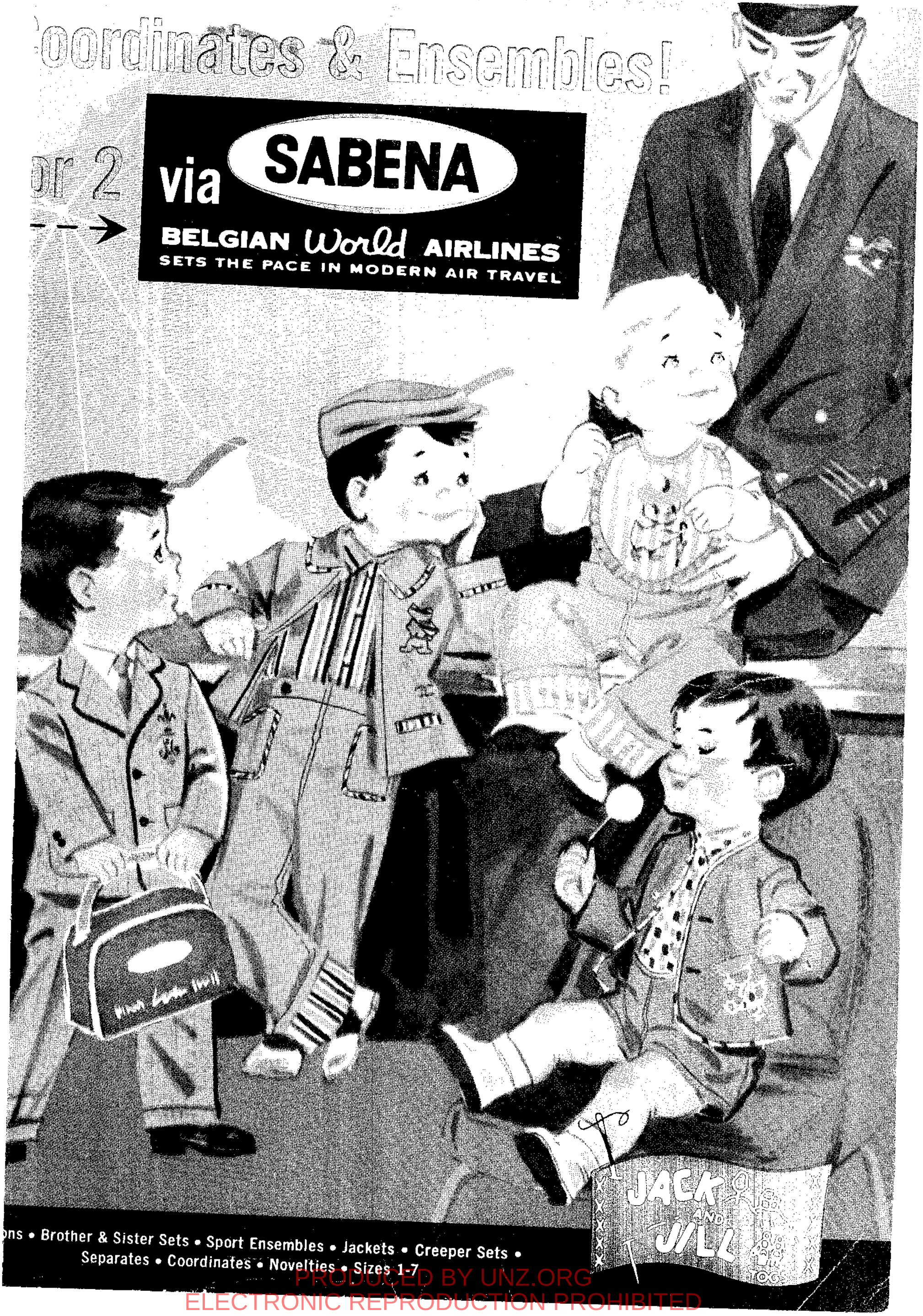

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